



PURSUIT OF THE TRUTH

BOOK 01

Er Gen

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Pursuit of the Truth

(求魔)

by
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Synopsis

Three thousand years of bowing down to the Demon Lord,

I would rather be a mortal than a celestial being when looking back,

but for her I will...

become one who controls life and death!

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Book 1 – If Life Was Like The First Meeting

Prologue

“Kada.....”

“Kada.....kada.....”

This mysterious sound, when heard, pierced one's soul. And those souls would shiver on this cold, snowy night.

The desolate wind from this land floated toward the north. A storm of snow swirled with the wind, littering the ground with broken shards of glass. From afar, the snowy area could only be pictured as this – a desolate land.

It was not midnight, and merely the sunset, yet the sky blackened as though it was. Anyone who spied upon this darkened sky experienced an ominous feeling, leaving them restless. But in that silver field, an enormous silhouette could be spotted. It could only be seen as a magnificent city, as if a huge beast was arriving.

In the center of the city held a seven-edged altar tower with a black body. A man, Yun Feng, stood unmoving within the thunderstorm and heavy snow that fluttered beside him. Winds whooshed through the altar, echoing that unknown sound across the land with a rougher tone.

“Kada.....Kada.....”

“Is there still hope.....Is there.....”

A hoarse chant sounded out from within the altar into the shower of snow that blended with the wind, becoming masked within the air.

“If there is still hope, then where is hope? If there is no hope, why am I seeing hope!!” That voice roared out to the heavens, filled with sensations of hysteria and madness.

Below the altar were countless shadows clothed in grass. They stood there in complete silence, and from a distance, one would see an impressive army of one hundred thousand males and females surrounding the altar. Their fanaticism peaked just then in that packed area as the words spoken by that person on the altar washed upon them, giving them everything.

The snow became heavier.

“Since you let me see it, there will be hope. But where.....is hope!” The hoarse sound from the altar was bitter and contained sorrow that could not be diminished.

“Today Ming Huang had went wrong, San Thai wasteland, come back snowy wind, thousands build, the old me will have to count the pretty day again!” That sound grew louder suddenly, the cause unknown, but what could be seen was the sudden change of the sky’s color. The falling snowflakes paused mid-air, and suddenly rewinded. They merged together in cohesion, and the earth trembled! The snowflakes ceased their descent and formed a huge snow-colored dragon. The dragon cried mournfully at the sky, and

the loud sound shattered the air, startling those who heard it – the cry causing them to tear apart.

Blood, covered by a baleful aura, dripped from the dragon's body. It quickly permeated its entire body, turning the snowy dragon into a bloody dragon! It roared out in terror while struggling to rush toward the sky, like a shooting star heading toward the skyline to open a hole – a path to hope.

At a fast speed, as if instant but endless, the dragon seemed to hit an invisible wall. The earth tremored once more, a buzzing sound released toward all directions. The bloody dragon roared terribly once more as its body started collapsing layer by layer in a swift manner.

But just before the dragon was to be broken wholly, the silent people below the altar pinched their tongues and bit them, spraying out mouthfuls of blood. The blood was pulled by a mysterious power, galloping up toward the dragon like a river of blood rising up to the sky. The dragon merged with the blood and eased its destruction, allowing it to rise even higher.

Upon seeing the dragon soar higher, everyone's eyes were glued to it. But then the dragon fiercely shivered, roaring so deep that it traveled millions of miles. It could not stop its body from falling apart, and countless snowflakes began to fall from the high sky – a sky dyed like the red Acheron.

In this moment, that instant when the dragon was collapsing, many different roars passed through the dragon's mouth.

“Shame.....”

“Shame.....” From the top of that altar, in the center of the location, a man wore a purple cape and crossed his legs. The face of this man was spread with many wrinkles and brown spots. He was chanting with his eyes open, but his eyes were dimmed... It seemed clear now that he was blind.

There was a spine placed perfectly in front of him giving out a white awn. On his right hand, he held a slab, stopping at the thirteenth backbone.

His hollow eyes stared at the sky for what seemed like an eternity, and he signed.

“Tell the fear king.....I have done my best.....”

As he spoke, his right hand with the slab moved up from that strange spine again, fracturing against that beast’s bone and giving out a cracking sound. Spreading out, his shadow gave a bleak, merging with the sound, revealing a sense of lonely sorrow and decline.

” I, as the Gear Yu Dynasty’s old man... What I saw in this world, all of you can’t see.....”

“All of you.....can’t see.....”

“Hope.....”

Chapter 1 – Su Ming

Green, it was a green mountain.

A land of endless mountains straight like dragon's backbone was widely spread across this boundless land filled with vegetation, cries of bird beasts echoing.

From afar, it seemed that the protruding mountains were five mountain peaks, as if human's fingers, attempting to catch the sky, a indented large stone on the middle mountain peak was a young man leaning against the shade with a knitting basket beside him, herbs piled in it, spreading the smell of herbs that shrouded around the area.

The teenager had handsome and refined features, his body was thing, making him seem slightly weak, wearing a beast skin shirt, on his neck neck was a ring of white crescent beast teeth, his hair rather disheveled, simply tied by a string.

He sat there, in his hands was a book of about 10 pages made of beast skin that was stuck together in hands, he was reading his book with relish, his head while reading.

“Barbarian ancestors, creating men by opening the sky, leaving many descendants.....man who was called a barbarian warrior, flew towards the sky, into the earth, moving the mountains and flipping the sea.....the men who could travel in the sky, could pick the night stars.....” The teenager reads, and sighs.

“Without barbarians, how to form us.....barbarian warriors..... barbarian warriors.....Su ming, you can only pick herbs, and can only become a normal doctor, becoming a barbarian warrior, there is no such possibility.” The teenager laughs at himself and puts down his book, looking at the far heaven and earth he started to daze.

He had read this book many times, memorizing and reciting it like the back of his hand, merely missing a few sentences.

” Days like round, if the parties to, as boundless, imitation of sight.....” As Su Ming chant, his brain imagined the world of that book, unconsciously, the sky starts to darken, grey clouds can be seen in the endless of the heaven and earth forming.

The wind blows, bringing humidity that fell on the plants and trees, raining sounds are heard.

After looking at the grey cloud, Su ming instantly becomes energized.

“Grandpa calculated correctly, there is Oolong saliva today!” Su Ming’s eyes brightened, he stands up quickly and places the book on his hand into his arms, his left hand grabbing the basket beside him and placing it on his back, swiftly, he takes the rope beside him, and climes towards the mountain top.

From afar, the weak body of this young man blasted out strong determination, like a monkey, he travels about a dozen miles with a few leaps.

The grey clouds between heaven and earth, rolled in, thunder sounds were heard, it was as if the heaven was angry at this land of mountains, the clouds connects heaven and earth, a dark sight, moving closer in a split second.

Hence Su Ming climbs faster, as the grey clouds are dispersed in seconds, he had already reached the location ten miles away from the mountain top, there was a weird big protruding stone, looking natural made, floating in the air, with many holes as big as fists, the appearance of this weird stone is like a snake which was merging with the mountain.

Under that weird stone was stone with the shape of the teeth of a vampire , which shocked people, making it special because of the part protruding out of the stone, which makes the stone looked like it is floating, very difficult to climb over, unless you can fly.

Su Ming used his left hand to grab hold on the rope and his right hand to take out a small bottle from his basket which he puts in his mouth, slowly moving his body towards the direction of the weird stone, he moved a few miles, making the rope on his left hand tilt, clam on the mountain wall, body against it, looking up at that sky with grey clouds, glazed at it, not moving at all.

After a while, grey clouds cover the sky, thunder sounds were heard, while making one's ear deaf, the unorganized storm, blowing on this mountain making it seem like it will pick up from the ground, suming in this storm, his fingers that was holding on the mountain wall have whiten, but he did not move, the eyes that looked at the sky, had showed determination.

The storm grew bigger, moving the plants on this mountain, sounding like a beast roar, making the fallen plants on this mountain curl up, making the sky everywhere, making all the plants dance in this storm.

Even some of the trunk and some small living creatures, curled up a lively, being thrown out when spinning, making horrible sounds, and hidden in the storm.

In this storm, su ming can't stay for long, the whole sky is totally covered by grey clouds, under the thunder, heavy rain drops drip down, making this land in a while, become a underwater world.

The rain, continuously fall down, heavier and heavier, Su Ming still clings on deadly on the rope that was wet by the rain water, against the mountain wall, allowing the rain water drench him, but he still never move, glaring at the below of the snake looking weird stone , the part where looks like a vampire teeth.

After unknown time, the rain still increases, heaven and earth is very misty, the vampire teeth that su ming is glaring at, is being washed by the rain water, gives out a black liquid.

The black liquid merges with the rain water, making a water line, flowing downwards.

Su ming looking at this sight, his eyes looked happy, but he still did not move as usual, until the black liquid lessen, showing a golden color in the end at that moment, his eyes focused, without hesitation, he release his hands, while sliding down, his right hand

takes the bottle from his mouth.

His left hand holds the tilted rope, at the moment he follows his right hand and release, his body swing, follows the rope in a high speed rushes towards the teeth like shaped rock.

Due to the tilting of the rope, and his position is very correct, it was all almost in between the thunder, su ming had already followed the rope and reached beside the floating teeth stone, his left hand clings on the rope while right hand holds the small bottle, in that coming moment, quickly placed that small bottle under the teeth stone, using the rope and swings back to the time limit, and filled up half of the bottle with the golden liquid.

But at that time, a sharp sizzling sound was heard, approximately four to five strong arms, half a mile long black centipede, had came out from the hole as big as a fist on that weird stone, forcefully rushed towards su ming who was dangling on the air.

Su ming did not looked shocked, at the moment when the centipede appeared, he immediately released his left hand which was grapping on the rope, his body falls down, avoiding the centipede's attack.

” Red!”. Su ming whole body falls downwards quickly, the wind that was like small knives had made his body harden, avoiding the centipedes, but if he falls onto the ground, he will become meaty pile.

But he did not panic, seeing a red shadow from the side of the cliff grabbing hold on a rope and rushing out towards su ming's

falling body, moving closer, pulls Su ming in a time, that red shadow was a red monkey that was gritting its teeth, its eyes showing intelligence.

One person and one monkey, following the rope that was on the cliff, which was also where su ming was reading, the eye of su ming showed panic, immediately kept the small bottle he was holding all along.

” Red, we have to hurry, this time I had snatched too much Oolong saliva! Eh, what are you holding on your hands?” su ming said, as he saw the claw of the monkey holding a small piece of black broken pieces.

That monkey’s attention had been alert, he moved his claw behind his back, roar a few times continuously, su ming saw that time that was running short, didn’t speak much, and paced faster, he moved his body and grabbed a rope, swinging swiftly with the monkey downwards.

Behind his back, sizzling sound covered the sky, only seeing the black centipede following the stone and moved down, like a black line moving down, chasing quickly.

That red monkey kept speaking, continuously roaring beside su ming, red shadow in a blink moment, sometimes keep looking backwards at those centipedes, his eyes looked frighten and angry colors.

” It’s also not the first time we had escape like this, the grey

dragon don't dare to move down the mountain, you don't have to act, old rules, this Oolong saliva we'll split into half." As Su ming escaped, he spoke rather lazily, but as he spoke a smile appeared on.

This pair of man and monkey was very familiar with this mountain, adding the fact that to the centipedes, there is some places that they dare not to go into, but instead they moved around it to pass it. Because of that, Su ming and the monkey who wasn't as fast as the centipedes, were able to escape by jumping down constantly, each time they jumped they would grasp on to a rope after a while, and moves down the mountain, and into the forest, and disappears.

Those centipedes dare not to go down the mountain, after roaring a few times, it unwillingly climbs up the mountain again.

The grey clouds came quickly, and similarly leaves quickly, after a number of hours, this land of mountain resumed it's original state, the rolling grey clouds had moved towards other places and left.

At the side of the forest, Su ming and the monkey walked out, at this time the sky is starting to darken, at the horizon where a weak fire light shone was where Su ming was staying.

"You have already finished the the small half that I gave you and you still was more?" Walking out of the forest, Su ming was drenched, but he didn't mind, he smiled as he looked at his back at his own little monkey.

This monkey was clever, he had found it three years ago at this forest, although there was some conflicts, they had became friends in the end.

The monkey blinked his eyes, moving his head he expressed out a face of hesitation, but he quickly gave the black broken pieces on his hands to su ming, continuously roaring a few sentences, showing that he wanted to exchange with that Oolong saliva.

“Okay, I’ll give you some again, but I don’t want this broken stone, you keep it.” Su ming smiled, taking out the small bottle from his basket, he gave it to the monkey.

The monkey immediately grabbed and drank it, his face showing a intoxicated expression. His body shook a few times, and blurred, he threw those small black broken pieces of stones with the small bottle to su ming, and jumped a few times, and disappear in the forest.

Su ming looked at the bottle which had only a small bit left, he smiled, not minding the monkey and placed it back into his basket, sizing up the black broken pieces of stone.

Chapter 2 – Barbarian Enlightenment

This was an ordinary piece of stone, the size of baby's palm. However, it looked rather irregular: besides some naturally formed lines and grooves on it, there was also a small hole which looked like it could be used for hanging.

Overall, there seemed to be nothing special about this ordinary looking stone.

The only somewhat peculiar characteristic was that when Su Ming held the stone, it felt warm. It was as if a surge of warmth had flowed into his body: an extremely comfortable feeling.

"Eh?" Su Ming examined it carefully but he was unable to discover anything, even after a long time.

"Grandpa had mentioned before that this place used to belong to the Fire Barbarian people long ago. As such, this object probably possessed some Fire Barbarian power which resulted in the warm sensation felt. This should be a rather accurate conjecture." Su Ming unclasped the Crescent Bone Necklace around his neck and placed the stone piece inside before once again putting it on. The stone piece felt somewhat warmer as it lay against his chest.

"Time to return home!" The youngster widened his stride as he quickly ran towards a lighted area in the distance. He did not notice the feeble flash that the stone piece against his chest suddenly let out.

As he approached, the originally dim lights gradually grew brighter, revealing the numerous huge wooden logs which made up the wall that surrounded the tribe's dwelling.

It was not a huge area, only enough for about a few hundred to live in, yet in Su Ming's eyes, this place gave him a sense of comfort. Currently, faint sounds of excited cheers could be heard from within. Peeking through the cracks in the wooden wall, Su Ming could see a humongous bonfire at the heart of the dwelling. Around the bonfire, a multitude of tribesmen and women were dancing.

The tribe's main entrance was likewise built with huge wooden logs. When open, it needed to be secured by a few ropes. Currently, the entrance was tightly shut and there were even several tall and sturdy men atop the walls. They wore animal skin clothing over their exceedingly coarse skin, with bone necklaces strung around their necks and bone hoops hung from their ears, making them look rather valiant. Their bright eyes glared at their surroundings and when they saw Su Ming run over from afar, these few men grinned and laughed.

"Su Ming, Grandfather has been looking for you all day. Why did you only return now?"

"It just rained, did you go to snatch the Black dragon's saliva again?"

"Grandfather is looking for me?" Su Ming sprinted the last few

steps and arrived at the entrance. Happily patting the woven basket on his back, he shouted out, “Throw the rope down, I got a rather good haul this time.”

A woven rope fell downwards, Su Ming grabbed onto it and agilely climbed up. He quickly climbed to the top of the entrance and smiled at the night watch before swiftly descending down a nearby ladder.

“This little one is rather nimble and courageous. For years he has dared to gather herbs at the Black Dragon Mountain. Looks like he will definitely become the tribe’s future doctor.”

“It’s a pity that he does not possess the Barbarian Body, else he would probably become a Barbarian Doctor like Grandfather.” The few big-sized men looked at the already far away Su Ming as they softly sighed.

Su Ming continued to run after entering the tribe dwelling. Many frequently called out ‘Su Ming’ to him in a friendly manner as they saw him pass by their straw-wood houses.

The name Su Ming was not necessarily specific to him. Instead, it was what all of the children who had not undergone the 2nd Barbarian Enlightenment were called.

Su Ming ran rather swiftly. A short while later, he arrived at the center of the dwelling and saw the huge number of tribesmen revolving around the bonfire as they cheered and laughed.

The bonfire was fenced up by fire-resistant logs. Atop these logs were many large slabs of meat which had been roasted till oil oozed out, causing a deliciously fragrant aroma to be emitted.

A few girls from the tribe merely glanced at Su Ming when they saw him run over and then paid no further attention to him.

Su Ming had delicate features and overall, in this tribe, almost every other tribesperson was much taller and sturdier than him.

It was not easy for him to make his way through the crowd to the meat roasts. But when he finally got there, he grabbed a fragrant piece of roast meat and bit on it while quickly walking forward.

At the head of the crowd sat an elderly man who did not wear animal hides but a coarse set of clothing. This old man's hair was braided into many smaller braids and he looked rather ancient, yet his eyes held a charm that made others feel as if they would be sucked into its depths.

He was an exceedingly respected figure in the tribe. Currently, he was speaking in a low voice and the few tribesmen, who accompanied him, listened and nodded, their faces filled with reverence.

When he saw Su Ming running over, a small smile appeared on the elderly man's face as he nodded, indicating for Su Ming to sit to one side, before continuing his chat with those few tribesmen.

Likewise, when those few tribesmen saw Su Ming, smiles lit up their faces.

“Though my Wushan Tribe is a small tribe, it is after all the true inheritor of the Wu Mountain. I used to have some relations with the Fengzhen Tribe in the past and thus we must not be lacking in manners in the upcoming Fengzhen Tribe’s Barbarian Elder Great Birthday.” The elderly man slowly said.

“It’s a pity that my Wushan Tribe split up a few hundred years ago. Today, only three divisions are left. If more had remained, my Wushan Tribe would be a medium sized tribe that leads all the surrounding tribes. Then the Fengzhen Tribe would merely be one of our subordinates. Yet now.....*sigh*.” The speaker of these words was a man in his forties. He was the Wushan Tribe’s chief who had a tall and sturdy body which contained a astonishingly explosive power. Nine teeth hung from the bone necklace around his neck, each as thick as a finger.

In particular, a faint mark could be see on his face. That mark looked extremely sinister, like markings of a ghost or demon. However, it was very ethereal , as if it were unable to fully materialize.

Su Ming looked at that mark, envy lit up in his eyes. Through that animal skin book, Su Ming knew that it was a character of Barbarian Script that had yet to fully form. In the entire tribe, no one possessed the power to draw Barbarian Script and have it materialize.

Even Grandfather was only at the 9th Layer of Condensing

Barbarian Blood.

Yet, even if this were so, it still allowed Grandfather to be the strongest among many of the tribes in the vicinity of Wu Mountain. The only ones comparable to him were the other two divisions which had split off in the past: the Black Mountain Tribe and the Wu Dragon Tribe.

“What is the point in bringing up matters of the past. Without the protection of an Open Earth Stage practitioner, it is not possible to form a medium sized tribe. The true reason why the Wushan Tribe finally split up was because two of our Open Earth Stage ancestors died.”

“This old man has trained till today but in the end is still unable to break through the 9th Layer of Condensing Blood and reach the 10th Layer, let alone the final 11th Layer. Thus, I am unable to draw fully formed Barbarian Script and in turn making it hard to Open the Earth...” The elderly man in coarse clothings softly sighed after he slowly said.

“Alright, all of you go down and prepare the gifts. Tomorrow..... Shen Hen, as the Wushan Hunting Squad Chief, you will lead the group.” That elderly man stood up and glanced at one of the middle-aged men besides the Wushan Tribe Chief before turning to leave, walking off into the distance.

That middle-aged man's expression was calm and he immediately bowed and acknowledged the elderly man's words.

Su Ming quickly followed behind Grandfather and left the bustling bonfire.

Along the way, the elderly man did not say anything but instead walked in silence. Only when the cheerful noises behind gradually became distant did he arrive at a house made of straw and wood before walking in.

This house was not big and the interior was rather simple. After entering the house, the elderly man sat to one side and glanced at Su Ming who had followed in.

“Went to gather Black Dragon Saliva again?”

Alone with the elderly man, Su Ming was very respectful to this Grandfather who had watched him grow up. He removed the woven basket from his back and presented the small clay bottle to the elderly man.

“Given your agileness, those few Wu Dragons are unable to hurt you. Yet it would be better if you went there less..... after all, that area also belongs to the Black Mountain Tribe and the Wu Dragon Tribe.

This Wu Dragon Saliva is useless to me, it is better for you to use it to nourish your own body.” The elderly man looked at Su Ming, a kind expression on his face.

Su Ming nodded his head and kept the small bottle. Over the last

few years, he had drank quite a lot of this, and this was also why he had come to possess such an agile body.

Even more so, Grandfather had constantly brewed some medicinal soups for him these past few years such that even though he did not possess the Barbarian Body for Barbarian Cultivation, he was still much stronger than the ordinary tribe members.

“There are still three days before the time comes for your generation’s Lasu Barbarian Ritual. I remember that since you are already 16 years old.....you need to pay homage to the Barbarian Statue.” The elderly man gazed at Su Ming as he slowly said.

“My Wushan Tribe’s Barbarian Statue was passed down from the true Wushan Tribe in the past. Though it is not the main statue, and still incomparable to the medium sized tribe’s Barbarian Statue, it is still considered extremely powerful in the nearby areas.”

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he nodded his head.

“Don’t go out these few days, take a good rest. Three days later, go together with the rest to the Barbarian Enlightenment.” The elderly man said as he slowly shut his eyes.

Su Ming stood there for a long time before he lifted his woven basket and silently left toward his own straw-wood house nearby.

He will never forget the scene from when he was seven. He had gone to circle around the Barbarian Statue with the rest of the same age children and undergo their first Barbarian Enlightenment.

As a member of the Barbarian Tribe, one needed to go through two ceremonies that were akin to enlightenment for the young. This was the Barbarian Enlightenment, once when you were seven and another when you were sixteen.

At the same time, the Grandfather of the tribe will also borrow the power of the Barbarian Statue to select a possessor of the Barbarian Body.

Softly sighing, bitterness surfaced in Su Ming's heart. He had longed to become a Barbaric Cultivating Barbarian Warrior. The descriptions within the animal skin book had fueled his obsession since his youth. However, reality was cruel. The first time when he went to pay homage to the Barbarian Statue when he was 7, it was clearly revealed that he did not possess the Barbarian Body and thus did not have the qualification for Barbarian Cultivation.

Barbarianism is the roots of the world. Only by becoming a Barbarian Warrior can one arrogantly ascend beyond the nine heavens and become truly strong.

From the animal skin book, Su Ming had known since youth that there were many tribes in this world which came in all sizes. Each tribe had their own unique Barbarian Statue. This was a tribe's roots and also an integral item which allowed the future generations to become Barbarian.

If one is able to comprehend the Barbarian Statue, there will be a response and from this, one would obtain the inheritance of Barbarian Cultivation. It need not be learnt from other men but instead, one has to depend on oneself to cultivate.

Yet when both the 7th and 16th years have failed, it would indicate that everything will be fixed and unable to be changed forever. Su Ming had always hesitated in his heart, when he had yet to see the answer he had looked forward to it. Yet now that there was only 3 days before the final chance of Enlightenment, he had grown afraid.

“This time.....will I succeed.....” Su Ming silently returned to his own house and sat to one side, a dazed expression on his face.

Chapter 3 – Prickling Silence

Deep into the night, Su Ming lay in his room as he stared into the pitch-black darkness, unable to fall asleep. Grandpa's words lingered in his ears, causing the scene from 8 years ago to continuously replay in his mind.

With a long sigh, Su Ming sat up and silently pushed open the wooden door of the room. A gust of cool wind blew over his messy hair. The wind was very cool, as if it had descended with the moonlight that sprinkled onto on the land.

The surroundings were very tranquil, with only the occasional cry or two from the Wu Mountains. Most of the tribe area was covered in a pitch-black darkness, only some scattered flames remaining of the bonfire at the centre and also the torches that hung from the surrounding wooden walls. In this late night, faint burning 'pa pa' sounds could be heard.

Su Ming raised his head to look at the sky, where the bright moon shone in an almost starless night. The seemingly eternal milky way causing a lost look to be slowly revealed in Su Ming's eyes.

"The people in the tribe have treated me very well.....but I clearly look different from them.....perhaps, this is related to my failure in calling on the Mán Statue....

Without the Mán Body I cannot cultivate the Mán. I can only spend all my life here, incapable of leaving, incapable of seeing the

world described by the Animal Skin Book.....” Su Ming silently sat down and leaned against his house, watching the sky. The sense of loss in his eyes became even thicker.

“Ancestors of the Mán tribe opened the skies and created men, their legacy has been passed on for thousands of generations till today....the ones who grasp the Mán, soaring through the skies, boring through the ground, moving the mountains and flipping the seas.....with the Mán Mark, one can break the heavens and pluck the sun, the moon and even the stars from the sky.....” In the late night, within the Wushan Tribe dwelling, a youngster gazed at the sky as he mumbled.....

The current him did not notice the black colored shard, that hung from his neck, once again flash weakly.

Time passed in an instant and it quickly came to the third day.

As this generation’s La Su Mán Enlightenment day, the entire tribe was abuzz since early in the morning. Practically every tribe member was out as they brought the La Su from their families and gathered at the plaza in the middle of the tribe dwelling.

The Mán Enlightenment ceremony usually needed a whole day. In particular, the La Su’s 16 years old’s Mán Enlightenment was akin to the rite to adulthood. After completing the Mán Enlightenment today, the La Su would even be able to select a mate.

A drumbeat with an odd rhythm resounded across the tribe

dwelling. Following the appearance of the drumbeat, one by one, the La Su walked out of the crowd to stand in the center area.

This time, there were over thirty La Sus who had completed the Mán Enlightenment, most of which were youngsters. Although they were young, their bodies were extremely large and well built, displaying a valiant presence.

Even the girls were the same. As such, Su Ming was exceedingly distinct in the crowd, his delicate features even more out of place with the surroundings.

Despite this, the people here had long ago accepted Su Ming's existence. He may have an appearance different from them but they did not exclude him. Instead, they integrated him into being a member of their tribe. Despite his different appearance, they did not exclude him but instead integrated him to become a member of their tribe.

After circling these La Su who were preparing for the Mán Enlightenment, all of the Wushan tribe members started the original dance one after another. They were dancing as a tribute to the heavens and using their bodies to express the reverence and scarification they offered to the heavens.

"Su Ming, I heard from others in the tribe that you went to Wulong Mountain a few days back and even brought back Wulong's saliva." While the surrounding tribe members were happily singing and dancing, a simple and straightforward voice was heard from Su Ming's side.

It belonged to a youngster of the same age, whose skin was rough and had a rather sturdy body which was almost twice Su Ming's in girth. At the moment, the youngster was looking at Su Ming with a pair of bright eyes as he let out a silly laugh.

A small smile appeared on Su Ming's face as he gazed at the youngster who had spoken. This youngster was called Lei Chen and was one of the few good friends Su Ming had in the tribe.

"I brought some back and went to find you last night, but your father told me you went to the mountains with the hunting squad. Later on, after the Mán Enlightenment is over, come to my place and take some."

Lei Chen's eyes shone as he hastily walked forward, his silly laughter sounding out.

"Originally, I could have returned earlier but I encountered a Sable Deer. You previously said that you needed a Sable Deer's blood to make medicine, thus I chased it and ended up returning very late."

Su Ming knew that though the other party had played it down, the reality was that a Sable Deer was extremely difficult to kill and furthermore rather dangerous. At this moment, a warm feeling bubbled in his heart.

While the two chatted, the surrounding sounds of singing gradually quietened down. The crowd split open to reveal the

Wushan Tribe's Grandfather. Wearing a coarse set of clothes and holding an entirely pitch-black bone cane in his hand, he walked over while being escorted by a few tribe members to stand before the youngsters.

His appearance caused the surroundings to fall into complete silence. Reverence revealed itself on the youngsters faces, they were clearly very afraid of this Grandfather.

“A sacrifice for the Mán Ancestors!” Grandfather's eyes were bright as they swept across the crowd, slightly pausing on Su Ming. As the words were spoken, the pitch-black bone cane in Grandfather's right hand waved and immediately, ten or so huge men hurriedly walked over from nearby, carrying some binded beasts.

These beasts were still alive as they let out mournful growls while constantly struggling to break free to little avail.

There were a total of forty nine different beasts. A short while later, they were all carried over and circled around the the youngsters. Wave after wave of growling and howling reverberated about, condensing together and bringing about a penetrating power that battered at the soul. It was only the surrounding tribe members existence that firmly suppressed this power, not allowing the beasts to struggle free.

The huge men that stood beside these beasts did not have the slightest hesitation as they all bowed their heads together. Sharp stone knives appeared in their left hands which were directly stabbed into the beast's' necks, chopping off their heads.

In that same instance, the growling and howling noises reached their peak, seemingly able to make the world around to shudder and causing fearful expressions to be revealed on the thirty plus La Sus' faces.

Su Ming's complexion was pale but he gritted his teeth and endured. His gaze turned to his side and swept across Lei Chen, only to see an ominous look in his friend's eyes. Within those eyes, was a blood-thirsty look, as if he was already long used to such a situation and even faintly enjoyed it. Compared to the simple and honest demeanor he had before, it was as if he was a completely different person.

An even larger amount of blood suddenly spurted out, like a fountain of blood, emitting a pungent smell. The blood sprayed towards the thirty over La Sus, falling on their hair, bodies and the ground beneath their feet.

“All of you are fortunate because there are no wars between the tribes these days. Yet at the same time, all of you are also unfortunate.....” Grandfather looked at the youngsters before him as he softly spoke.

“When I was young, for my sixteen year Mán Enlightenment ceremony, I needed to chop off the head of an enemy tribesperson and drink his blood to complete the Mán Enlightenment.

Compared to now, all of you are fortunate.....yet it is unfortunate that all of you have only seen the blood of beasts and

do not have the chance at an enemy's head....." Grandfather muttered as he deeply glanced at the La Sus before him. Lifting the bone cane in his right hand, he pointed it forward.

At the same time, the fingers on his left fist abruptly opened as a strong aura suddenly spread out from his body. This aura rolled over the surroundings, taking the form of a violent wind as it blew over the entire Wushan Tribe.

Lines of Mark appeared on grandfather's face, intertwining together and to everyone's astonishment, turned into the picture of a python's head.

The vivid appearance of the python head looked truly realistic as it seemed to face the sky and emit a soundless hiss. Though no one could hear it, every member of the Wushan Tribe, including the sturdy Chief, could not help but tremble as they retreated a few steps back.

"Wu Python Mark.....this is Grandfather's Mán Mark....." Su Ming blankly stared at Grandfather, looking at the mark on his face as shock filled his heart. The last time he had seen this scene was nine years ago. Now that he saw it again today, he could feel that it was several times stronger compared to the past.

"Grandfather's power alone is enough to exterminate the entire tribe. Even being so strong, he is only at the 9th Layer of Condensing Mán Blood.....I wonder how powerful an Open Earth Stage practitioner would be....."

Or even the Bone Sacrifice Stage after the Open Earth.....it was written on the Animal Skin Book that a Bone Sacrifice Stage practitioner was extremely rare even in a medium sized tribe. Only those almost unimaginable large sized tribes possessed a few Bone Sacrifice Stage Mán practitioners.” Su Ming’s mind shuddered, in his heart, the longing to become a Mán practitioner grew even stronger.

“Offer the fresh blood and the beast’s body to the Wushan Mán Statue!” Grandfather’s thunder-like voice derailed Su Ming’s train of thought. As Grandfather’s voice rang out, the surrounding beast’s bodies immediately exploded. The blood and flesh on the ground and even those on the youngsters were all sucked up by an invisible power to condense together in the sky, forming a huge ball of flesh.

“Mán Enlightenment!” The tall and sturdy man beside Grandfather, the chief of the Wushan tribe suddenly shouted out.

Including Su Ming, all of the La Sus did not hesitate as they bit off the tips of their tongues, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood. Their blood swiftly soared into the sky and was absorbed by the ball of blood and flesh before a huge boom rang out. To everyone’s astonishment, the ball of blood and flesh transformed into a black statue.

Half of the statue was in the image of a person while the other half was a ferocious beast. The statue was filled with a wild and primitive aura. In one hand, it held a dragon and the other hand grasped onto a huge spear while its eyes were colored with madness and bloodthirst.

Its appearance caused even the sky to darken, as if being suppressed by the statue's power and might.

"The Wushan Mán Statue....." Su Ming's heart thumped in his chest, seemingly about to explode. But at this moment, the fragment that hung from his neck faintly shed a warm current which fused into his body, causing the unbearable feeling to fade away like smoke.

This feeling caused Su Ming to be stunned for a moment, just as he was about to look down, Grandfather's voice once again rang out.

"Come forward one by one and enter into the Mán Statue to pay your respects!"

As the voice faded, a youngster quickly walked forward and stepped into the area under the Mán Statue as his whole body abruptly disappeared. Not long after, in the place he disappeared, the youngster once again appeared, having a dark look on his face as he stepped back to one side without speaking a word.

"Next!" The owner of this voice was the Chief of the Wushan Tribe. He had a grave expression on his face as his gaze swept across the La Sus.

One by one, the Mán Enlightenment Su Las continued to walk forward. After disappearing for a while, they once again appeared until one of the girls stepped into the Mán Statue and it emitted a

scarlet flash.

Immediately, the all of the tribe members were shaken and even Grandfather looked over with rapt attention, only to see the scarlet light continuously flash nine more times before the girl's figure once again materialized.

“A Mán body possessor!!”

“Nine flashes of the Mán Statue indicates the possession of the Mán Body!”

After the girl appeared, delight filled her face.

“You are called Wu La right, very good, come to my side.” A small smile surfaced on Grandfather's face as he looked at the girl and nodded his head.

Watching as the girl walked towards Grandfather, Su Ming was silent. He gritted his teeth and stepped forward, walking towards the Mán Statue. When he walked out, he immediately drew the attention of the surrounding tribe members.

Most of the Wushan Tribe members felt kindness and pity towards the youngster that looked distinctly different from them. Their gazes concentrated on Su Ming until he came to stand below the Mán Statue.

Su Ming took in a deep breath as he glanced at Grandfather who

was also looking at him from nearby. He closed his eyes and in that instance, he felt an indescribable energy surround his body, it felt as if he was blended into sludge. When he opened his eyes, the surroundings had already completely changed.

This was not the Wushan Tribe dwelling but a huge empty space. A pitch-black darkness filled the surroundings and only the black statue that floated towards his front emitted a scarlet light.

The appearance of the statue looked exactly like the one he had seen outside as it emitted a primitive aura.

Gazing at the Mán Statue, Su Ming was silent for a moment before he deeply bowed towards it.

After bowing for a long time, a bitter look appeared on Su Ming's face. He knew that if he possessed the Mán Body, only one bow was needed to let the Mán Statue emit scarlet flashes. Yet the scene before his eyes were no different from nine years ago.

"I will never become a Mán practitioner in this life....." Su Ming bit his lip as he let out a long sigh before turning to leave.

Yet, just as he turned, his body suddenly jolted and he immediately turned back to look at the Mán Statue, dazed!

At the same time, he saw the fragment, that he had neglected on his chest, emit an eye-piercing radiance.....

Chapter 4 – The Unusual Change

The Wu Mountain, within the Wushan Tribe, almost all the people were gathering near the center of the tribe, looking at the La Su who were going through their Barbarian Enlightenment.

Suddenly, the floating Barbarian Statue started shaking violently, and loud sounds were coming out from it, the sudden noise had stunned all the surrounded tribe members.

Light could be seen from Grandfather's eyes, he quickly moved forward a few steps, not looking at the Barbarian Statue, but the sky. A dignified look appeared on his face after examining the sky.

At the same time, more and more tribe folks discovered the abnormality and started looking up towards the sky.

Black winds appeared out of nowhere in the skies, gather rapidly from all over the place, forming a gigantic vortex. The vortex is so huge, it seems like it has occupied half the sky, covering the Wu Mountain and its surroundings, and the huge abnormality could be seen even from far, far away.

Once the vortex had fully formed it started rotating around slowly and creating thunder like sounds, which could be heard from far away. Lightning strikes could be seen from within the vortex.

“The Ancestor is showing his power!?” A man within the Wushan tribe shouted. Immediately upon hearing his words, all

the people within the tribe started kneeling down out of respect and fear. They were bowing in front of the skies.

The ones who remained standing were Grandfather and the leaders of the tribes. Everyone except for Grandfather had frightened looks on their faces like the rest of the members within the tribe.

The vortex in the skies is rotating faster and fast, and moments later, a furious wind swept the ground, covering the entire Wu Mountain.

The Barbarian Statue that was floating in the sky started shaking even more violently, as if it couldn't hold itself within the fierce vortex.

At the same time, on the other side of Wu Mountain, there's a tribe similar to the Wushan tribe. The name of this tribe is the Heishan Tribe. All the people in the Heishan tribe were shocked by what they saw, a 10-foot tall Barbarian Statue was floating in the skies, above the center of their tribe.

The Barbarian Statue was all black, it didn't look like a human figure, but more like a lizard. It was shaking violently as if it was going to collapse. Under the floating statue stood an old man wearing a black robe, he was skinny as a skeleton and his face looked a bit cloudy, like he was thinking about something.

The same statue appeared at the same time in every single tribe around the Wu Mountain, even some tribes that are further away

seems to have same thing happen to them.

Nobody knows what caused this, and why the vortex appeared, even the Grandfather of the Wushan tribe neglected the fact that Su Ming had walked into the body of the Barbarian Statue and prayed.

Within the body of the Barbarian Statue located within the Wushan tribe, in less than a second the scarlet light had filled all the space, making the whole atmosphere shower with that strange scarlet light, and while Su Ming was stunned, he saw the statue that he was praying for was not far away from him, and it was shaking, as if it had just woken up from a long sleep, giving Su Ming an impression that the statue is something that's alive with flesh and blood.

He could even see the ferocious statue which was covered by the scarlet light starting to shake violently, as if it couldn't stand the scarlet light.

The statue was half human and half beast, holding a Dragon with its left hand and a pike with its right hand. But, because of the violent tremors coming from the statute, the ferocious feeling that Su Ming sensed from the statue changed, instead he felt that the statue was afraid, he was wondering if this is wrong.

Su Ming's mind went blank, he didn't know what was going on and he doesn't know why it was happening, he just stood there.

His whole body was covered by a scarlet light which came from

the broken fragment on his neck, making it look like he was merging with the surrounding space. The scarlet light was getting brighter and brighter, and in a short amount of time, the space within the Barbarian statue was completely soaked in scarlet light.

Su Ming felt like there was an explosion in his head, as if some barrier had been broken by an invisible force. His body started shaking and strange images appeared in his head.

There was an image of a huge land, and he is looking down while standing in the middle of the air. He sees millions of people on the ground, there are so many that he can't even see how many there is, as if there is an infinite number of people underneath him.

"This... Where is this place?" Su Ming was mumbling, the scene in front of caused him to be shocked, his mind went blank.

These people are divided into two camps, but they both kneel down and pray towards the sky. Drums were heard all around, forming a sound wave that can touch one's soul, sending a shock to everyone who was listening to it.

In the middle of the sky, Su Ming could see nearly hundreds of huge Barbarian status in his surroundings. All the statues looks different, they were all unleashing ancient and barbaric feelings, their bodies looked like real ones, as if they were alive.

The statues were kneeling down as well, praying towards the sky!

Su Ming raised his head subconsciously, he saw.....

At the highest point of the sky stood two gigantic humans, their faces couldn't be seen, but Su Ming looked at them once and immediately felt as if he was looking at heavenly beings. It felt like he had become an ant.

They were just like real Celestial beings!

Su Min looked at one of the two men up in the sky who had purple hair. The man raised his right hand, waving it towards the sky... The color of the sky immediately changed, with the blink of an eye the bright sky had turned dark, countless stars sparkling within. Waving his right hand again, all the sparkling stars flew towards the purple haired man, forming a starry milky way besides him.

The man pointed with his right index finger towards the Milky Way, and it made a loud sound as it started flying towards the man's opponent. Looking from far away, this scene almost looked like the skies had collapsed and the Milky Way had fallen, as if the skies used all its strength against one man.

Within all the commotion, the purple haired man suddenly looked down, gazing around before finally landing his gaze on Su Ming, this was out of his expectations!

A huge explosive sound was heard within Su Ming's head, he was pushed by a huge force, blowing him out of this illusive like world.

Su Ming's body was shaking, and he couldn't see anything but darkness. After a long, long time when he regained his consciousness, he discovered that he was still inside the space within the Barbarian statue... Only this time, there was no Scarlet Light, as if everything that had just happened were just illusions.

Breathing heavily, Su Ming stood there soaked in own seat. He suddenly looked down at the broken fragment hanging on his neck, the fragment looked somewhat black, and except for a tiny warm feeling coming from it he couldn't sense anything unusual about it.

“Is this just an illusion... or is this the memories of this Barbarian statue.... What I saw just now... It was just like what was described in the Beast Skin Book, stars...” After a long time, Su Ming finally woke up from scene he just saw. He stood up and prayed towards the statue once again, and he was getting ready to leave the place.

But, just when was about to bow down he could hear a cracking sound in front of him, he saw a tiny crack appearing on the statue's face, and the crack was getting bigger whenever Su Ming continued bowing, as if it was following Su Ming's bowing motion.

It was unable to bear the bow from Su Ming, and if Su Ming bowed down completely then the statue would break into pieces. The abnormal scene mad Su Ming feel shocked, and he no longer had any doubts about what he had experienced moment ago, it was definitely not an illusion!

Mumbling sounds resounded within his head whenever cracks appeared on the statue, Su Ming looked thrilled heard what was

being said, as what he heard is what he has been dreaming about... The Blood Concentration Script for Barbarian cultivators.

Barbarian cultivation methods cannot be passed on with words, the only way to learn it is inheriting it directly from a Barbarian statue, the existence of a Barbarian statue means everything to a tribe, and it is directly connected to a tribe's survival.

Su Ming's body vanished from the space within the Barbarian statue once the mumbling sound disappeared, then he reappeared in the Wushan tribe. After reappearing he immediately discovered that all the tribe members, including his Grandfather, were looking up into the sky. With a single thought he decided to look up into the sky.

The huge vortex was still rotating and the sound of thunder could still be heard.

"Su Ming, come to my side." Grandfather said to Su Ming. Feeling perturbed, he had a feeling that the abnormality in the skies had something to do with the fragment hanging on his neck, but he didn't dare tell anyone about this. He walked towards Grandfather with an anxious look on his face, and positioned himself behind him.

Not long after that, the abnormality in the sky slowly dismissed, turning back into a normal sky. Nobody ever asked Su Ming if he found success. There's no red light emitting from him, which means failure.

Waiting until the skies returned back to normal, the rest of the

La Su continued their praying ceremony. Everything was done, but there were 2 kids who were still examining the Barbarian statue.

Both kids were brought away by Grandfather, they will become someone who is important to the tribe, and personal experience of Barbarian cultivation will be passed down to them.

As for the rest of the La Su, with disappointed looks on their face they all left separately. Su Ming was leaving too, and he remained silent. His heart was beating incredibly fast, he wanted to tell Grandfather about everything, but he had a feeling that what would happen would be something too huge, specially the cracks on that statue.

With hesitation, Su Ming started walking towards his own house.

Grandfather who was wearing a long robe looked at Su Ming from his back with a puzzled expression.

Hurrying back to his house, Su Ming sat down on his wooden bed and looked down on the irregular fragment on his chest with a puzzled look, after a while, he tried to remove it from his neck, with hesitation. He got up placed a wooden stick that blocked the door from the inside, so that if anyone tries to enter the house then he will have enough time to respond.

When he finished that he went back to his bed and placed the stone fragment on his palm and started carefully examining it.

“What is this stone fragment that Red found... I guess the wind really was too strong that day and ended up blowing the rotten leaves on the ground away, exposing this fragment... That’s why Red found it....” Su Ming’s heart was beating fast, it felt like he had found some sort of priceless treasure.

[TL: I haven’t read previous translations, but Red is a monkey friend of Su Ming]

“Even the Barbarian Statue was cracked because of it... I wonder where Red found this thing, maybe there’s some other fragments there as well...” Licking his lips, Su Ming had an excited look on his face.

“I don’t have a Barbarian body, that’s why I couldn’t inherit and Barbarian cultivation methods, but with this fragment I managed to inherit a method!” Taking a deep breath and suppressing the excitement within, he focused all his energy on this stone fragment.

After some time, without him knowing, drowsiness struck him, and while holding the fragment he fell asleep on the wooden bed.

When he fell asleep, the fragment started slowly emitting a blinking scarlet amber, a weak amber light.

Chapter 5 – It's Just A Dream

“Brother.....”

“Brother.....”

A weak voice that gave of a special feeling resounded within Su Ming's dream.

“Brother..... Can you hear me.....? Brother.....”

“Brother..... I'm waiting for you....” The person who just spoke sounded tired, as if the owner of the voice had been talking to herself forever, getting weaker and weaker, until it couldn't be heard any more.

Su Ming felt a piercing pain in his heart, like something very important to him had followed the voice that just disappeared, this feeling woke him up instantly.

Su Ming was laying there with a pale face, soaking in sweat and feeling cold all over his body. He looked around while breathing heavily, the familiar surroundings were able to help him calm down.

It was midnight now, birds and beasts could be heard from far away. Nothing could be heard except for these sounds. Su Ming sat quietly on his bed, staring at the fragment laying in his palm, a doubtful look slowly appeared on his face.

“The dream was strange indeed.... And I wasn’t feeling sleepy at all just now, but I still fell asleep the moment I started examining this fragment... That dream... That voice...” It was rare for Su Ming to dream, and a dream like this was something he had never had before... And that female voice, he couldn’t understand why it felt so familiar to Su Ming.

“What just happened must have happened because of this fragment!” With some aid from the moonlight, Su Ming looked down and carefully examined the fragment.

“Just what is this thing...” After hesitating for a short moment he bit his finger tip, following the instruction of the Beast Skin book... Every single treasure in this world needs one’s own blood to activate.

Ever since Su Ming was born, he had never seen any treasures before this fragment. He squeezed his finger tip, allowing some blood drops to drip onto the fragment, then he waited patiently while staring at the fragment.

After waiting for a long time... Nothing happened, and the blood on top of the fragment wasn’t absorbed.

Scratching his head, a stubborn feeling was unleashed by Su Ming. He stood up and tried every method he could think of... He bit it with his teeth, he tried to break it with his hands, he soaked it in water... But the fragment remained the same, nothing happened.

The sky was getting brighter. Su Ming grabbed the fragment and stared it blankly... Time went by, the far side of the skies turned completely bright and the sun emerged on the sky... An idea appeared in his mind!

“The fragment became warmer when I placed it against my body... Maybe... Maybe this is its real usage!” Without hesitating, Su Ming immediately put the fragment on, placing it against his chest.

Feeling the warmth that was being emitted from it, the warmth flew into Su Ming’s body and it felt like it had already covered his entire body. He felt very comfortable. He took a deep breath and the Barbarian cultivation method that he had inherited from the Barbarian statue appeared in his mind.

Barbarians, the root of this this world, what Su Ming inherited was a cultivation method for the first Barbarian level, the Blood Condensation Scripture.

Su Ming had read in the beast skin scroll that in ancient history, the Barbarian Ancestor had broken through the heavens and created the human race, and all the human were celestial beings during that time. But, as time went by, the Barbarian race who were supposed to inherit the legend and not legends any more, they were now merely mortals.

The Barbarian cultivation methods was inherited from that period of glory, but it had altered to let the Barbarian race cultivate

to the first Barbarian Cultivation Realm. The Blood Condensation Scripture has eleven Realms, and its purpose is to activate the small amount of inherited blood from the Barbarian ancestor in a cultivator's blood, to condense the blood.

As for the Barbarian body, there are actually some tribe members who have inherited more Barbarian ancestor blood in their bodies, and only these tribe members can go further in the Barbarian Cultivation path.

There is only a small amount of Barbarian ancestor's blood in the bodies of normal tribe members, therefore they're not recognized and they instantly lose their qualifications to become a Barbarian, meaning they won't be able to inherit the Barbarian cultivation methods when they pray to the Barbarian Statues.

But Su Ming was a special case, it's a fact that he doesn't possess a Barbarians body, but because of that strange fragment he was able to obtain a cultivation method that cannot be passed on by words, something that can only be obtained by praying to the Barbarian Statue.

“Condense the Barbarian blood in the body so that I can activate it and finally draw the Barbarian mark belongs to myself, stepping into the Enlightenment Realm!” Su Ming mumbled to himself as his eyes brightened.

He sat down with crossed legs, closed his eyes slowly and took a deep breath. He followed the cultivation method in his head that cannot be spoken, slowly immersing himself in it.

Time flew by and soon the sun of the far side of the sky had been raised high. The smoke coming from the food in the tribe had already spread thin and members of the tribe started gathering. Those who belonged to the tribe's hunter group were led by a few of the tribe leaders, getting themselves ready to walk out from the tribe under their family member's respectful visions. They were going to hunt for food that's enough for the tribe consumptions.

Few of the La Su who looked only 4-5 years old, running naked within the tribe, playing among each other happily, and their laughter put a upward curve on other tribe members' face.

Besides this, Grandfather was delivering his experiences of Barbarian Cultivation to the two teens who had proven to possess a Barbarian body, the Barbarian cultivator are the most important force for a tribe.

[TL: He's basically sharing his experiences / wisdom]

The whole Wushan tribe, followed by the old generation of Barbarian cultivations had passed away, they only have 22 Barbarian Cultivators at the moment.

No one ever noticed that Su Ming's house's door had been tightly shut ever since this morning. He has been sitting inside cross legged and surrounded by a scarlet light that was being emitted from all over his body, and if you looked hard enough at dim scarlet light then you would see that a blood vein underneath his skin was the source of the light, and it was blinking slowly while emitting a scarlet light, giving a demonic feeling.

As of now there was only a single blood vein that could be seen on Su Ming's body, and it was somewhat hidden, making it hard to see.

After a long time, Su Ming opened his eyes and exhaled all the cloudy air in his body.

“In the Blood Condensation Realm, the more blood veins I have can signify the possibility of breaking through to the Enlightenment Realm, but reaching the Enlightenment Realm is too hard. According to the beast skins scroll, only those in the Enlightenment Realm can be considered true Barbarians, that's something that can make a small tribe become a medium tribe!

“Grandfather has condensed more than half of the Barbarian blood in his body, but he is still far from reaching the Enlightenment Realm, and I have not heard about anyone from the surrounding tribes who have reached the Enlightenment Realm.”

He said to himself. The Enlightenment Realm is just too far away from him, and right now his focus is on whether he is able to succeed in Barbarian Cultivations and reach the first real, Blood Condensation.

The first tier of Blood Condensation will require three blood veins to form.

If someone possesses a Barbarian's body then once he starts cultivating he will condense three blood veins in a very short

amount of time, reaching the first tier of Blood Condensation... Not like what Su Ming is experiencing right now, where only the first blood vein is condensed and barely seen.

Although cultivation wasn't going to be any for him, Su Ming never felt depressed, because, as long as he can cultivate there will be hope for him.

And when he was condensing blood in his body earlier he could clearly sense that the fragment on his emitting more and more warmth, and this pulled Su Ming's spirit up. He had a feeling that he had to discover the key to this fragment.

Time slipped by and 7 days passed, Su Ming hardly went out from his house during these 7 days, he didn't even feel hungry. According to the beast skin scroll, the cultivators, especially during the Blood Condensation Stage, will have their appetite increased because of the revolving blood in their bodies. More food will provide nutrients, allowing one's body to grow and produce more blood in the body to aid with cultivation.

But none of this happened with Su Ming. After some thoughts he decided to credit this to the warmth that was being emitted from the fragment.

During these 7 days, Len Zhen had come once, bringing Su Ming the blood of a Sable Deer, and he took some Black Dragon saliva. Lei Chen has had a Barbarian body since he prayed to the Barbarian Statue when he was 7 years old, and he had reached the 4th level of Blood Condensation. He had condensed 23 blood veins in his body, and he was considered a core member in the hunter

team.

Lei Chen hesitated a bit before leaving, he wanted to comfort Su Ming, but he only stared at him and told him that he was leaving with a bored and silly voice.

“Su Ming, we grew up together, I will protect you in the future! If anyone dares to bully you then I will take revenge for you!” Finishing what he wanted to say he waved his arm forcefully and left with a silly smile on his face.

A warm feeling emerged in Su Ming’s heart after looking at the leaving Lei Chen.

Living in a tribe is simple, but it’s not boring. All the tribe members had something to do, and they all needed to contribute with their own strength to ensure the tribe’s survival.

Half a month after the Barbarian Enlightenment ended, Su Ming carried his bamboo basket and waved good bye to the tribe members. He left the tribe by himself and walked into the forest far away.

Su Ming changed like he was a different person upon stepping into the forest, full of agility, dashing around like an arrow... With a few steps he had climbed to the top of a tree. He sat on one of the branches with a happy smile on his face, he was quite satisfied with his own speed.

“I have yet to completely reach the first level of the Blood Condensation Realm, but my body has become more flexible than before.”

Placing two fingers of his right hand in his mouth, Su Ming whistled. The whistles could be heard from far away, and it caused an echo, like a drop on the water. Not long after, a red figure could be seen running towards Su Ming with great speed. In just a split second it had approached Su Ming.

With a huge smile on his face, Su Ming jumped from the tree branch before the red figure could come close to him and dash forwards, the red figure followed Su Ming.

“Red, let’s have a competition today, let’s see who can reach the mountain top first!” Su Ming said happily while leaping forward like an arrow. The red figure behind him was the little red monkey. The little red monkey had a contemptuous expression on its face while eating a fruit core in its hands. It underestimated Su Ming completely, and after scratching its face it decided to follow Su Ming in a lazy manner.

The eyes of the little red monkey turned red after following Su Ming for some time, it started moving faster and faster and had a look of disbelief on its face. It threw away the fruit core and started chasing with full speed.

Chapter 6 – The Amazing Grace

Su Ming was running all over the forest, his body was like a shooting arrow, and with his familiarities to the area as well as his flexible body it didn't take him long to arrive at the Wu Mountain.

After crossing the forest he would arrive at Wu Mountain.

Su Ming had been collecting herbs in this forest ever since he was a small boy, all the trees gave him a comfortable feeling.

“The Beast Skin Scroll said that the Barbarian Cultivators will start condensing barbaric blood in the Blood Condensation Realm, making their body stronger and stronger. I thought I'd never have the chance to experience that, but now I can feel it for real!”

“The first level of the Blood Condensation Realm, I need to completely condense 3 blood veins in my body, but my speed has already increased this much even though I haven't completely condensed 3 blood veins.... And my strength....”

A loud boom was heard, and a fist mark appeared on the tree. Su Ming's right hand was numb, but he felt excited.

While Su Ming was still soaking in happiness, a red figure ran in front of him fast, and a proud expression could be seen on its face. The little red monkey had finally caught up to him, and it had taken the lead as well.

A smile appeared on Su Ming's face and he started chasing the red figure, although he was fast, he just couldn't compare with the speed of the little red monkey. If it was in the past, then every time he arrived at the Wu Mountain, the little red monkey would show a face of impatience and arrogance, as if it had waited for Su Ming for a long time.

But now, in just less than an hour, when Su Ming climbed up the Wu Mountain and reached the half way mark, he saw the little red monkey sitting on their usual meeting spot, showing the same face of impatience and arrogance as before, but, there's sweat on its forehead, a sign that the monkey arrived just a minute ago.

Su Ming smiled and patted the little monkey's head. After that he removed the bamboo basket that was on his back. He stood on top of a large stone, looking at the fog that has been gathering in the sky, far away from his current position, then he took a deep breath.

He enjoys standing there and looking into the distance. It only take a few more steps to fall into a deep abyss, and if there's wind blowing then body will start swaying, which really dangerous, but, Su Ming had been climbing this mountain since he was a small boy. For him, this place is like his second home.

"Red, what's on the other side of the mountain? Have you ever gone there before?" Su Ming stood there, the Beast Skin Cloth's pages were turning whenever the wind blew. He touched the black fragment on his chest unintentionally.

The little monkey standing next to Su Ming took a look into the

distance, but it didn't answer Su Ming. It started scratching its head, as if there was something to be found within its hair.

Su Ming didn't bother the little monkey after realizing that it was tidying its own hair. Su Ming touched his nose and shook his head before sitting down.

“Red, for this trip, I will not go back to the tribe for some time, I will stay here instead. Remember to find some wild fruits for me when you go out and play.”

The little monkey by his side had an astonished expression on its face, it gazed at Su Ming a couple of times before immediately showing a happy expression and nodding its head nonstop. Normally it would only have 3-5 days to stay with Su Ming, and then he would leave and go back to the tribe, leaving it all alone in the forest. But now it understood what Su Ming said, and it became very happy.

Facing the mountain wind he took a deep breath, Su Ming closed his eyes slowly, he was preparing to cultivate here. He won't leave until he reaches the first level of the Blood Condensation Realm.

He had no idea to explain everything that had happened to him recently, so he wanted to secretly hide it all in his head, never letting anyone know about anything that had happened.

Su Ming closed his eyes, and not long after doing so, a blood vein appeared on his body, emitting a weak red amber, but the amber didn't blink, it stayed vivid.

And the blood vein wasn't hidden like it was a month ago, it was completely showing itself.

Su Ming doesn't possess any God-given talents when it comes to Barbarian cultivation, but what he does have is persistence and the spirit to never give up. Time passed as Su Ming sat there with crossed legs.

The sun rises and the sun sets, the fog in the forest slowly dissolved, birds were tweeting and beasts were roaring, this all gave a feeling of warmth to Su Ming. Su Ming opened his eyes at the dawn of the next morning.

Su Ming turned his head around and found out that the little monkey was gone, but there were some wild fruits on the floor.

Su Ming picked up a few wild fruits and ate a few of them. Su Ming doesn't have a big appetite, so eating a few of these would make him full. He likes to eat them, but he doesn't like to eat too many at once.

After eating some fruits he sat back down crossed legs and started focusing on condensing the Barbarian's blood in his body, but this time, only after a few hours, Su Ming opened his eyes and had a puzzled expression on his face.

"The first blood vein is fully condensed, but the second blood vein... I have a feeling that the blood in my body isn't enough...." Su Ming couldn't exactly understand what this feeling was, but it

was like the first blood vein had already absorbed most of his fresh blood, leaving almost no blood left for the second blood vein.

This sounded mysterious and hard to explain, but this is what Su Ming was feeling right now.

“Not enough blood...” Su Ming scratched his head and started think. What he doesn’t know is that the Barbarian cultivators, especially during the initial stage, needs a strong body to aid their cultivation, at the same time he needs to eat a huge amounts of herbs to help produce more fresh blood, which is require to condense more and more blood veins.

That’s why a Barbarian cultivator who is in the Blood Condensation Realm, their level is higher, the power of their blood and Qi will be greater and once he unleashes that power, with just the strength of the body he can tear apart a live, that’s why they are called Barbarians!

All of this is secret within a tribe, and only those who possess a Barbarian’s body can know.

“Normally when someone in the tribe gets hurt he will lose a huge amount of blood, and his complexion will become pale, and he will be feeling weak at the same time. Then he will need to consume some herbs that will help him produce more Qi and blood...” Su Ming’s eyes brightened up, and after thinking carefully, he stood up again and put his bamboo basket on his back, then he started running towards the mountain side. This time he is faster, so it only took him half an hour.

When he came back there was some fresh herbs laying in the bamboo basket with some dirt on them. Su Ming cleaned then herbs, then he took out a stone bowl from the basket and crushed the herbs with a couple of dew drops, creating a dark green use with a strange smell.

But, he quickly got used to the smell after a couple of seconds. He added some more herbs into the juice, and when he finished putting all of the herbs inside the stone bowl he took a deep breath, and without any hesitation he drank all the juice within the stone bowl.

A frown appeared on Su Ming's face... It was awful... He forced himself to drink everything down to the last drop, then he sat down cross legged again.

Time passed and it was now midnight. Su Ming opened his eyes and started staring into the darkness in front of him.

“There's some effect..... but not much..... the method should be correct, or did I made some mistake somewhere.....” A frown appeared on his face, he couldn't ask Grandfather about this now, and he can only figure it out by himself.

“No!!” Su Ming's eyes blinked, he was a doctor in the tribe and he was responsible for gathering herbs, he would usually gather herbs and present them to Grandfather, then he will pick some herbs to take away, and only then will it be sent to the tribe leader. It will be stored according to demand, and will only be taken out when

there's a need to make a potion to heal someone.

The herbs that Grandfather picked was including the saliva of the Black Dragon, but the Black Dragon saliva had little to no effect on him, so he had kept it for Su Ming to nourish his body.

“There's still some Black Dragon saliva left after I gave some to Lei Zhen.” Su Ming searched his bamboo basket and found a small clay container. A familiar fragrance greeted him when he opened the container. He shook it and discovered a small amount of remaining potion.

Without hesitating, Su Ming placed the container in his mouth and drank all the content in one go.

He sat down cross legged and immediately started focusing on condensing the second blood vein, Su Ming had consumed a lot of Black Dragon saliva ever since he was a small kid, and he would feel drowsy upon drinking like, like he was drunk.

This was the first the he was cultivating according to the Barbarian's methods after consuming the Black Dragon's saliva. Followed by the blood circulation in his body he could clearly feel a cold stream appearing in his body. This cold stream started flowing around to all body parts.

Followed by the flows of the cold stream it started merging with the blood in his body, making the speed of his blood circulation increase, and the total amount of blood increased at the same time.

“This is it!” Su Ming felt very excited, and just as he was about to continue... His body started shaking, and his eyes opened up instantly, showing a look of disbelief and a wandering expression.

“Why is it like this..... is Grandfather.....”

Within his body, Su Ming could clearly feel more cold streams appearing every part of his body, it was like these cold streams had been stored in his body for many years, waiting for Su Ming to start circulating his blood, waiting for the day they could explode free.

And the Black Dragon saliva that Su Ming just drank was the key to this explosion!

Now all the cold streams were gathering from every part of his body like rivers, and they slowly merged into a sea.

This is a gift that Grandfather has been preparing for him ever since he was small, a precious gift that would constantly nourish his body with the Black Dragon saliva. If Su Ming started cultivating the Barbarian path, then this force would greatly assist him in the early stages of his cultivation, and if he were to fail then it would still provide him with a healthy body.

Su Ming remembered all the previous years, the kindness in Grandfather's eyes and the face that was getting older and older, day by day. The expectations he had for Su Ming and the disappointment half a month ago.

“Grandfather....” Su Ming mumbled, a low noise could be heard from his body... It’s the awakening of the force of all the Black Dragon saliva in his body, it is pushing his blood and condensing it into the second blood vein, and it is condensing fast!

[TL: Sorry, the force isn’t supposed to be there, but I couldn’t resist... Star Wars spoilers...]

After the second blood vein appeared, the third blood vein appeared as well!

Even the fourth blood vein was being condensed!

Immediately after that, Su Ming’s body started becoming bigger and bigger, growing with a speed that anyone could see. The circulation of the Qi and blood was helping his body grow, and if this continued then he would not be a weak boy anymore, he will become like the rest of the Barbarian tribe members, possessing a strong and sturdy body.

But at this point of time, the black fragment on Su Ming’s chest, out of expectation, emitting the scarlet light like what it did in the body of Barbarian’s statue.

But at this point of time, the black fragment on Su Ming’s chest, out of his expectations, started emitting a scarlet light like what it did in the body of the Barbarian statue.

With a small flash of scarlet light, a dramatic change happened.

Chapter 7 – Ancient!

Su Ming clearly felt a huge stream of warm energy together with the appearance on the scarlet light. It flowed into his body, and in the blink of an eye it had reached all over his body, it even merged with the cold stream of Black Dragon saliva. The warm energy and the Black Dragon saliva penetrated into his bloodline.

A cracking sound was heard from Su Ming's body. His body which sat cross legged started shaking violently, and the fourth blood vein was fully condensed.

At the same time, lots of impurities were pushed out of Su Ming's body, and a stinking smell followed, but, the smell disappeared when the wind blew.

Four blood veins signifies that one has successfully entered the first level of the Blood Condensation Realm. Su Ming had finally become a Barbarian Cultivator at the first level of the Blood Condensation Realm.

Su Ming's eyes were still closed, and he didn't show any signs of waking up any time soon. Time passed by slowly, and the fourth blood vein had fully condensed, and it was now stable.

The next morning arrived and the little monkey came by with a happy expression on its face. But, a shocked expression emerged on its face as it looked at Su Ming who was covered in black dirt. It scratched its head and started walking circles around Su Ming.

It couldn't figure out what had happened to Su Ming even though it was somewhat intelligent. It walked closer to Su Ming with a curious expression on its face, and it tried touching Su Ming with its paw.

But, just before its paw could reach Su Ming's body, the scarlet light blinked violently and covered Su Ming's body entirely, the little monkey saw all of this with a look of awe on its face, then Su Ming's body vanished in thin air.

From the little monkey's point of view, Su Ming had been devoured by this scarlet light. The little monkey's eyes widened and it let out a loud roar, then it immediately dashed over to Su Ming's previous position and started searching around crazy, but it gave no results. It stomped on the ground and sat down, not moving at all.

Su Ming looked around with a puzzled look on his face, he had no idea where this place was. The surroundings were covered in white fog, so he couldn't see too far, but, he could barely see a mountain peak not far from him.

He had just woken up, and he remembered that he was sitting on top of a boulder on Wu Mountain, but he couldn't figure out why he was here right now.

A shocked expression emerged in his eyes, he looked down on his chest, but the strange black fragment was gone.

"Gone....." Su Ming was anxious and doubtful. He took one more

look around, then he slowly stood up with a gloomy look on his face. He carefully started walking towards the mountain that was covered in fox and could be seen from far away.

The mountain was not too far away, so it didn't take him long to reach it. Su Ming stood at the bottom of the mountain and looked up towards the peak, he was shocked by what he saw.

This is a mountain without any plants or trees. The surface was smooth, like someone had polished it, and there's totem carvings on it... Mountain totems, river totems, beast totems, universal totems..... There's even some words that Su Ming has never seen before. It seemed like something that only existed in ancient legends.

As Su Ming gazed at the carvings on the mountain, a booming sound could be heard. A gap opened up in the middle of the mountain, as if there was an invisible force that had opened the mountain.

The gap was narrow, and the end couldn't be seen. A path leading to the gap opened up under Su Ming's feet.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment, but he quickly made up his mind. Since he is here, and he doesn't know where this place is, or how to leave it... He decided that he could only follow the path laid down in front of him.

He had a feeling that all of this was related to the black fragment, he could clearly remember that the fragment was emitting a huge

amount of warmth right before he arrived here.

Su Ming followed the narrow gap and walked into the mountain. It felt like he had walked for a long time, and the path in front of him was becoming wider and wider, and the walls... the walls were covered in strange carvings. Su Ming couldn't understand any of them, there were some carvings of herbs, and some of naked men with rugged hair surrounded by a weird big pot. It looked like they were doing something with the herbs.

Su Ming was looking at those images on the walls, but then a door appeared in front of Su Ming. He stopped and turned his gaze towards the door.

There are carvings on the door as well, 5 herb totems were carved onto the door, and they were surrounded by some irregular lines that were emitting scarlet light that Su Ming was familiar with, forming a circle and filling the door with light.

There are fifteen small, hollow holes at the center of the door, and it looks like you can place something in it, making a round formation.

A frown appeared on Su Ming's face, he looked carefully at the door a few more times, then he looked around him again, then he stared at the five herbs that were carved on the door.

“This is..... Iron Core Pistil, yes, that's an Iron Core Pistil!”

“This..... This looks like Elation Leaves, but it resembles Spice Grass too....”

“And this is Glowing Grass! I used to harvest this.”

“What about this..... it looks familiar.....”

“The last one... I’ve never seen this before...” Su Ming gazed at the last one for some time, trying to recognize what it is. He wasn’t sure, but then he changed his focus to the door, should he try to open it?

But what happened shocked Su Ming, the irregular lines that were surrounding the herb totems on the door started spinning, and the scarlet lights on them started blinking violently, then they left the door and started flying towards Su Ming.

The scarlet light was just too fast, Su Ming had no way of running away from it, and in just the blink of an eye Su Ming was covered in the light.

At the same time, a large amount of memories that doesn’t belong to Su Ming appeared in his head. Those memories were like drawings, forced into his head by the scarlet light, making Su Ming’s head very uncomfortable

In this drawings there was an elusive figure doing the same actions as the ones in the carvings, he was throwing herbs into a big, strange pot. His movement was smooth, like he had done this

millions of times. Every time before throwing the herb into the pot he would smell the herb, and with a determined look on his face he would wave with right hand, creating fire out of nowhere, covering the big pot.

The process was complicated, and even strength of the fire was under his control. Su Ming had never seen anything like this, back in the tribe, no one would bother with this, they would just eat the herbs straight away, and at most they would just crush them and extract the juice and mix it with other herbs to increase the effectiveness.

After a long time, the elusive figure hit the big pot with his right hand.

The fire that was covering the pot immediately disappeared, and the man lifted the cover of the pot. Su Ming saw that there were three green colored round objects with size of a fingernail in it.

Although these were just some extra memories in his head, Su Ming could smell the fragrance of the herbs. He stared at the three round objects, he was stunned as if he had been struck by lightning.

Since he was a little boy he had been mixing herbs, and he could easily tell the quality of the round object... He couldn't even imagine something like this being possible.

The scarlet lights covering his body left him and returned to the door, causing the irregular lines to return back to normal.

Su Ming's vision turned blurry when the scarlet light left his body, and a strange force started carrying him. When his vision returned back to normal, a red figure could be seen running towards him, a surprised expression could be seen on its face.

The red figure was the little monkey. He was jumping up and down while running circles around Su Ming. It was terrified when Su Ming disappeared, but now Su Ming is back and it felt very happy.

Su Ming stumped, looked around him, and realized he had returned to the stone platform on Wu Mountain, he looked down to his chest immediately, and discovered the fragment that once was gone is now, appear again.

"All of this must have something to do with this fragment... Maybe it's because I reached Level 1 of the Blood Condensation realm.... From Red's reaction, my body must have disappeared, and it wasn't a dream.... What is this fragment, why is it here..." Su Ming thought to himself. He then started thinking about the extra memories in his head.

"Quenching and Dispersing.....Pills....." Su Ming started mumbling the names of the techniques he saw in those memories.

"The Enlightenment pill....." this is the name of the pill, it appeared in the extra memories within Su Ming's head.

Su Ming was mumbling, he recalled the herb totem carvings on

the door, and his eyes slowly brightened. Although he doesn't know exactly where or what that place is, the Enlightenment pill had attracted his interest.

In his point of view, a Barbarian cultivator can't cultivate without the help from herbs that supply them with Qi and blood. Only by consuming a large amount of herbs can they become stronger, so the Quenching and Dispersing method with supposedly help him a lot in his cultivation.

"I have never seen any round shaped pills back in the tribe, even Grandfather doesn't have any of those, and if he did then I would have seen them by now.... But, those round pills looked great... I wonder how effective they would be if I concocted them..."

"So, the next step is to look for these 5 herbs.... Red, have you seen any of these 2 herbs before?" After making up his mind, he called for the little monkey and picked up a small stone, then he drew two herbs he had never seen before on the ground, and when he finished drawing he turned his gaze towards Red. A hint of anticipation could be seen in his gaze.

Red looked at the drawing for some time, then he nodded his head.

Su Ming felt relieved upon seeing that Red knew about these herbs. He walked a few rounds around the stone platform, thinking about something.

"I can gather those herbs, but in order to concoct those pills....

The process seems complicated... And I will need fire.... Almost like cooking... This will be interesting.” Su Ming thought carefully as he furrowed his brow.

He remembered that the pot was unusual, different from the ones used in the tribe to cook rice. He was searching through those extra memories, he knew that the pot was used for quenching and dispersing, and the pot was called the Ancient Cauldron.

“Those pots back in the tribe won’t work... and I will need fire...” Su Ming raised his head while mumbling, his eyes were bright. He looked towards one of the far away mountain peaks belonging to the Wu Mountain.

The mountain peak was brown, and there was thick smoke coming out from it.

Chapter 8 – Red Flower

The five peaks on the Wu Mountain didn't look anything alike. The one which produced the Black Dragon Saliva was the one closest to the Wushan tribe, and if you were to go further then there would be a high possibility of running into people from other tribes.

That's the reason why Su Ming stayed here for most of the time, only when he really needed to harvest some rare herbs would he go even further.

Su Ming is staring at the mountain peak where thick smoke was coming from, the name of this peak is the Black Fire Peak.

Legends said that there are gigantic flames on the mountain peak, and it was the center of the Fire Barbarian Land in the early days. Time passed and what had happened was now just a legend, but, people would still be able to feel the burning waves if they got close enough to the peak.

Su Ming wasn't too unfamiliar with the Black Fire Peak, he had come to this place many times before, and he had even met someone from the Black Mountain tribe... if he didn't have an agile body then he probably would've been killed back then.

The Black Fire Peak is very close to the Black Mountain tribe, and the Black Mountain tribe and the Wushan tribe have been enemies for many generations. Both tribes are similar in size, and the hunter groups are always fighting cruel and bloody battles.

Su Ming's eyes brightened up, and after a couple of seconds he turned his vision towards the Black Fire Peak that was far away. He walked a short distance to a shallow area where there are a few big rocks, Su Ming moved the rocks and something was revealed on the ground.

That's a crude bow!

The bow had a very rough look, the bow string was the size of a finger, and it was giving a feeling that it had a very strong power hidden within.

A bow, only members from the Wushan tribe's hunter group can possess a bow, it is very difficult for the other tribe members to obtain one. Su Ming exchanged some materials and herbs for this bow, and he never brought it back to the tribe, he hid it out here instead. Only Lei Zhen knows about this secret.

Su Ming's eyes brightened as he picked up the bow, he grabbed the five sharp arrows hidden underneath the big rock. The tip of the arrows were made from stone, and Su Ming had been sharpening them whenever he had the time.

Su Ming placed the five arrows in the bamboo basket on his back and carried the bow with his arms. He whistled to the little monkey as he pointed at the herbs he drew on the ground.

The little monkey seemed to understand what he meant, it showed its teeth and started dashing forwards, turning into a red

figure.

Su Ming had a cautious look on his face as he started following the monkey. They both disappeared after a few steps.

Su Ming was no match for Red in terms of knowledge regarding the whereabouts in this Wu Mountain... Time passed by, and Su Ming's bamboo basket had already been filled with herbs, this was all because of Red's guidance.

There are 8 different herbs, and there's quite a lot of each, all of them looks similar to the carving Su Ming had seen. He couldn't recognize them clearly, so he just picked whatever looked familiar.

"You said there is another similar herb here?" The sun was about to set, Su Ming and Red were in a forest close to the Black Fire peak, he pointed to a swamp full of black mud and looked towards Red.

Red nodded his head and showed some gestures to Su Ming with its hand, then it pointed to the sun which is going to set soon.

Su Ming squatted down and stared at the swamp, he held his breath and started concentrating, and he was waiting for the sun to set completely. Time passed, and the light in the forest was mostly dim, he couldn't see further than 3 meters.

Right now there was complete darkness, and suddenly bubbles started appearing in the swamp, and there was a red light that

could barely be seen swimming fast underneath the swamp, this weird scene sent shivers down Su Ming's spine, but he still remained calm and didn't move at all.

He stared at it, following the red light under the mud, and saw it appear slowly from underneath, to his surprise that's some red flower buds, the roots of it was hiding in the mud, the swimming red light was the movement of its roots.

Flower buds emerged from the bottom of the swamp, Su Ming saw them bloom, and a fragrance that can't be explained with words could be smelled, Su Ming smelled on a small portion of the fragrance and he immediately felt like his blood was boiling, as if there was fire covering his body.

Red who stood next to Su Ming roared anxiously, and without any hesitation, Su Ming dashed forward and grabbed the closest red flower, in his hand he held a sharp knife which he used to smoothly split the flower from its roots, then he placed the flower in the bamboo basket.

After successfully completing this action he immediately backed off with his flexible body and started running away from here together with Red, going full speed.

A loud roar could be heard from the swamp after Su Ming left, all the red flowers turned into flower buds and went back into the bottom of the swamp, and after that, red blood exuded from the muddy swamp, filling the surroundings with a bloody smell.

Su Ming and Red escaped with all their speed, and they didn't stop until it was completely dark. They stopped near a big tree, and with some help from the moonlight they checked out their harvests for the day.

Su Ming was pretty excited, there are a lot of herbs in the bamboo basket. He kept recalling the quenching and dispersing scene in his mind, and anticipated that he would be doing it soon.

“It's a shame I don't know what the effects of that Enlightenment pills are... But, it shouldn't be too bad!” Su Ming licked his lips as he stared at the two herbs in the bamboo basket.

The two herbs almost looks identical, they're like the same herbs, both are red, and the only difference being that one has six flower petals, and the one has five.

Su Ming doesn't know what this herb is for, it's something completely unknown to him, and it was the only ingredient required for the Enlightenment pill that he had never seen before... But, luckily Red had seen it before, that's how Su Ming was able to find it so quickly.

“Which one is the real ingredient for concocting the pill.....” Su Ming furrowed his eye brows, the one with 6 flower petal was the one he had obtained in the swamp. He recalled what happened when the flower started blooming, Su Ming had a feeling that if he ate the flower now then he would immediately die.

He put all the herbs back into the bamboo basket and laid down

on the tree branch, then he took a bite out of a wild fruit and started staring at the stars in the sky. He breathed in the forest smell and started paying attention to the sounds of the birds and animals. It felt like he had become a part of this forest, and this feeling made him incredibly comfortable.

Red was tidying his hair while cautiously paying attentions his surroundings.

They spent their night on the tree branch.

Dawn arrived and the sun has risen, the forest was still filled with darkness, and the fog was still floating around. Su Ming and Red left the big tree and started rushing towards the Black Fire Peak.

Su Ming didn't stop paying attention for a moment, he carried his bow along the way with a cautious look on his face, and Red was influenced by this as well. They were both very careful, and when the sky was completely up and the fog in the forest disappeared, a huge mountain peak appeared before Su Ming, the mountain was brown, and it was constantly sending out heat waves.

A thick black smoke was being emitted from the peak of the mountain.

“Black Fire Peak.....” Su Ming mumbled to himself, he carefully looked at his surroundings, then he jumped onto the mountain with some hesitation. He was prepared for this, there are herbs

underneath his feet that can conceal the heat, and he didn't stop climbing towards the mountain peak.

Although he was climbing fast, he never stopped being cautious, he was even more cautious now that he was ascending the mountain. Some time passed, and he has reached the middle of the mountain. Red who was behind him started making some soft noises while climbing.

Hearing Red's alert, Su Ming moved to the side and hid within a crack that was close to a cliff without any hesitation, both his legs clenched to the mountain, he grabbed his bow with his right hand and picked one arrow with the left hand fast, all of this was done in a split second, and Red had followed Su Ming and was currently leaning on him.

Su Ming was breathing slowly, a cold gaze could be seen in his eyes. In this place, if he meets anyone from the Black Mountain tribe, then it will be a fight for life and death.

A few minutes later, chatting could be heard accompanied by the sound of falling rocks.

"It's so early, why did they ask us to dig these stupid rocks... what's the purpose...."

"You've been complaining all day, this is an order from the tribe chief, we have to do it accordingly. Oh, and have you heard that Grandfather is going to break through...?"

“I heard someone in the tribe saying so. Grandfather looks different now, he looks frightening.”

“Do you think us digging these stones has anything to do with Grandfather?”

The two men were getting closer, and then they slowly moved away. Su Ming was hiding in the crack, and he didn't move until he noticed the men were gone. Only upon realizing that the two men were gone could he relax.

“The Black Mountain tribe's Grandfather had a breakthrough... I remember Grandfather telling me once that the Black Mountain tribe Grandfather was already the Eight Level of Blood Condensation, but he knows an evil Barbarian skill, that's why he can barely fight with Grandfather.” Su Ming decided to inform Grandfather about this when he returns to the tribe.

Sometime later, after making sure the man had gone far away, Su Ming continued ascending the mountain. The little monkey behind him grabbed his cloth.

Su Ming turned around and looked at the little monkey, the little monkey's face was filled with excitement as it was pointing towards the end of the crack, there was a small cave emitting some heat waves.

Su Ming looked at the cave for some seconds, then he gave up the idea of continuing going up the mountain. He got closer to the small cave and examined it carefully, then he took the bamboo

basket and placed it in his hands, then he walked towards the small cave, Red following behind.

The cave was small, and if it wasn't for Su Ming's thin body then he wouldn't be able to get in. A normal sized Barbarian wouldn't be able to enter.

Chapter 9 – Quenching And Dispersing

The small cave was pretty strange, it was the same size all around. After crawling around for about ten feet, Su Ming saw the end of the cave, then he slowed down.

Crawling carefully towards the exit, he took another look around and was startled. He took a deep breath.

This is a fire karst cave, numerous stalactites were hanging from the top of the cave. The surface of these stalactites were dry, as if they were going to fall down at any moment. The ground was black but mixed with a stripe of red rocks, making the black cave look somewhat brown, and the heat was even more intense than what they had felt outside the cave earlier.

Not far away there is a black skeleton, it was about ** meters long, and Su Ming could easily see that this was the skeleton of a python.

[TL: Raws say **]

On top of the python's skull there was a horn the size of an adult arm, the color of the horn is black as well.

Su Ming had never seen a python this long, Grandfather had once told him, in his early days there was a python money in the Black Dragon Mountain, it was very fierce, and there was a horn on its skull... They named it the Horned Python. The horn is incredibly sharp, and would often become something used for praying.

In the Wushan tribe there is one Horned Python bone horn, and it was passed on by the chief of the tribe.

“Maybe it is a Horned Python?” He examined the skeleton of the python with his eyes, and looked around the cave... he seemed to have the answer.

Su Ming thought to himself. He then took some herbs from his bamboo basket and threw them on the ground.

The herbs fell down slowly, and when it touched the ground, a sizzling sound could be heard, and after 15 minutes, the herbs had dried up completely. Su Ming tried a few more times, and he finally confirmed the temperature on the ground. Although the ground was hot, Su Ming could easily stand on it for some time, however, he could not touch the red stone.

Red was impatient, he really wanted to go down. If it wasn't for him knowing about the dangers in the cave, he would have already jumped.

Su Ming crawled out of the cave carefully and jumped onto the ground, a sizzling sound could be heard once his feet touched the ground, the heat transferred from his feet into his entire body, but it wasn't enough to burn his feet in a short period of time.

Red's body was covered in sweat upon entering the fire karst cave because of the intense heat. After thinking for a couple of seconds, it ran back into the small cave. It just ran away to play somewhere else.

Su Ming didn't stop Red from leaving, instead he picked up his bamboo basket and walked forwards, he suspected that this cave is somehow connected to the Black Fire Peak... Maybe there will be a place suitable for quenching and dispersing.

He didn't walk very far, he arrived at an unknown place, and potholes could be seen on the ground. The heat was far more intensive here than in the previous location.

He hesitated for a moment, then he raised his leg and continued walking, suddenly, an intense heat wave exploded. Su Ming was shocked, then he jumped backwards, his pupils shrank and he saw fire the size of an adult arm erupted from one of the potholes, covering the whole cave with light.

Su Ming took a deep breath and started running backwards until he reached the entrance of the cave. He looked at the potholes and started examining them, he stared at them for half an hour. The fire would emerge from one hole, then it would disappear, then it would erupt from another hole.

It was a cycle, the fire continued erupting, disappearing and reappearing another place.

"Fire....." Su Ming stared at the potholes, and slowly his eyes brightened, a surprised expression emerged on his face.

"There's a fire here! But, it isn't consistent..." Su Ming thought to himself with a pitiful expression.

“Never mind then... Though, if I enter the mountain from the peak, they may be some better place, but, this place is better in terms of privacy... and, if there is any danger then I can leave here quickly.”

“I shall make this the place for my first quenching and dispersing venue!” Su Ming mumbled to himself with an excited expression on his face, then he looked around again.

“Now I’ve got fire, but I still need an Ancient Cauldron..... I can make one myself!” Su Ming turned his vision towards the rocks that were scattered around.

“These rocks have been here for many years, any they still haven’t been turned into ashes... They can withstand intense heat, so they should be suitable for quenching and dispersing.....” Su Ming scratched his head, then he replaced the herbs at the bottom of his feet, then jumped back into the cave and picked up a large rock which looked suitable. He hesitated for a moment before touching it, but he didn’t feel much heat from it, it was just a little warm.

Su Ming decided he would use the big rock, he took out his sharp knife and started cutting and carving the rock.

This is a boring process, but Su Ming had gotten used to it, he never showed any impatience. During the process, an idea appeared in his mind, he gazed at the python skull not too far away from him, then he stared at the black horn on it.

Su Ming thought to himself for some seconds, then he started moving towards the Horned Python's skeleton, he knocked the python skull off. A bone cracking sound was heard and the skull had turned into pieces on the ground.

Amongst the bone pieces, the black horn was the only thing left intact.

"This horn is extraordinary; I wonder how this python even got here..." Su Ming picked up the black horn and used it to scratch the wall next to him, and a mark immediately appeared... Su Ming was not surprised by this.

"I wonder why this Horned Python would want to come in here..." Su Ming couldn't figure it out, he grabbed the black horn and walked over to the big rock and started carving again.

With the help of the horn, it didn't take more than a few hours before Su Ming was done. A Stone Cauldron which looked almost identical to the Ancient Cauldron which Su Ming had seen in his memories had been completed, Su Ming even made a cover for it so that the heat wouldn't be able to leave the cauldron.

"Let's give it a try." Su Ming had an excited look on his face, he pushed the ancient cauldron to the area filled with pot holes, and then he stopped and started waiting patiently.

A few hours passed, fire erupted from different potholes, and finally, fire emerged from the pothole right in front of Su Ming.

Almost immediately after the fire erupted, Su Ming pushed the cauldron into the pothole with all his power, making the cauldron cover the top of the pothole which erupted fire.

Su Ming had an anxious look on his face, the cauldron needs to be able to withstand the intense heat in order for the quenching and dispersing to work.

Soon after, the Stone Cauldron started glowing with a red color, and heat was coming out from it together with a cracking sound. The surface of the Stone Cauldron began to fill with cracks, and Su Ming's heart immediately sunk. But, he didn't stop there, he waited for some more time and discovered that it didn't break into pieces, and Su Ming stop worrying.

"An hour..... I need about an hour for quenching and dispersing, and this isn't enough..." Su Ming thought to himself, he had cracked his mind trying to make this work.

"I can do it like this!" Su Ming backed off a few steps, he had an idea, but he still held it back. He stood on the ground which wasn't too hot, and he carefully looked at the potholes on the ground, he had been staring at them for an entire day.

During this time, Red had come back, but it couldn't stand the heat, so it left some fruits for Su Ming, then it ran back out to have some fun by itself.

As for the Stone Cauldron, it had passed the test. After being

thrown into the fire a few time, it remained whole without breaking into pieces.

“The fire is coming out from the potholes, and there is some sort of pattern, but at the same time there’s no pattern.....” A day later, Su Ming grabbed his black bone horn and walked to the area full of potholes, then he started digging some channels on the ground, connecting the potholes to the bottom of the Stone Cauldron.

He didn’t stop there, he dug another six channels, and after some time, when one of the potholes started erupting fire, parts of the fire moved towards the bottom of the Stone Cauldron, following the channel he dug.

“Success!” Su Ming watched for a couple of minutes, then he found another chance to dig out another five channels, then he went back to the entrance and started observing for the rest of the day, making sure that his method works. Su Ming was very satisfied with this.

Actually, he did hesitate, these channels were not dug randomly, and he had to make sure that they didn’t send too little or too much fire to where the Stone Cauldron was located, if it wasn’t perfect then the results would be bad.

According to his observations, there were a few potholes that were connected at the same time, if he connects the wrong potholes then there will be a huge chance of the Stone Cauldron breaking.

Su Ming didn't calm his mind down until he solved the two foundation problems, he started recalling what he saw in his memory and started quenching and dispersing for the first time in his life.

The little monkey was helping him get food, and sometimes Su Ming would personally go out and hunt for some animals, carry it over to the cave, cook it and eat it. He had also informed the Wushan tribe about the matter regarding the Black Mountain tribe's Grandfather when he met his tribe's hunters as he was hunting for some animals.

Days passed and Su Ming kept letting out sounds of frustration, he had been quenching and dispersing for 15 days, his eyes were red, and he had tried numerous times, but he had yet to succeed a single time.

He had reached the first level of Blood Condensation, and he had condensed 4 blood veins, and if he manages to condense 2 more blood veins, he will reach the second level of Blood Condensation.

Once he reaches the second level of Blood Condensation, he will be able to use the first skill that he inherited from the Barbarian statue!

This is something that Su Ming had been dreaming of, and it was also what drove him to keep trying to concoct the pill.

But after failing repeatedly for an entire month, he almost gave up, but, he is a stubborn man, so he will not give up so easily.

“I don’t believe this! Red, help me gather some more herbs!” Su Ming said out loud, then he threw the bamboo basket towards the little monkey near the cave entrance, then he continued working.

The little monkey took the bamboo basket, smiled, then turned around and walked out of the cave.

A day, a day, another day.....

Failure, failure, another failure.....

Another 15 days passed. It was after noon, Su Ming with his messy hair stood in front of the Stone Cauldron, in his hands there were two types of herbs, both were red, but one had 6 petals and one had 5 petals.

“Which one should I use.....” Su Ming knows that he shouldn’t spend too much time thinking about it, he made up his mind.

Chapter 10 – Blood Burning

“I will try both of them!” Su Ming said with an annoyed expression on his face. He threw the red herb with six petals into the Stone Cauldron.

The herb with six petals is the one he obtained from the swap, the one that made his blood feel like it was boiling when it bloomed.

Su Ming could clearly see a devil like red like emitting from the Stone Cauldron when the herb touched the herb juice within the Stone Cauldron. He didn't cover the Stone Cauldron, instead he walked over to the other side of the Stone Cauldron, where the fire filled channels he dug earlier were located. He took the black horn and dug another vertical line across them, stopping the fire from flowing to the furnace, it helped him control the amount of fire going to the cauldron.

There were way more channels on the ground than there was one month ago, and there are a lot of vertical lines on them as well, this is the method that Su Ming came up with from his one-month experience of controlling the fire.

Su Ming was anxious at this point of time, all his focus was on the ancient cauldron. According to his experience during the last month, he can stand at this spot for about half an hour without having to worry about fire shooting at him.

Time passed, and half an hour had passed. Su Ming immediately

moved away from where he stood, and fire immediately erupted from the spot where he was standing.

This scene kept repeating, Su Ming watched from not far away, his body was covered in sweat. He didn't take his eyes off of the Stone Cauldron for a single second, he knows that he will need 7-8 more hours in order to see the result.

During this time he needs to control the fire at all times according to the changes of the herb juice, and lastly he needs to cover the Stone Cauldron with the lid, making the heat increase rapidly and form the pill.

This is something that he had done a lot of times during this previous month, he is familiar with the entire process right now.

One hour, two hours... a red fog started emerging from the Stone Cauldron, it was odorless, but there was a devil like red light blinking within, making Su Ming's blood flow faster as he saw it.

He made some changes to the fire's strength within this period of time, until the sky outside of the cave had turned completely dark, both of Su Ming's eyes had turned red, he had spent the entire day concocting this pill. Everything had gone smooth, and now, he had reached the final step.

Looking through the red fog, Su Ming could see the herb juice was lessening within the Stone Cauldron, and bubbles were appearing within in. Every time a bubble popped, there would be some red fog coming out of the Stone Cauldron.

“It’s time!” Learning from his numerous failures before this, Su Ming blinked his eyes and grabbed the cauldron’s cover located next to him without any hesitation, then he quickly walked over to the Stone Cauldron and immediately covered it.

A muffled thundering sound echoed within the cave when the Stone Cauldron was covered.

“Let’s see if I can succeed this time!” After covering the Stone Cauldron, he took a deep breath, stepped back and saw down with crossed legs. He closed his eyes and refreshed his spirit, he knew that he had done everything he could do, success or failure is beyond his control, it depends on luck.

Another hour passed, thundering sounds emerged from the Stone Cauldron, and it continued with 9 thundering sounds before calming down. The fire underneath the Stone Cauldron was still burning, but no sounds could be heard.

Su Ming didn’t open his eyes, instead he continued refreshing his spirit while patiently waiting. Su Ming opened his eyes the second the flames disappeared, he stood up and walked towards the cauldron, his right hand was carrying herbs that can remove heat. He pushed the Stone Cauldron’s cover, opening it up.

A red heat wave immediately rushed out after removing the cover, but, Su Ming was prepared for this, he moved backwards immediately after removing the cover.

He waited for the red heat wave to disappear for a short period of time, his heart was beating rapidly, and he was filled with anxiousness and expectation. He slowly walked up and looked into the Stone Cauldron.

“Hahahahaha...”

Su Ming suddenly started laughing out loud upon taking just one look.

At the bottom of the Stone Cauldron there were 3 red pills!

Su Ming carefully took the red pills out and sat down with an excited look on his face, he kept examining the strange objects that he had only seen within those strange memories of his.

Su Ming was quite happy with these round shaped pills, he put them near his nose and tried to smell them, however, he couldn't smell the herbs fragrance within, but there was some bloody smell.

One more thing is that these pills look incredibly fragile, Su Ming was feeling that if he pinched them with slight force then they would turn into powder, in fact, that is what would happen if he did pinch them, but Su Ming didn't put much concern into that.

“After one month, I had finally success once!” The more Su Ming looked at them the happier he is, putting one near his mouth and wanted to try, but Su Ming hesitated.

He held his excitement and started thinking about the weird events that happened when he harvested the Six Petals Flower.

“Since this herb can produce pills, I wonder if another one can be produced as well...” Su Ming thought to himself. He put away those 3 red pills carefully, then he took the herb with 5 petals.

Remaining silent for some time, Su Ming blinked his eyes and started calculating the time he needed, then he closed his eyes and sat down on the ground and started erasing his fatigue by rotating the bloodlines in his body.

The night passed by in peace. The little monkey back during midnight, his facial expression was full of fascination upon entering the karst cave, and without disturbing Su Ming, he jumped into the cave and found a place that wasn't too hot.

It had gotten used to this place after a month.

He laid on the ground and kept smelling the air, the fascinated expression on his face was still there. The little monkey seemed to be happy about something, there was a smile on his face that wouldn't disappear, as if he was thinking about something incredible.

The next morning, Su Ming opened up his eyes and stretched his body, the fatigue from yesterday was all gone.

His spirit was refreshed, Su Ming grabbed the herbs with 5 petals

and continued the Quenching and dispersing process.

A few days later, Su Ming walked out of the karst cave, he hadn't left the cave for quite some time, and when he saw the bright sunlight outside the cave, he felt a little pain in his eyes, he had gotten used to the red light within the karst cave, and he wasn't comfortable with the bright sun light.

He took a few deep breaths of the fresh air while waiting for his eyes to recover, Su Ming opened his eyes and carefully looked at his surroundings, and he started slowly descending the mountain.

He moved fast and he kept his alert along the way as he descended the mountain, the little monkey was also helping him keep watch of their surrounding so that they don't encounter any danger. Not long after, they reached the bottom of the mountain.

He found a river near the mountain, the river water was hot too. Su Ming took off all his clothes and submerged himself into the water, he could feel all his remaining fatigue disappearing.

Reluctantly, he came out of the river and left with the little monkey in haste, he had something more important he needed to accomplish.

Within the forest, Su Ming and the little monkey were running rounds around the forest with great speed. Su Ming was holding a couple of small fierce looking beasts.

Even the little monkey caught a few little beasts.

At a deserted corner, Su Ming looked at the 4 little beasts who were tied up and roaring at him, he didn't care too much about them, then he reached into his pocket and took out two small containers made from clay.

Within the two clay containers there were two kinds of pills, one of them was red in color and had a nasty look. The other one was green in color, and there was a light herb fragrance coming from it, just one whiff from the green pill could refresh one's spirit.

That green colored pill is the result of Su Ming's quenching and dispersing with the 5 petals flower herb.

"Enlightenment pill..... according to my feeling, this green colored pill is the Enlightenment pill... but this red colored pill, I'm not sure about this one..." Su Ming blinked his eyes, there are 3 pills in each container. He took one from each, then he looked at those little beasts, stood up and walked towards them.

He fed two separate pills to two different beasts, then he stepped back and watched anxiously, even the little monkey was influence, it became anxious as well.

Nothing happened after waiting for a long time, the beasts were still fiercely roaring towards Su Ming.

Su Ming furrowed his brow, then he waited for some more time,

but still, nothing happened.

“Why..... logically there should be some reaction..... but I can tell that these pills are not poisonous. Don’t tell me..... don’t tell me these pills are not for internal consumption, but for external use?” An idea stroked Su Ming’s mind, he took out his black horn and walked over to the other two beasts who weren’t fed with the pill, and then he gave them a cut, making them bleed.

The little monkey came closer and looked at the beasts by the side.

After Su Ming gave the beasts some cuts he took out another two separate pills and placed them on their wounds.

Immediately, a sudden reaction!

The little beast that was touched by the red pill, in almost an instant, without letting out a single cry, its whole body dissolved into a pool of blood, but before that pool of blood touched the ground, it started burning, then it transformed into red fog which floated in the air.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye. Su Ming stepped back in haste and with a shocked expression, the little monkey was also shocked by this, it cried out loud and ran away with full speed.

“This... this...” Su Ming couldn’t believe, a terrified look could be seen in his eyes, he had never imagine that the red pill he had

made could give such an incredible result!

The red fog was floating in the air, and it kept floating until it slowly disappeared, there were only some purple red colored bones left. As for the rest of the little beasts, even though they were close to this, they weren't affected by it at all, however, they were obviously stunned by what happened as well.

Su Ming was breathing rapidly, after some time, he looked down into the little container with the red pills, there's still one more left, the pill gave of an evil and bloody feeling.

“Nothing happens if eaten, but it instantly kills if it touches blood! I've made this pill; I shall call it the Blood Pill!” Su Ming mumbled to himself, he was still terrified in his heart, and he the pill carefully. He had a feeling that this red pill would become one of his secret weapons!

“As for the green pill, it should be the Enlightenment pill, but what its actual effect is...” Su Ming thought to himself, then he gazed at the little beast who had the green pill melted onto its wounds, it showed no reaction at all.

Chapter 11 – The Angry Su Ming

Su Ming pondered about it for a long time, but he couldn't figure out what the effects of the Enlightenment pill was. He only received memories on how to concoct the pill, but nothing about the actual effects.

It was now noon, and the sun had become quite hot. Su Ming hesitated for a while, then he left the place.

He ran back to the place where he had been quenching and dispersing with the little monkey. The little monkey didn't stay there for long, it went back out again after a little while.

Outside of the cave, the mountain breeze was blowing in Su Ming's face. He leaned up against the wall, holding the green pill in his hand, and then he started thinking.

“What is the actual purpose of this pill...? There's no effect when consuming it internally, there's also no effect when used externally.....” He furrowed his brow, he had spent so much time producing this pill, but he couldn't figure out its effects... This made him feel that all his hard work and effort during the last month had been wasted.

He stared at the pill, and then he made a decision.

“I will swallow this pill and experience its effects myself!” Su Ming mumbled to himself, without any hesitation he threw the Enlightenment pill into his mouth.

The pill melted down once it entered his mouth, and a rich aroma filled up Su Ming's mouth immediately and formed a warm stream which entered into Su Ming's body, but it disappeared very quickly... nothing could be felt

Su Ming hurriedly sat down with his legs crossed and tried cultivating and condensing his blood, but couldn't feel any changes at all. He still had a feeling that he didn't have enough blood.

He scratched his head with a confused look on his face, as it felt to him like all his effort during this previous month had been wasted.

“Impossible! It must have some sort of effect!” Although Su Ming was disappointed, he did not want to give up. No matter how hard he tried to think, he just couldn't figure out what the effects were. He sighed and smiled bitterly.

After some time, the little monkey came running up the mountain, it went into Su Ming's room and left some fruits on the ground, and then it left again.

Su Ming sighed, his stomach was empty, so he grabbed a few fruits and ate them.

One fruit, two fruits, three fruits.....

Without noticing, he burped and spit the fruit core out of his

mouth. He touched his belly and started thinking about. He gazed at the fruits and suddenly, a shocked expression appeared on his face.

“I’m full? What?!” Su Ming stared at the fruit cores he spat out, there were a total of 15.

He felt like he had grabbed onto something, his heart started beating rapidly.

“I’ve liked eating fruits since I was small, ever since Red started collecting them for me... but I didn’t like eating too many of them... I would be full after eating 17-18 of them in the past...”

“But just now, I only ate 15 of them, and I’m full! Did my appetite become smaller? Or is it... because of something else!” Su Ming licked his lips as he remembered swallowing the Enlightenment pill.

“Don’t tell me this Enlightenment pill is something that can replace food?” Su Ming mumbled to himself with a puzzled expression on his face.

“Or maybe, this Enlightenment pill can enhance the effectiveness of other things!!” Su Ming’s heart started beating rapidly. He took a deep breath, then he focused all his mental energy on figuring out just what the effects were, but right now he only had a single clue. Suddenly, an idea appeared in his mind, and without considering whether or not this was a good idea or not, he immediately went back into the cave where he concocts his pills.

He remember that he still had some leftovers of Black Dragon saliva, and this is something precious which he can only obtain when it's raining, which is why he has been saving the last drop.

He hurried back into the karst cave and took out a small container where the last drops of the Black Dragon saliva were located, opened it up, and drank from it without any hesitation.

Su Ming was very familiar with the Black Dragon saliva, and after a few drops went into his stomach he could feel a cold sensation emitting from those drops. They started spreading around in his body and merge with his blood.

The Black Dragon saliva suddenly became even more intense that what it used to be, it was 10% more effective than it had been previously. It didn't seem like much, but Su Ming could feel the difference clearly!

The cold sensation merged with his blood and transformed into a boiling state, causing four blood veins to appear on his body. The blood veins were emitting a bloody amber.

After some time, Su Ming opened his eyes and exhaled a long breath, he had an excited look in his eyes.

"It really works! This Enlightenment pills has no effect if consumed alone, but if it is consumed together with something else, then it will enhance the effectiveness of that thing. It looks simple, but it is incredible!" Su Ming gathered his spirit.

“There are 15 small holes in the door where I obtained the quenching and dispersing method, I obviously need to place 15 pills like these there, but right now I don’t even have enough pills for my own consumption...” Su Ming thought to himself.

He made up his mind. He stood up and hurried over the Stone Cauldron and started quenching and dispersing with the leftover herbs.

Besides quenching and dispersing, he asked the little monkey to search and gather some specific herbs he used to gather together with Grandfather. After that he would crush them and drink their juice using the method he learnt back in the tribe. This mixed with the Enlightenment pill allowed him to cultivate much faster.

Time passed and another two months had gone by. Su Ming rarely left this place during this time, the karst cave had become like his second home. On the other hand, this cave was a good hiding spot, Su Ming could cultivate in here without having to worry about being discovered by someone.

During these two months he had produced quite a number of Enlightenment pills. He consumed these together with the herb juice which helped boost his blood and qi, and the fifth blood vein had already been fully condensed.

Even the sixth blood vein had started condensing, and if he continued cultivating this way, then the sixth blood vein will be fully condensed soon.

It is winter outside, and all the mountains were covered in snow except for the Black Fire peak, which was clear from snow. The snowflakes would melt before touching the ground, which resulted in the Black Fire peak being covered in fog.

If an outsider saw this then he would be very interested in this place, but Su Ming had grown up in this area, so he had gotten used to the strangeness of this mountain peak.

Su Ming sat cross legged on the ground, and a dense blood red light started covering him. 5 red blood veins circulated around his body, making it seem as if they were alive.

Su Ming's body was covered in sweat and he was shaking, but he is naturally persistent. As this is the third time he tried to condense the sixth blood vein within the past two weeks , and once he manages to condense the sixth blood vein, he will enter Level 2 of the Blood Condensation realm.

But what's more important is that he will be able to use the first Barbarian skill in his life, a skill that belongs to their tribe, Soul Devourer!

The skill Soul Devourer needs to be used near the corpse of a dead animal that just died, and with the help from his blood veins, he will need to remove the soul, which will then increase his own ability for a short period of time.

Only those who can use a Barbarian Skill could be called a

Barbarian cultivator, as a Barbarian Skill can make someone several times stronger than those without one.

Su Ming's body started shaking, and the blood red light surrounding him slowly disappeared, with the sixth blood vein also fading away. He had failed at condensing the sixth blood vein yet again.

Su Ming took another deep breath, then he took out some herb juice and drank them together with the Enlightenment pill, and then he begun the cycle of cultivation yet again.

Days passed, and another month was gone. The Black Dragon Mountain was covered with snow, and the fog surrounding the Black Fire peak had become even thicker. The Black Fire peak was nowhere near as hot as it used to be.

The coldest period of the year, is here.

But for Su Ming, this current period is the most important time for him. After persistently cultivating while consuming a lot of herbs and Enlightenment pills, Su Ming was able to cultivate with incredible speed now. The sixth blood vein had formed, and now was the time to try and fully condense it.

The little monkey was not willing to go outside during winter. Its hair was fire red, and it would be very easy to spot in the white snow. That's why it usually calmed down and stayed inside during winter.

He squatted down besides Su Ming, and while yawning he also started staring at Su Ming with his round eyes. Suddenly, he turned his head around and sharpened his ears.

A sound could barely be heard from the outside.....

“Yu Chi, the Heavenly Rock Grass really grows in here? We have searched for half a day, but we have yet to see one... are you sure this is the place?” A cold voice was heard by the little monkey, making his body shake.

“I’m pretty sure, I remember it being just a small sprout when I first saw it, that’s why I used a Barbarian Skill and hid it. I calculated the time, and it should be ripe by now. This place is where normal tribe members come and harvest herbs, they can never see through my Barbarian Skill.” The other person replied with a sharp voice.

“Then we need to hurry and search for it, if we can get this Heavenly Rock Grass then it might be able to help me break out from Level 3 to Level 4... And as for you, you might be able to reach Level 3.”

“Be patient, I can feel the Barbarian Skill around here somewhere..... if you can reach Level 4 then you should be able to join the Black Mountain hunter group, and I heard that the target this time has been decided by Grandfather himself..... and whatever we can get will be all ours!”

The voice of the two men chatting was getting closer and closer,

it sounded like they were just outside of the cave. The little monkey was very anxious, he didn't even dare breathe too loud, he could feel that the men outside were a serious threat to him.

He kept looking back towards Su Ming, but both of Su Ming's eyes were closed. His body was shaking, and the blood red light became brighter and brighter, it seemed like the sixth blood vein was about to be fully condensed anytime soon.

But at this point of time!

“Found it!! Wait? Look, there's a small hole here...”

“You're right, this is the Heavenly Rock Grass! As for this hole... this was once the territory of the Fire Barbarian. It looks empty inside... Since we are here, let's go inside and have a look, a small hole isn't going to stop me...” The voices was heard by the little monkey, but what they were doing turned the monkey's expression into a shocked one.

In panic, the little monkey made up a decision. It looked back at Su Ming, then it dashed out of the cave through the small hole, turning into a flashing red figure.

A surprised sound could be heard from outside the karst cave.

“A Fiery Monkey! And it is still in teenage form! Haha!”

“This cave is where it hides from the cold, catch him! Its blood

has a great cultivation effect, and we can give its skin and fur to Grandfather!”

The two men immediately started chasing the little monkey, but inside the karst cave, Su Ming’s expression was distorted, and his body started shaking violently.

“You guys..... are looking for death.....” Su Ming raised his head and shouted out angrily.

Chapter 12 – Intention To Kill!

Su Ming raised his head, both of his eyes were emitting a red light. The red light was blinking rapidly, covering the karst cave completely with red light.

His body was shaking violently, and his heart was beating faster and faster, as if it was going to shatter, making Su Ming's expression more distorted.

He was at a crucial point right now, and he couldn't just stop it, but the little monkey's screams and all the current events had been clearly understood by him.

He realized that the little monkey was trying to protect him by going out alone, taking the two outsiders with him.

Su Ming had never been this angry his entire life. The little monkey was his only friend in this forest, and he considered the little monkey to be his own family member after all these years. Su Ming's rage caused green veins to appear all over his body, creating a thundering sound within his body.

The fifth blood vein on his body started emitting a bright light, and under this blood red light, the sixth blood vein was trying hard to break through the barrier.

“Damned Level 2 Blood Condensation!!” Su Ming raised his head, his eyes were red as he shouted. He had tried break through to Level 2 Blood Condensation with a gentler approach many times,

this was so that if he failed, it won't affect his body.

But now, the little monkey was in danger, and every passing second only served to make Su Ming more and more impatient. Now he was going to risk everything in order to circulate the bloodline within his body. He sent all the blood within his body to the sixth blood vein, just like the Barbarian cultivation method said.

A thundering sound was heard, and blood started flowing out of Su Ming's mouth. His body was shaking, and his face was pale. This crazy action was forbidden amongst the Barbarian cultivators; those who follow the Barbarian cultivation path, especially in the Blood Condensation realm, had to cultivate slowly, taking it step by step with no risks.

The thundering sound was not loud outside of Su Ming's body, but to him it sounded like the sky was falling, and the ground was cracking, the thundering sound continually repeating in his head.

“Damn it!!!” Su Ming stared at the exit in front of him, as if he could see the terrified expression on the helpless little monkey.

Without any hesitation, Su Ming started circulating all the blood within his body. He was trying to break through!

More blood started dripping from his mouth, dripping down from his chin and onto the ground...

Third attempt, fourth attempt, fifth attempt!

On his fifth attempt at circulating all his blood and trying to break through, he vomited a huge amount of blood, and his face was even paler than it was earlier, but his face was still emitting a killing intent. Accompanied by his mouth filled with blood, he looked like a wicked devil.

He suddenly stood up from his cross legged position. When he stood up a huge sound could be heard from his body, the sixth blood vein had fully condensed and appeared.

Following the completion of the sixth blood vein, a Qi completely different from that at the first Level of Blood condensation exploded from Su Ming's body.

Blood Condensation, second level!

Without waiting to adjust to the second level of Blood Condensation, Su Ming's body flashed, and with his speed that was 2 times faster than before, he grabbed the bow and the bone horn next to him and dashed out of the cave.

He ran out of the cave with incredible speed, and when he went outside, he saw a lot of snow covering all of the surroundings. It was evening, and the sun was going to set soon.

“One of them is at the second Blood Condensation level, and the other one is at the third Blood Condensation level...” Su Ming's

eyes were red, and a cruel look was seen in them. Although the enemy was strong, he wasn't showing any fear, only large amounts of killing intent!

He had already forgotten about fear at this point in time, the two cultivators from the Black Mountain tribe had become Su Ming's mortal enemies when they started chasing the little monkey.

Either they die, or Su Ming dies!

Su Ming started running forward with full speed unhesitatingly. He had grown up in this mountain, he had played in this mountain, and he had harvested herbs in this mountain; he was familiar with this place, and he was good at following small traces.

He was running with incredible speed. He looked at the ground then he wiped away the blood on his mouth with his hands. After some time, his eyes brightened. Seeing a messy trace in front of some dried grass and a tree, he took a broken tree branch and examined carefully, his killing intent skyrocketing. He threw the tree branch to the ground, then he changed his direction and started running.

Su Ming ran with full speed along the way. He discovered a lot of traces and blood stains along the way.

There was a few red hairs near the blood stains, it belonged to the little monkey!

But the blood had dried, they had obviously caught the little monkey here and left the place some time ago.

“I can’t make it.....” Su Ming’s face was gloomy. He tightened his fist, and he was about to go crazy.

“They are from the Black Mountain tribe, they had gone back to their tribe... if this is the case, there is a shortcut which can lead to the Black Mountain tribe from here!” Su Ming turned around and disappeared into the woods.

“Faster!” Su Ming was running incredibly fast, almost as if he was flying, but it still felt too slow for him. He left his footprints in the snow as he went forward, jumping into the air and landing on the ground below.

The snow in front of him loosened up. A little beast that looked like a fox, but with pure white fur and antlers on its head, jumped out with great speed. In just a split second it had approached Su Ming with a ferocious expression.

“A possum fox!” Su Ming didn’t slow down, he struck a punch towards the little beast that jumped up from its fox hole.

If this was before, then this punch wouldn’t have enough force, but now he was at the second level of the Blood Condensation realm, and he had condensed 6 blood veins. His blood and Qi were so strong that both his speed and strength were a few times stronger than before.

The punch hit the fox's body. The little beast's eyes shrank while screaming, turning its body in the middle of the air to try to avoid the punch, but Su Ming's body slammed forward, grabbing the bone horn and ripping apart the little beast's body.

The little beast was screaming in pain, its blood turning the snow red.

A clean cut! Su Ming stopped running. He looked down at the dead possum fox, then he squatted down and took a deep breath. He raised his right hand and started circulating the blood in his body, and immediately, a blood red light covered him, making it look like it was merging with the blood stains on the ground. Under the blood red light, six blood veins appeared on his body.

He slowly placed his right hand on the dead fox's body. One of the blood veins on his body started twisting, and it slowly moved from his right arm to his palm, looking like it was going to merge with the body of the little beast.

The little beast's dead body suddenly started trembling. Its skin and furs fell off, and its body started shrinking rapidly, turning into nothing but a skeleton. At the same time, white layers of smoke started flying out from the skeleton, gathering to form into how it looked before it died. However, it looked fragile, as if the wind could easily destroy it.

This was the first time Su Ming had used the Soul Devourer skill. There was a detailed explanation of this skill in the cultivation method he obtained. The skill required him to cultivate before he can devour, but he didn't have the time to do that right now. He

opened his mouth and inhaled deeply towards the possum fox formed from the white smoke, and it flew into his mouth immediately.

Su Ming's body started shaking, he could feel that he had obtained some extra strength from this, but this extra strength was disappearing very quickly. It won't take long before he returned to normal.

Moving his feet, Su Ming started running again, and now he was even faster than before.

The howling sound of the wind passed his ears, but the only thing Su Ming could think about was chasing the two persons and saving the little monkey.

As for how he was going to do that, he wasn't an impulsive fellow. He had prepared everything.

After half an hour, the extra strength in Su Ming's body had depleted, but it did allow him to arrive earlier to the place located closed to the Black Mountain tribe which was located outside of the Black Fiery Peak.

This was a small mountain, but it looked more like a slope. His eyes allowed him to see far from where he stood.

Su Ming's eyes were sharp and bright as he stared towards the direction where the Black Fiery Mountain was located, and very

soon, at the end of his vision, he saw two figures moving fast. One of them was holding something in his hands, it was the little monkey who was unable to move!

Su Ming stood there. His right hand grabbed a small container from his pocket, and inside the container was a red pill. Making sure there was no blood on his hand, Su Ming grabbed the pill.

This pill was his trump weapon!

He was breathing carefully as he held his bow, a dead silent expression visible on his face. The two men were getting closer and closer, there were just a few miles away.

Both men had big and muscular bodies, and they seemed to be very strong. The man who carried the little monkey was only wearing a single layer of beast skin on his lower half in this cold weather. His upper body was naked and was emitting layers of white steam, it seemed like his own qi and blood could melt the snow before it touched him.

Su Ming only looked at the man for a few seconds before turning his vision towards the other man. This man had a similar body, however, he was a bit shorter than the other guy and carried a few long poles on his back. Su Ming could sense a huge amount of blood and Qi from this guy. He was far stronger than his companion, and far stronger than Su Ming.

This was a strong man!

Su Ming's pupils shrank, he raised the hand that was holding the bow and pointed it towards the man.

The man also saw Su Ming, a cruel look emerging in his eyes – a ferocious one.

Chapter 13 – The Evil Barbarian

“He’s someone from another tribe, and he is alone! I can tell that he is only at the second Blood Condensation level... Killing him will be easy! This place is pretty close to our tribe, and we have two persons... I’m not scared if he has put up any traps, but since he dares to challenge us, then he must have some hidden tricks... But, with me being at the third Blood Condensation level, everything will be fine!” The person at the third Blood Condensation level from the Black Mountain tribe smiled cruelly, he wasn’t taking Su Ming seriously. In his mind, there was a huge gap between them. Furthermore, Su Ming looked weak, it didn’t seem like he was very strong.

Most importantly, if there was a lone barbarian cultivator from some tribe other than the Windy Tribe, then the Black Mountain tribe would kill them without any hesitation. There was no room for negotiation, only the strong would survive.

Just like before, if the little monkey did not lure them away, then they would have killed Su Ming when they entered the Karst cave, take his head, and exchange it for a reward.

“Yu Chi, I will kill this man, wait for me here.” After establishing his demands, the man jumped out like a tiger pouncing on its prey. In a split second he had started approaching Su Ming.

The man named Yu Chi who carried the little monkey did not dare to go against his companion’s orders. Although he knew that he could kill the barbarian cultivator from the other tribe, take his head, and exchange it for a reward himself, he did not dare fight

against his companion.

“This man is at the second Blood Condensation level, just like me. It would take some time for me to kill him. I hope he will share some of his rewards with me!” Yu Chi looked towards Su Ming. In his mind, the result was already decided. He mentally adopted a cruel look, as if he could imagine what was going to happen next... It would be a cruel fight.

The shorter man who was approaching Su Ming possessed the same thought. He was getting closer and closer to Su Ming. Soon, the distance between him and Su Ming was less than 100 meters.

80 meters, 70 meters, 60 meters!

As he got closer he could clearly see Su Ming's face. He taunted him with an evil smile. The snow was shaking and flying up into the air before exploding, turning into mist that quickly covered their surroundings.

The short man grabbed a long pike with his right hand and threw it towards Su Ming who was standing 50 meters away with all his strength.

The spear whistled through the air. Su Ming felt a quick and fierce Qi coming towards him, and instinctively, he took a step to the right. A whizzing sound went past his ear, and the long pike almost touched his hair.

The man didn't bother looking at the spear after he threw it. Both of his legs were surrounded by layers of black smoke which increased his speed. He was now 30 meters away from Su Ming.

"Die!" The man raised his right hand and grabbed another long pike. Just as he was about to throw it, an arrow suddenly penetrated through the dissolving snow mist, flying like a lightning strike towards the man.

The man laughed out wildly and hit arrow with his long pike easily. Bang! The arrow shattered into many pieces. But at the same time, he heard the sound of another arrow shooting again; another three arrows were approaching him with great speed.

The arrows were fast and precise. The man furrowed his brows, and with a cold humph he released more black smoke from his feet. Soon, all the black smoke covered his body, making it look like he was covered in fog. The three arrows arrived quickly, but when they met with the black smoke, they melted into black colored liquid immediately.

Fortunately, some of the black smoke dissipated, revealing parts of the man's body.

"You are only at the second Blood Condensation level, how dare you challenge me?" The man said as he leapt forward. The distance between him and Su Ming was only 20 meters now.

Su Ming's face was pale. His legs weren't moving at all, and there was no fear in his eyes, just the typical dead silence.

He grabbed another arrow and shot it towards the man with great speed. One arrow, another arrow, another arrow... Nimbly, he released 5 arrows!

The 5 arrows looked like one long line, and they possessed great speed. They were flying towards the man rapidly. The man furrowed his brows when he saw this, there were not many people from his tribe capable of shooting like that.

“Five Rapid Arrows!” The man raised his long pike with his right hand and hit the first arrow, but his long pike shattered along with the first arrow, the explosion’s reverberations echoing.

The second arrow approached, but the man taunted Su Ming with an evil smile, covered his entire body with black smoke again, and melted the second arrow into black liquid.

The third arrow came in like a bolt of lightning, and the man moved his body quickly to avoid the arrow, but then the fourth arrow arrived. The man growled and held his right fist together tight. He threw a punch onto the arrow, crushing it but wounding himself in the process.

The fifth arrow was on its way. The man tried to avoid it, but failed to do so as the arrow cut a small wound on his shoulder, drawing blood.

“I will rip your head out!” The man was not even really wounded, a small cut was nothing for a Barbarian. Without looking at the

wound, he cruelly smiled and started walking towards Su Ming. The distance between them was only 10 meters now.

He could already see himself winning, for him there was no risk in this fight. At most, he was annoyed by those arrows.

Yu Chi stood far away and licked his lips. He enjoyed watching this kind of bloody scene, and this only served to excite him.

The man took big steps as he walked towards Su Ming. With a pale expression and dead silent eyes, Su Ming did something that startled both the man and Yu Chi.

Su Ming let go of his bow and arrows. He tightened his grip with his right hand and started moving closer to the man.

No one had noticed that right now in Su Ming's hand, there was a red colored pill that had been crushed into powder by his hand.

“You’re looking for death!” The distance between the two of them got closer and closer. Soon, the distance between them was only a few meters... 3 meters, 2 meters, 1 meter...

The man tightened his right palm. All the blood and Qi within his body was boiling, giving him a great amount of strength that all funneled to his fist. He punched towards Su Ming's head. If he managed to land the punch correctly, then Su Ming will be unable to withstand the blow... He would die immediately!

Suddenly, Su Ming raised his head. The dead silence in his eyes disappeared, and it was replaced by a terrifying killing intent, a killing intent so strong it made the man freeze in shock.

But it was too late for him to be shocked. When Su Ming raised his head, he also waved his hand towards the man. A red colored powder dispersed into the air from his hand, and some of the powder even fell onto the man's shoulder wound and his right hand's wound.

The man's body started shaking. There were no pained screams or struggling. His body was boiling in front of Su Ming, as if he had been wiped away from this realm. He transformed into a red mist that flew high up into the sky. What was left on the ground was a skeleton without any flesh.

Next to the bones there was a strange plant with a black and white color, emitting a weak glow.

The dramatic event made Yu Chi who stood far away shocked. He could not accept what he had just seen, and he could not believe what he had just seen. He looked like a paralyzed person. And now, he could see the skinny young man with the cold expression together with cruel eyes rushing towards him.

“The fiery monkey's corpse can be used to make a good tonic, give it to me!” Su Ming's eyes brightened as he came closer to the little monkey.

Yu Chi started trembling after hearing Su Ming speak. He

regained his consciousness and noticed that he was covered in cold sweat. What the young man said had made him give up all ideas of threatening to kill the little monkey, and it gave him the impression that Su Ming didn't care if the monkey was dead or alive.

He immediately turned around and started running away crazily after some thought. He still couldn't figure out how his companion had died, and that terrified look on his face just as he died had horrified him. He just couldn't accept it.

“Evil barbarian!!! You are an evil barbarian!!!” Yu Chi screamed out loud, his face pale. He was horrified, and he just could not believe what he just witnessed. He had been scared to the brink of death by Su Ming, and he dared not face him. He could only run away at full throttle. Su Ming was blocking the path to the Black Mountain tribe, so he could only run towards the Black Fiery Peak.

Su Ming wanted to chase him, but he suddenly felt dizzy, and his vision was disappearing. Extreme exhaustion finally set in. He shook his head and forced himself to raise his spirit.

He took a look at the skeleton on the ground; this was the first time he had kill someone. However, this was not the time for hesitation. He didn't immediately start chasing the man who ran away, but instead he walked around with haste, picking up the arrows on the ground as well as the strange black and white plant. Su Ming looked towards the direction where Yu Chi had escaped, a large amount of killing intent surging out of his body.

“Red is still on his hands... Since I have killed one man, I might as

well kill the other one. This way my spot for quenching and dispersing will not be exposed!” Su Ming gritted his teeth and forced his fatigue down before he started running in the same direction as Yu Chi.

Both of them were running with great agility; one was escaping in the front, while the other was chasing from the back. Yu Chi did not dare turn back and face Su Ming, he could only run as fast as he could and hope that the distance between them grew larger. However, he was not as familiar with the Black Dragon Mountain as Su Ming was.

Furthermore, his speed was slower than Su Ming’s speed. Although he had escaped from Su Ming earlier, he had still left some traces that allowed Su Ming to easily track him again.

Pushing his fatigue down, Su Ming’s eyes were closely watching the man from the Black Mountain tribe running in front of him. He knew that Yu Chi was scared because of what he had just done, which was why he didn’t dare fight him. This was part of Su Ming’s strategy.

With the red pill, as long as he could kill the first person without difficulty, the second person would be scared. Most people would be scared out of their minds upon seeing such a demonic scene.

Su Ming didn’t come too close to the man, but he purposely slowed down by running into some obstacles without the man noticing. Originally thinking that he would eventually have to turn around and fight, the man suddenly discovered that there was quite some distance between them, making him hesitate.

Chapter 14 – Transformation

If you do something in one go, fail and then try again with low spirits only to fail yet again, your spirit will be gone. Su Ming had taken Grandfather's words to heart ever since he was small. Grandfather kept a lot of beast skin scrolls which he had read countless times. The great knowledge in those scrolls had appealed to him.

The knowledge had been carved into Su Ming's mind without him knowing about it, and the knowledge was buried in his mind. But now, while chasing his enemy, this knowledge had started emerging bit by bit.

Yu Chi was very anxious. Initially he believed that he couldn't escape, and he was prepared to turn back and fight for his life. After seeing the distance between him and Su Ming expand, he discarded that thought. When he was once again prepared to turn around and fight, he found out that the distance between them had lengthened even more..

After looking back a couple of times, he had lost his spirit to fight.

For Su Ming, this Barbarian cultivator from the Black Mountain tribe was just his prey, a frightened prey. As long as his prey could feel like he had a chance at survival, it would be easy to kill him.

Su Ming was using this method to weaken Yu Chi's confidence and courage. His opponent would become slower and feel more

relieved the longer this chase went on.

Su Ming remembered what he had read on a beast skin scroll. Once someone relaxed after continuous tension, his fatigue and pain will multiply exponentially.

Su Mind understood this concept. Utilizing this knowledge had become second nature, and he didn't even need to think about it as it all happened naturally.

Today was the first time he had killed someone, the first time he had pursued someone, and it is also the first time his personality had changed like this. Unfortunately, this transformation could only be seen by Yu Chi alone.

Su Ming could feel this transformation clearly, but he had no idea what had caused it. He could feel his confidence and courage skyrocketing upon seeing the little monkey being kidnapped. As for Yu Chi, he was only losing his confidence and courage.

Subnsciously, he had given up the idea of turning back and fighting. Although he knew that his opponent was in the second tier of the Blood Condensation realm just like him, he had a feeling that if he turned around, he would be doomed. Only by continuously running would he have a chance of survival.

His fatigue had increased tremendously, especially when he noticed that the young man who was behind him was now gone. The feeling of fatigue numbed both his legs, almost to the point where he couldn't stand still. However, he couldn't stop and rest

now. He could only grit his teeth and keep running.

But all of this made him feel even more fatigued. When he saw the young man appearing behind him again, he felt like he was going insane.

“Evil Barbarian!! He must be an evil Barbarian!!” Yu Chi was frightened. While he was running, he saw a cross road in front of him. Turning left would lead him into a forest and a road that would take him to the Black Mountain tribe, whereas the right turn would be a road that leads him on a path around the Black Fiery peak, ultimately taking him to the Black Mountain tribe.

Su Mind had known that there was a cross road right in front of them. Right at this moment, his eyes lit up, and his speed increased while he suppressed all of his fatigue. He was not running forward. Instead, he crossed the woods, approaching the road on the right side.

It was as if he knew that Yu Chi would take the right turn. That was why he chose the road on the right earlier, so that he could shorten the distance between them. When he was running he had already taken out his bow and some arrows, thus he could shoot a few arrows towards the junction on the right. Within the time of a few breaths, all the arrows had been released. The arrows penetrated the trees surrounding the road. The feathers on the arrows vibrated, creating a buzzing sound.

It was as if the buzzing sound carried some magical power. Yu Chi hesitated his steps when he heard the buzzing.

Su Ming continued pursuing. Yu Chi growled, and right before entering the right junction, Su Ming increased his speed even more, giving Yu Chu the wrong impression.

He felt that if he continued running towards the right junction he would soon be caught. But if he ran towards the left junction, his opponent would misjudge his movements, making the distance between them even greater.

The buzzing sound was still in Yu Chi's ears, and he made up his mind and turned towards the left junction, beginning to run like lightning. Soon he disappeared into the forest.

Su Ming's eyes lit up. A cruel expression emerged on his face together with fatigue, visibly smiling grimly.

He ran towards the trees and picked the arrows up before continuing to pursue Yu Chi.

“When you control the direction of your enemy's escape, you control his body at the same time.” Su Ming mumbled to himself. He remembered reading about this on a beast skin scroll. He couldn't understand what it really meant back then, but now he had mastered it.

Time flew by as the pursuit continued. Soon it was midnight. The moon was shining bright in the sky, and the snow on the ground was reflecting the bright white rays, making the forest shower in silvery light even in the darkness.

Su Mind had made Yu Chi change his direction 3 times, and he slowly controller his body indirectly, making him go wherever Su Ming wanted him to go.

Reaching his hand into his chest pocket, a gentle look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The unconscious little monkey was laying on his chest, it was thrown into the forest by Yu Chi in an attempt to slow Su Ming down and increase the distance between them to control Su Ming's direction.

Yu Chi's actions did have a positive result as Su Ming immediately ran towards the little monkey, making Yu Chi relieved. He instantly increased his escape speed afterwards.

But not long after that, Yu Chi discovered that there were arrows flying towards his back yet again, which almost made him want to go crazy.

Night arrived. Stars were blinking high up in the sky, almost as if there were numerous eyes looking down on the deadly pursuit within the forest.

Yu Chi was completely exhausted, his footsteps staggering. However, his body's aches were nothing compared to his mind, which was filled with gaping wounds. He was deeply regretting finding that small cave, and he regretted chasing the little monkey. If he hadn't done any of those things, he currently wouldn't be suffering like this.

In front of him was another forest filled with grass. The grass was there even though it was winter. He couldn't see too far into the forest. Not long after, Yu Chi decided to step into the woods. Su Ming appeared outside of the woods.

Su Ming stood there, breathing rapidly. His mouth released huge amounts of steam, a cruel look in his eyes. He didn't continue his pursuit. Instead, he waited silently where he stood.

“Here, this is the grave that I arranged for you! If you can still walk out of this forest while being so tired, then you can count yourself lucky!” Su Ming's breath started stabilizing as he started talking to himself.

Right after he finished speaking, a terrified scream could be heard from the forest. The scream would frighten anyone who heard it.

After some time, the terrified screams became weaker, gradually turning into pitiful cries.

Su Ming slowly started walking into the silent forest. He was very careful with each step he took. He would look around carefully after taking a few steps.

This was the spot where the Crow Mountain Tribe's hunting group would catch animals. There were plenty of traps that only the Crow Mountain Tribe knew about. No other tribes would be able to locate these traps.

Su Ming only knew about some of the traps. There were more traps that he did not know anything about.

If Yu Chi was in peak condition, then it might have been possible for him to leave this forest alive. But with his current condition, stepping into these woods was equivalent to stepping into hell.

Su Ming carefully walked around. The pitiful cries had become weaker. After carefully walking forward, Su Ming saw Yu Chi right in front of him. Yu Chi was nailed to a tree by a row of sharp tree logs.

His body was covered in blood, but he was alive. He was shivering and groaning.

Su Ming walked towards him silently. He looked at the man for some time, then he took out his bone horn and cut his throat.

Yu Chi struggled hard for a moment before dying. Both of his eyes were staring at Su Ming with endless hatred right before he died.

Su Ming remained silent. He removed Yu Chi's belongings. He then took some of his remaining red colored powder and poured it on Yu Chi's wounds, immediately turning him into ashes.

Su Ming turned around and walked out of the woods. He stood outside the forest and stared at the bright moon in the sky, seemingly lost. This was the second time he had killed someone.

He couldn't explain what he was feeling... Anxiety, uncertainty...

After thinking about it for some time, he let out a sigh. The Black Mountain Tribe and the Crow Mountain Tribe both possessed the same origin, but after so many years they were constantly fighting each other. Once a tribe became stronger than the other tribe, the other tribe faced the risk of extermination. All of the men would be killed, and only the women will be spared. They would kidnap the women and make them work as breeders to produce children.

But luckily, this had never happened before. All the Grandfathers from all of the different tribes were at the same level, so they wouldn't go to war with each other easily.

Su Ming took a deep breath. He felt extremely tired as he dragged his own body towards a location far away, feeling as if he was about to faint.

Time passed by. When it reached dawn and the sun emerged, Su Ming went back to the quenching and dispersing place within the Fiery Black Peak. His face was yellowish, and right after he entered the small cave and reached the karst cave, he couldn't force himself any more. He fell onto the ground, fainted.

Chapter 15 – Grandpa

“Big brother... ..”

“Big Brother... .. can you hear me... ..” That familiar feminine voice once again echoed in Su Ming’s mind, lingering. His unconscious body trembled slightly, as though struggling.

“Big brother, I am waiting for you... ..”

When the calling reached its climax, Su Ming was jolted awake, his eyes listless. Staring at the wall ahead of him, dazed, he was interrupted by calls of excitement. Turning around, he saw Xiao Hong excitedly lunge at him, clawing him all over.

Xiao Hong had awoken a while ago, previously he was only unconscious and did not suffer significant injuries. After waking, it had been extremely worried for Su Ming, anxiously waiting by his side all the way.

As such, after seeing Su Ming come to, it had become quite excited.

Su Ming looked at Xiao Hong, his face revealing a smile. Only, hidden in that smile was a sense of loss. That dream, why had it once again show up... ..

Exhaling deeply, Su Ming shook his head, forcing himself to stop thinking about that strange dream. Instead he looked down at the

strange black fragment hanging from his neck.

While feeling that fragment, Su Ming's eyes gradually shone.

He had already experienced the changes this black fragment brought to his body first-hand, Successfully creating the enlightenment pill already significantly increased his cultivating speed, and because of it, he had also manage to inadvertently refine the red medicinal pill, allowing Su Ming to seize initiative in the previous battle of life and death.

“I need to continue refining these medicinal pills... ... in that strange place. I only managed to see a door, and on that door was fifteen small holes, previously I didn't have enough pills, but now I really want to know what will happen to that door once I present it fifteen pills.” Su Ming mumbled to himself.

“I also need to continue refining the blood scattering pills, this pill shall be... ... my trump card!”

“Oh, I also need to make a trip back to the tribe... ...It's been quite some time since I last returned, Grandpa has not been able to improve his cultivation in a long time, perhaps this enlightenment pill will be of help to him.” While thinking so, he got to his feet, and after some stretching, he could feel the fatigue leave his body.

Rousing his mind, he once more immersed himself in the concocting process. While maintaining cultivation of his blood circulation. However there are some places in his body where he felt that circulation was slightly jerky, and not as smooth as before.

Su Ming guessed that this was probably an injury from him trying to forcefully breakthrough the first level, it is probably not going to heal in the short-term.

Quickly, a month had passed, during which Su Ming had left several times, the little monkey as well to gather herbs.

Using a large quantity of herbs, in this month, Su Ming had worked without rest to repair his blood circulation, and refine medicinal pills, that muffled sound frequently reverberating in this cave.

Early in the morning a month later, when the sky began to lit Su Ming bade farewell to the monkey and went downhill alone, disappearing inside the jungle.

In the jungle, the Su Ming who had reached the second blood condensation stage was rather fast, like a flash traveling in the snow. Before noon he had already managed to pass through the entire forest. Appearing outside the WuShan tribe grounds, he looked at the tribe in the distance, a smile appearing on his face.

“It’s been some time since I returned... ..” Su Ming strode forwards in large strides, heading towards the tribe. Inside was the same, as usual there were many children playing about, some members sparring with each other.”

Su Ming’s return caught the attention of some tribesman who he exchanged greetings with, after all, he had been away for quite some time.

“Su Ming! You are finally back, where did you go off to for so long?” Just as Su Ming was patting a child on the head before he head to find grandfather, a hearty voice came from behind him.

Turning to take a look, he saw that the person speaking had a strongly built body, but still had an immature face, showing that he was still rather young, he is no other than Lei Chen.

“Eh!” Su Ming with one look at Lei Chen, he could clearly feel the blood qi coming from him was extremely vast, which was nothing like the fainter blood qi coming from the HeiShan tribesman he previously killed with the blood scattering pill.

“You broke through the fourth blood condensation stage?” Su Ming asked with his mouth agape.

Lei Chen grinned and walked up to Su Ming, whispering to him.

“Recently I felt like I was going to breakthrough, hehe, Grandpa said the Mán Blood in my body was very refined, given enough time, I will certainly be able to reach the same level as grandpa.” While saying so, his eyes shone with utmost excitement, but quickly it too turned into surprise, carefully looking at Su Ming, his eyes suddenly opened wide revealing his disbelief. Just as Lei Chen was about to speak.

“Come over to my place tonight, we will talk then, I need to first go visit Grandpa.” Su Ming knew what Lei Chen was going to say. Smilingly he turned around and walked towards Grandpa’s

residence.

Lei Chen was stunned, standing there watching Su Ming's back, he scratched his head, whispered some things to himself, he just didn't quite get what was going on, but he did remember the matter about visiting Su Ming that night.

As he neared Grandpa's residence, Su Ming's steps slowed down, slightly perturbed, Grandpa had took care of him since he was a child, teaching him as he grew up, Grandpa was like a real grandfather to him, the feelings he had was something that words could not express.

He did not want to deceive Grandpa, but there were just some things that he was unable to fully tell him about, such as the fragment hanging from his neck... .. Su Ming is not a child, he could make his own judgements, if other people were to come to know of this, then perhaps not only will he be in danger, but the whole tribe.

He could not tell him.

Taking a deep breath Su Ming stood outside Grandpa's residence after hollering but did not enter, he was instead carefully listening in on the voices coming from inside, trying to hear what those people were discussing about.

After patiently waiting outside for a while, the doors to Grandpa's residence opened, from inside came three burly fellows. Those three burly fellows were all extremely well-built, each akin

to a small mountain. What's more was that Su Ming could clearly feel a powerful oppressive force coming from these three men, arousing Su Ming's blood qi, giving him a feeling of being swept away by a storm.

Su Ming took a deep breath and subconsciously took a few steps back, the one standing forth most was precisely the patriarch of their WuShan Tribe, previously when Su Ming saw him, he did not feel much, only vaguely knowing that the other party was the strongest person in the tribe except for Grandpa.

But this time, Su Ming had the cultivation of a second level of blood condensation, so once he lays eyes on this patriarch of the WuShan Tribe, Su Ming was able to experience a much stronger sensation from him.

To him, this WuShan Tribe Patriarch's internal blood qi is enough to shake the skies and earth, coupled with his face covered with tattoos, he gave off an extremely scary feeling.

Su Ming also recognised the two other people standing by the Tribe Patriarch, the burly fellow on his left was also about forty years old, with a scorpion tattoo on his face and expansive blood qi, an image perfectly fitting of his identity as Tribe Elder

This person's arms were very long and he carried a large bow on his back, for some reason, when Su Ming looks at the bow, he feels as if he can hear the screams of countless voices, causing him to feel somewhat fearful.

This man, was WuShan Tribe's Marksman!

Marksman was not a name, but rather an inherited title. Each tribe could only have one Marksman, and only the best archer in the tribe could be given this title.

The last person, which is the person on the WuShan Tribe Patriarch's right, he had a dull look, rarely speaking or smiling, he frequently narrows his eyes, leaving only a small slit making it hard to ever see his whole pupil.

He was the chief of the WuShan Tribe's hunting party, and was responsible for all the hunting matters around the tribe, his name was Shan Hen.

These three people, could be said to be the strongest people in the whole tribe other than Grandpa.

Su Ming took a deep breath before quickly moving to a side and bowing.

The patriarch of the WuShan Tribe was currently frowning, apparently whatever discussion going on inside was not pleasant. As he left, he didn't take note of Su Ming, rather he just walked past him

However the Marksman carrying the bow, after seeing Su Ming, let out a smile, nodding he followed after the Tribe Patriarch.

As for the leader of the tribal hunting party Shan Hen, he did not care about Su Ming and just walked ahead.

After these three people have left, Su Ming's eyes flashed, letting out a shred of doubt, what he was curious about was that the blood qi in his body was felt by even Lei Chen but yet was not noticed by these three other stronger people in the tribe.

“It was me who helped you conceal your blood qi, are you not going to come in? Why are you still standing outside!” While Su Ming was confused, Grandpa's voice came from inside the house.

Su Ming lowered his head and entered the house.

“You finally decided to come back.” Grandpa was dressed in linen, with many pigtails on his head as usual. His features gave of a sense of ancientness, but his eyes were sharp. Although his words were serious, the joy in his eyes could not be hidden.

Su Ming spoke a words with his head down, not daring to say much.

“Now that you have the ability, you leave for so many months, might as well also forget about this old fellow. Hmpm, lift your head, come over and let me have a look at you.” Grandpa's dissatisfaction apparent in his voice.

Su Ming looked up at Grandpa with a bitter face.

“Grandpa... ..”

Without finishing his words, he already was facing the gaze of a cross-legged Grandpa, whose right hand made a grabbing action at Su Ming causing Su Ming's body to uncontrollably walked forward a few steps, into grandpa's right hand which pressed against his chest.

A gentle power permeated Su Ming's whole body and started circulating inside him, in an instant healing the internal injuries Su Ming himself was unaware of.

When Grandpa's right hand left Su Ming's chest, Su Ming's body shook and he immediately without hesitation cut open a small slit on his arm, letting some foul smelling black stained blood out.

“You really are something, even when your cultivation was not stable, you went ahead to kill people.” While looking at Su Ming's actions, the praise in Grandpa's eyes grew but the words he spoke were no kinder, however he still went to fetch a dark green vial for Su Ming.

After all the black blood had exited the wound, Su Ming felt invigorated. He opened the vial he received and using his fingers, he applied a little on his wound.

Chapter 16 – Mán Tattoo

Grandpa, I didn't want to do it, but they were too excessive. They snatched Xiao Hong away." Su Ming muttered.

"They?" Grandpa was surprised.

"One second layer of Blood Condensation and one third layer of Blood Condensation." Su Ming capped the vial, placing it aside on a table.

"Black Mountain Tribe? How did you escape?" Grandpa's eyes flashed, revealing a hint of coldness.

"I didn't flee. They died." Su Ming raised his head, looking at Grandpa.

Grandpa was momentarily stunned. Impressed, he pondered for an instant and decided not to ask further. To him, Su Ming is akin to his own. He watched him grow and knew his character.

"The encounter was at Black Flame Peak, I guess? The information you sent back previously helped the tribe greatly. You should be rewarded. But you hid the fact that you became a Mán-cultivator from me, thus forfeiting the reward. Since you became a Mán-cultivator, stay here and I will share with you my cultivation experience. Grandpa will also cleanse your blood vein for you." Looking at Su Ming, his face revealed a smile.

“Grandpa...” Su Ming shook his head. After some hesitation, he spoke lightly. “I was at fault. Why don’t you ask how I became a Mán-cultivator?”

“Why ask so much, everyone has their own secret. Grandpa only needs to know that my Su Ming has become a Mán-cultivator, that’s enough!” Grandpa laughed heartily.

Su Ming’s eyes were moist. Gazing at Grandpa, he nodded silently. He will never forget Grandpa’s kindness; the abundance of Black Dragon Saliva in his body; all these little things, these were all etched in his mind, his soul.

“Grandpa, I have some medicinal stones here...” Su Ming spoke to Grandpa lightly.

“Medicinal stones?” Grandpa was taken aback, but shook his head, smiling.

“You must have meant herbs, Grandpa knows you must have some uncommon herbs on you. But Grandpa is the Mán-Elder of WuShan Tribe, I have no shortage except for some rare ones... Yi!”

Before Grandpa finished his sentence, Su Ming retrieved two small vials, and placed them in front of Grandpa.

The two vials were full of green medicinal stones emanating a herbal scent, numbering over ten.

His eyes shining, Grandpa's expression became stern. Holding the vial, he carefully looked at this unfamiliar specimen, and gave it a sniff. Instantly, his expression change.

“What an unique property. A mere sniff stimulates one's blood!”

Grandpa mumbled, and observed meticulously. A moment later, he shut his eye in deep ponder. It was some time before his opened them, looking at Su Ming.

“These are called medicinal stones?”

Su Ming nodded, pointing at the small vial. He began explaining its usage and effect. Grandpa drew an obvious breath as he listened. Suddenly, his expression underwent a drastic change.

Without hesitation, Grandpa raised his right arm and gave a wave straight ahead. Immediately, a surreal Mán-statue materialised. Its appearance was that of the half-human half-beast statue of WuShan Tribe!

With the Mán-statue's appearance, a surge of gentle energy instantly expanded into the surrounding, encompassing the whole room.

“Continue.” Seeing Grandpa's serious expression, Su Ming's heart palpitated. He unceasingly explained all of the enlightenment pill's effect.

Grandpa had already rose from his sitting position. Having heard Su Ming' words, he took an enlightenment pill and for a while observed, before swallowing it down. He trusted Su Ming and so did not hesitated. Following which, he retrieved a purple vial, and drank the remaining drops of medical extract.

He returned to sitting cross-legged once again. Quickly, his body emanated a large volume of shimmering blood red light. The piercing light filling the room. Su Ming retreated a few steps, his eyes revealed awe.

On Grandpa's body were dense veins of blood that could not be counted in a moment. A wave of blood qi surpassing that of the WuShan Tribe's patriarch enveloped the room.

Su Ming drew a deep breath, staring at the radiating Mán-statue that was mid-air. He could guess that if it wasn't for the Mán-statue's manifestation, the light released by Grandpa's cultivation would have covered the entire tribe, probably even observable from afar.

The radiance dissipated as soon as it appeared. A moment later, Grandpa opened his eyes, the red light vanished from his body. His gaze revealed excitement. Looking at the enlightenment pill, he inhaled deeply.

“Su Ming, you must remember this!” Grandpa raised his head to face Su Ming.

Su Ming's face became serious, and listened in respect.

“The matter of this medicinal stone, from now onwards, you must not tell anyone. Even if I am to ask you again, you must not speak of it! Henceforth, I will also not question you about this matter!”

“Even within the tribe, you have to bear in mind not to tell anyone. Not even Lei Chen!” Grandpa looked at Su Ming meaningfully, sombre in his words.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment.

Grandpa sighed. He understood Su Ming, that his character was too honest. Hence, he gravely said again.

“Su Ming, heed Grandpa’s words. Do not tell anyone!”

Su Ming nodded in silence, his expression resolute.

“The tribe.. it is not safe here...” Grandpa muttered, but his words shocked Su Ming, especially when he recalled Grandpa conceal his blood qi in front the the three tribe elders.

“There’s a traitor... in the tribe! As of now, only the patriarch, you and me knows of this, no other person. The traitor is too well concealed, we do not know who..”

“Along with the news you brought back, and the possibility of my

old rival in Black Mountain Tribe having broke through... These days, I sense something amiss in the air... It feels as though catastrophe will soon befall upon us.

“Su Ming, these medicinal stones of yours are good, Grandpa will keep some, no need to give me more. If I am able to breakthrough, these will be sufficient, otherwise any more won’t help.”

“Grandpa isn’t lacking in herbs, but has reached a bottleneck, and requires an epiphany.” Grandpa sighed before speaking to Su Ming once again, unreservedly sharing his cultivation experience. He then retrieved a strange object that consisted of planks of wood joint together. Looking at it, Grandpa seemed to reminisce.

After some time, he solemnly handed the object to Su Ming.

“Grandpa obtained this while out on a journey when he was young. It is called a wood scroll, and could only be found in major tribes. It records the description of numerous plants and herbs. Take it.”

Su Ming received the wood scroll, and gave it a look of interest. Wrapping his arms around it, he was about to bade goodbye to Grandpa and return to his place.

It was then that Grandpa looked at Su Ming, his eyes shining, his face severe.

“Su Ming, Grandpa is happy that you could become a Mán-

cultivator. But you have to know, when you step into the realm of Mán-cultivators, you are different from ordinary tribesmen. The path of Mán-cultivation is treacherous, life and death often hangs on a line. You must have felt as such back at Black Flame Mountain.”

“But us of the Mán, how can we fear death, or give up due to the precarious journey ahead?”

“Grandpa is aware of your dream. You want to step out of this place, and take a look at the world outside. Grandpa supports you in this!”

Su Ming listened without a word, nodding his head.

“You are a filial child. Grandpa has watched you over the years, I understand how you feel. But Grandpa’s cultivation is limited, and can only be of some help. For my Su Ming, nevermind if you didn’t become a Mán-cultivator, but if you did, Grandpa will give his all to make your journey a little easier...” Grandpa’s serious face revealed a smile, and he gestured at Su Ming.

“Come, sit before Grandpa, and circulate your blood as you do when cultivating.”

Su Ming looked at Grandpa who gazed benignly at him. His hair was white, and his face was creased. Even though he knew he is not related to Grandpa by blood, such kinship could transcend all else.

“Grandpa...” Su Ming mumbled...

“Just come over.” Grandpa said with a smile.

Su Ming obediently came before Grandpa. Sitting down, he drew a deep breath and slowly circulated the blood qi in his body. Gradually, six blood veins surfaced on his skin. As the six veins emanated a red light, the seventh vein could vaguely be seen as it begins to coalesce.

Su Ming could not form the seventh blood vein since one month ago, not even vaguely. This was a result of his hidden injuries. Now that he has been healed by Grandpa, the seventh vein naturally surfaced as he circulated his blood.

“I was already aware when you obtained the Mán inheritance from the Mán stature. To reach the third layer of blood condensation you will have to achieve eleven blood veins, while to reach the fourth layer of blood condensation you will need twenty-five blood veins. The fifth layer will require fifty-three blood veins, and even more after that... all the way until the eleventh layer of blood condensation, at that point, you should need about seven hundred and eighty-one blood veins. But what most people don't know is this number of blood veins required is not the same for everyone, this is just what the majority require. There are those people who are able to increase the number of blood veins in their body even more, giving them an even higher chance of becoming an awakening stage cultivator! Up till now, to the best of my knowledge, for the people who eventually become awakened cultivators, they had no less than nine hundred blood veins when they were in the blood condensation stage! For example, the

FengZhen Tribe's Elder whom I have know for many years, the amount of blood veins he has is as many as nine hundred and seventeen! Grandpa had also heard that in some medium and large sized tribes, there are even those blood condensation cultivators having more than nine hundred and thirty blood veins. Such is the Mán's blood condensation stage... .. In the history of our the Mán people, there are mentions of some people who manage to at the blood condensation stage achieve nine hundred and ninety-nine blood veins, all of them ended up as famous seniors. Some stories even say that if you manage to obtain one thousand blood veins, it signifies the formation of a perfect blood condensation . It's just that for such a perfect state, other than stories from tens of thousands of years ago, it is extremely rare for such a person to appear, perhaps there hasn't even been one since. How it is like however, even Grandpa is too ignorant to know of." Grandpa's voice seemed to be transmitted by some strange force, echoing in Su Ming's mind as he circulated his blood qi.

"After blood condensation is the awakening stage. Awakening means to merge all of one's blood veins into pure Mán blood, and draw a Mán tattoo that belongs to oneself. The Mán tattoo is a reflection of one's inner thoughts, desires... Grandpa awaits the day if you are to attain the awakening stage, and am curious as to what you will draw for your own Mán tattoo..."

Chapter 17 – Ancient Mán Technique

“Su Ming, this knowledge is not passed down through the Mán-statue inheritance, but it is something that every Mán-practitioner needs to know! In this lifetime, it may be impossible for Grandpa to reach the awakening stage... .. that FengZhen Tribe Elder had surpassed me twenty years ago, when I was thirty-four he was only barely able to fight on par with me. At that time, there was not a single person in the areas near here who had not heard my name!” Grandpa slowly spoke as his old face flushed with a rosy tint of pride.

Only that pride, seemed to have been sealed up, covered up under a thick layer of dust... ..

“The me back then, had already reached the eighth stage of blood condensation... ..” Grandpa sighed as he bitterly muttered, a look of sadness gradually appeared as he recalled the past.

“Su Ming, you need to remember, when you see someone strong remember that there are always people even stronger, never get full of yourself... ..” Grandpa shook his head, seemingly unwilling to speak more about himself.

“In this lifetime Grandpa has journey afar thrice, experiencing many things, the number of companions that I have lost is also not few, but because of that I managed to learn a certain Mán-Awakening Technique. This is something that the FengZhen Tribe does not know about, even for medium-sized this is something difficult to obtain, it is something that perhaps only some large tribes will be able to comprehend it. A true Mán-Awakening

Technique...

...something that can only be performed once in a lifetime, it is a blessing for the future generations.” A glow condensed in Grandpa’s eyes as he raised his right hand. In an instant a red light enveloped his entire palm, slowly he pressed it above Su Ming’s Tian Ling*.

“Su Ming, Grandpa’s once in a lifetime Mán-Awakening Technique shall be given to you. Let Grandpa give you his blessings, hopefully you will be able to attain my dream, let the WuShan Tribe once more have a new Awakened Cultivator!!

Circulate your blood qi, fuse with the Mán-Blood Grandpa has been condensing for eighty years!” A bloody glow exploded forth from Grandpa, especially his right hand where blood seemed to be forced out. Huge amounts of blood veins started appearing on Grandpa’s body, from the looks of it, there seemed to be more than seven hundred blood veins.

This is Grandpa’s true strength, with over seven hundred blood veins, even though he was only at the ninth stage of blood condensation his strength is enough for him to face off against rank eleven blood condensation cultivators!

Su Ming’s body shook, while circulating his blood qi, there was suddenly a surge of boundless warmth emanating within him, pouring forth from the Tian Ling it melded into his body resulting in his blood qi surging, a strange black substance constantly being secreted by all the pores on his body as if his body had turned completely permeable. Each time he breathed, all the pores on his

body seemed to absorb the qi of the world.

With a Kaka sound, Su Ming's body stopped trembling rather, it had turned rosy, as if he had just consumed a large amount of nourishing food, the blood veins on his body started to transform.

The originally faint seventh blood vein instantaneously coalesced, after which the eighth blood vein too immediately formed, followed by the ninth starting to also appear.

The speed of the blood qi circulating within Su Min reached a frightening speed, each time it completed one circulation it felt as if it would condense, giving him the illusion that his blood had become an extremely viscous solution.

“This is the true meaning of blood condensation! By condensing one's blood to eventually form the Mán-Blood!”

While he was cultivating, he would frequently feel that his body was lacking in blood, but currently, with the influx of that boundless warmth from his Tian Ling, that feeling did not appear

The Grandpa who was engulfed with a blood glow, as if having transformed into a ball of blood red light. He too had turned into a similar ball, only in comparison it was like a firefly floating against the moon, only this firefly was absorbing the moon's glow and rapidly growing stronger.

“This... .. is what Grandpa was talking about, the Mán's True

Awakening Technique, something only the large tribes may have access to!!”

The ninth blood vein too coalesced, causing Su Ming to feel his body full of energy, the black substance already completely exhausted from his body resulting in him instead release a sort of indescribable fragrance.

Su Ming was completely immersed in this warmth.

From the start Grandpa had been observing Su Ming’s body, he knew this ancient Man Technique was the true awakening process, not to improve the junior generation’s cultivation, rather it is used to clear the junior’s body of all impurities in order to create a suitable body for the junior’s cultivation in the future.

This was not a simple expulsion of the impurities, rather through a method he did not truly understand he used the Mán-Blood in his body as a guide to remove these impurities, what’s more, he can only do it once in his life.

For people who wanted to use this Mán-Technique a second time, his body will instantly combust and his spirit will immediately scatter.

As the fragrance emanating from Su Ming thickened, Grandpa’s face let out a small smile. However, he did not stop. Rather, he took a deep breath and lifted his left palm, pressing it onto his right palm resulting in an even more vast warmth penetrating into Su Ming’s body.

Su Ming's body shook once more. Initially, the excretion of black substance had ceased. However, when the warmth again permeated his body, the excretion resumed, and a beating noise sounded from his body.

At the same time, the tenth blood vein which was having difficulty being formed on Su Ming's body coalesced in an instant, even the eleventh blood vein had started to appear!

Once this eleventh blood vein was formed, it would signify that Su Ming had reached the third stage of blood condensation.

But this eleventh blood vein seem truly hard to condense, even after Su Ming's body had once again stopped releasing the black substance, soaking in fragrance, this eleventh blood vein was still barely visible.

"Su Ming, Grandpa cannot forcefully help you increase your cultivation base, it would be of no benefit to you, but if you work hard it should not be too long before you reach the third level of blood condensation." Grandpa's voice resounded by Su Ming's ears.

Su Ming took a deep breath and slowly reopened his eyes.

In the instant he had opened his eyes, the world before him had seemed different, it had become clearer than ever, the many small things he never noticed now appeared clearly in his mind.

The world was no longer the same.

His eyes were clear as water, but if one looked closely it would seem deep as an abyss causing any who stare into them feel as if they can not extricate themselves.

He looked at Grandpa, and in just one glance he could tell that Grandpa's face looked much older and had a faint trace of fatigue, looking deep into his eyes he could feel a deep sense of kindness and affection.

Su Ming stared at Grandpa and knelt there silently a while, before he kowtowed towards Grandpa.

“That's enough, you have already grown up, no longer are you a La Su. Grandpa is a little tired, you should go, let me rest a little.”

“Grandpa... .. Su Ming bit his lips, deeply looking at Grandpa while trying to remember everything here in his mind, forever and ever he will never forget, that this person had took care of him for so many years in his youth, had let him experience familial love, had let him understood this familial love, for the rest of his live he would be unable to repay this debt... ..

“One of these days, you must come with me to the FengZhen Tribe to visit their elder, as well as the FengZhen Tribe Patriarch, then also get to know some of the youths of your generation and also those from the HeiShan Tribe, WuLong tribe and the other various tribes in the area.” Were the words of Grandpa that

passed his ears as Su Ming was preparing to leave.

“I have already applied a Mán-Technique to help you hide your blood qi and fragrance, other than someone who is of higher cultivation than I, they will not be able to find out. Don’t tell anyone else about you becoming a Mán-Cultivator... .. all that can wait till we found the traitor.”

Su Ming nodded his head, only after seeing Grandpa close his eyes and start cultivating did he slowly get up and leave.

He knew that the FengZhen Tribe was the only medium sized tribe in the area, as such it was considered to be the overlord of the region. Su Ming had heard rumors that the Grandpa of the FengZhen Tribe was actually an Awakened Cultivator, not only did he have an extremely long life, he apparently had the ability to reach the skies.

“Awakened stage... .. I wonder if I can reach that level in my lifetime... .. if I will be able to create my own Man Tattoo... ..” Su Ming’s eyes let out a sense of yearning, to him, an awakened cultivator was something of stories, something just too far to reach.

“So actually Grandpa’s strength was so great... .. then the HeiShan Tribe Elder I heard of previously should also be hiding some secret... .. if not they cannot possibly have lasted so long... ..” Su Ming shook his head and decided that there was no point in thinking too much about this.

After arriving at the home where he had not been to in many months, Su Ming felt a sense of familiarity and inner tranquility. Somehow there was not much dust in the house which Su Ming deduced must be because Chen Xin visited him while he was away.

Chen Xin was the only girl from the WuShan Tribe which Su Ming had more contact with. She also happened to be the daughter of the Tribe Patriarch and was meant to only marry the next Patriarch to continue the bloodline, nothing else.

This was something that Su Ming knew early on which never really bothered him much. After all, to him Chen Xian was just like a little sister of his, there were no other feelings there.

Sitting cross-legged on his bed, Su Ming touched the fragment hanging from his neck and started meditating.

When the skies darkened, Lei Chen came over to Su Ming's place with doubts in his mind. But after seeing Su Ming, he was stunned again, while Su Ming just laughed at his confused expressions.

He took out the medicinal herbs he had obtained from the HeiShan practitioners the other day, it was a herb that Su Ming was fairly familiar with, a kind of precious herb. In his many years of combing the mountains, he had only picked it once, what's more when he did, it was still a sapling. Unlike the one before him now which was completely mature with six leaves.

“Six Leaved Heavenly Rock Grass, I need it to make medicine but I can give you a leaf, it might help with your cultivation quite a

bit.” Su Ming said as he plucked a leaf and handed it to Lei Chen.

Lei Chen scratched his head while smirking, feeling somewhat embarrassed while receiving the gift. While patting his chest he said

“Su Ming, I don’t know much things, but since young I have said this, next time I shall become our tribe’s Grandpa, and as long as I am here I will always protect you!”

Su Ming laughed and had a chat with Lei Chen, but the whole time he could see Lei Chen restlessly clutching the blade of Heavenly Rock Grass, as though unable to wait to go home any longer to swallow it and start cultivating.

As such, Su Ming acted a little tired, allowing Lei Chen to take the initiative to bid his farewells.

Currently, the skies were completely darkened and the tribe was completely silent. Su Ming went and barred the boors to his house with a chair before returning back to his bed, clutching the black fragment in his right hand, his mind once again returned to that strange place.

“I have already prepared enough enlightening pills... .. This time I wonder if I will reap any returns. ...” Su Ming closed his eyes, he had long figured out how to return to that place. As long as while cultivating, he focused on the blood veins near his chest, he could feel that strange sensation.

Previously while practicing, he had already felt it many times, this time it was time to try and put it to action.

*Tian Ling is an acupoint located on the forehead

Chapter 18 – The Second Door

It was the same dense fog that obscured the surrounding, restricting one's vision. Only the mountain peak could occasionally be seen in the mist. All was quiet, still and silent.

Su Ming gazed at the mountain shrouded in mist, this was his second time visiting this place. This time, after sizing up the mountain from where he stood, Su Ming could not help but felt a sense of apprehension, especially when thinking of the countless strange words and pictures etched on the mountain.

Drawing a deep breath, he looked at the accessory hanging from his neck. The black fragment had disappeared. After pinching himself, Su Ming ascertained that he was physically at his location, he wasn't dreaming.

Feeling that the vials of enlightening pills were still on him, his eyes flashed. He strode promptly into the fog and soon arrived at the mountain base, where he continued into a tunnel.

He did not stop until he was before the stone door leading further into the tunnel. Looking at the familiar door adorned with numerous rings of circles and its fifteen holes, Su Ming hesitated for a moment before successfully convincing himself to retrieve the vial he carried. Taking out a pill, he pinched it and placed it into the first of the fifteen small holes.

As soon as his finger touched the hole, Su Ming felt a weak sucking force coming from it that seemed to draw the pill out from

in between his fingers.

Su Ming's expression was serious as he cautiously proceeded, not knowing if his judgement was correct. Just what would happen after all fifteen holes are filled? Was something he had pondered for some time while filled with anticipation.

Without making any reckless moves, Su Ming continued to watch as the pill was sucked into the small hole. A while later, the hole remained as it was, as if nothing had changed.

Su Ming shook his head, retrieving another pill while still in deep thought, placing it on the second hole. Repeating his actions, he offered up fifteen pills with reluctance, becoming even more anxious.

“Fifteen medicinal pills, if nothing changes, then it will all be wasted...” Su Ming looked at the fifteen holes anxiously. Suddenly, gentle beams of light scattered forth from the fifteen holes.

Su Ming feeling encouraged, retreated a few steps. The fifteen holes filled with radiance and they shone brighter than ever, while the circular rings on the stone door seemingly came to life and began to rotate. Moments later, the rings merged into one, and it rotated rapidly like a whirlpool.

Following the rotation, the light coming from the fifteen small holes was steadily being absorbed into the whirlpool, causing the stone door to become enveloped in a brilliant light. At the same time a deafening boom began to reverberate in the tunnel, causing

blood veins to surface on Su Ming without control. The blood qi in his body was boiled and he had to subconsciously suppress it.

The booming sound lasted only for a moment, after which fifteen strands of green smoke could be seen floating out of the small holes, as though the pill inside had sublimed. As the smoke appeared, the great stone door began to shake, and at its center-most, a straight crevice emerged.

The slit cut across the stone door, and in front of Su Ming, the slabs began to move sideways. The doors had opened!

Su Ming's heart pounded furiously inside him. Having witness this scene, he was extremely shocked. Only when the door was fully opened did he resume his breathing. Behind the door was no tunnel, rather it was only a small stone chamber.

The walls which lined the chamber was rough, engraved with some pictures. Further along the wall, was another sealed door.

The ceiling of the chamber contained some small rocks which not only emanated light, but also filled the room with a tinge of aromatic scent. Even just a single sniff was rejuvenating.

Su Ming's eyes shone as he cautiously entered the room, his eyes sweeping along the walls of the chamber, observing all the carvings on the wall. Similar to before, the images depicted the same disheveled figure refining medicinal pill in a primitive environment.

The first time Su Ming entered, he stared at the images without a single clue of what they depicted. But with his new-found knowledge and success in the refinement process, when he once more encounters these carvings, he is much more able to understand them.

The figures in those carvings were refining different medicinal pills, as Su Ming observed he could not help but lose himself in these carvings, while constantly comparing to his own experience he had lost track of time.

After he finished studying one carving, he would quickly walk a few steps in search of the next. After who knows how long, he had finally finished studying all the carvings in the room. At last his eyes had returned to the second stone door in the room.

This stone door was different from the first, this time the door was black and possessed a faint aroma, it was made of a truly strange stone.

It also had much more of a presence than the previous one. On it was also a strange drawing, only this huge drawing depicted a cauldron which had strands of smoke emerging from it, and was really quite realistic. As Su Ming looked at it, he started to feel that it was no drawing, rather it was a projection of a refining cauldron.

“It would be great if I had a cauldron like that... ..” Su Ming thought to himself as he enviously looked at that cauldron.

Above this cauldron, he could see images of several different

types of herbs. Gathering his focus, he carefully studied them, after all the main purpose of his trip here was to try and see if he could find any more formulas to refine more medicinal pills.

On the left of the cauldron were the carvings of seven different herbs, of which five were the herbs required to refine the Enlightenment Pill, while the other two were something that Su Ming had never seen before. After some careful observation, he carved them into his memory.

Below this formula, were eight small holes.

On the right of the cauldron were the carvings of another eight herbs. Similarly, of these eight herbs, five of which were the herbs required to refine the Enlightenment Pill.

As for the other three kinds of herbs, Su Ming was glad to see that he actually recognised two of them, only they were a little uncommon.

Similarly below this formula were the small holes, only this time there were twelve holes, more than the left.

As for the last formula which was above the cauldron, the instant Su Ming laid his eyes on it his face became very solemn. What the formula needed were not plants, rather it had images of 3 terrifying things.

The first was the scales on the tail of a Python, the second was

the ninth leg of a nine legged spider, and last was the third finger on the right hand of a black midget the size of a palm.

The strangest thing about it was that below this third formula, there were no small holes for pills. As if understanding that this was a difficult pill to refine and as such making it not necessary to refine.

Su Ming thought for awhile before he withdrew his gaze and approached this stone door, with his right hand raised he unhesitatingly pressed his arm on the door. Suddenly, the diagram on the door gave out a glaring light which somehow seemed to meld into Su Ming's body.

After a moment of discomfort, a new memory emerged in Su Ming's mind, it was actually the names and refining methods of these three pills.

“Southerner's Pill!” Said Su Ming's as his gaze moved towards the formula on the left of the cauldron then to the right.

“Mountain Spirit Pill... ..and the last one is the Spirit Seizing Pill!” Su Ming muttered as he gazed at the strange formula atop the cauldron.

As Su Ming stood there thinking, the glow surrounding his body gradually dimmed, the radiance emanating from the cauldron diagram also diminished. In the instant the light completely vanished, a flower had appeared in front of Su Ming. However, he did not panic, having already experienced this once, as before a

whistling sound emerged by his ears. By the time the whistling ended and his eyes cleared, he found himself back in his room at the tribe.

Su Ming took a deep breath and walked to the room entrance, after removing the chair barring the door, he looked out into the darkness. The skies were dark with stars still shimmering in the night sky, all around him was silence and the cool night breeze.

However, by the horizon, he could see a single white line, as daybreak seemed to approach.

“There seems to be not much difference in time there... ..” Su Ming closed the door, and sat down crossed legged inside. With his chin in his hands, he fell deep in thought.

“These three medicinal pills all have different refining methods, the formula for Southerner’s Pill has two herbs I have never seen before, I think I can probably put it aside for now, as for... .. the Spirit Seizing Pill...” Su Ming’s eyes narrowed.

“That pill is not refined using plants, and the required ingredients are just too strange. However in the memories I obtained, after refining this pill the effects are just too shocking!” Su Ming recalled the scene he saw in his mind after obtaining those new memories. After refining the Spirit Seizing Pill, it actually caused the colour of the skies to change and stir the clouds, it was really frightening.

“If this pill can be successfully refined, it will definitely shake the

world! It's such a pity... .. even the door didn't have a hole for the pill, this shows just how hard it must be to refine... .. that's why it is not a requirement to open the door." While pondering he managed to guess the gist of it.

"It would seem the only one that I can refine would be the, Mountain Spirit Pill, of the three extra herbs required, I at least recognise two of them... .. although I don't have any with me, there should be quite an amount of them in the tribe's medicine stores."

As Su Ming was thinking of this, the skies outside gradually brightened signalling the approach of a new day.

Although he had not slept the whole night, Su Ming did not feel the slightest bit drained. This was one of the effects of the second stage of blood condensation, after reaching this stage one will have a large amount of vigour, unless one stays up for many consecutive nights one will not experience any fatigue.

On the morning of this new day, the tribesman have already started busily going about their work. After washing up, Su Ming headed towards the fenced wooden construction which was constantly guarded by tribesman not far from his home.

Chapter 19 – Bei Ling

This winter the morning breeze blew with traces of chill, like a sharp knife. However, thanks to the numerous bonfires lit within the tribe, the cold was kept away, while warmth permeated the whole settlement.

For a Mán-cultivator, just the circulation of blood qi was enough to resist the cold. However, the majority of the tribe consisted of ordinary tribesmen. As such every winter, they venture outdoors less.

When they did, thick hide coats were draped over their bodies to help shelter against the cold. It was also during this season that the healer in the tribe was the busiest, having to make large amounts of medicinal brews for tribesmen to fight the cold.

Even Grandpa was involved, during the coldest periods he would unhesitatingly circulate his blood qi to protect the whole tribe from the chill of winter.

Treading the snow with muffled footsteps, Su Ming, wrapped in a beast hide jacket, walked around the village. Watching the familiar faces who smiled and nodded at him, that sense of warmth could seemingly repel the chill of winter.

The houses within the tribe are mostly simple ones, sufficiently functional normally. Only, during winter they cannot completely provide shelter against the wind, thus large sheets of beast hide were laid on their exteriors to prevent the entry of the chilly wind.

Except these layers of beast hide was unable to adhere very well and thus required frequent adjustments. The bonfires in the homes also needed firewood to sustain its flame. Hence, for most tribesmen, winter proved to be quite the ordeal.

Fortunately, no one usually did freeze to death. It was only slightly troublesome.

Walking, Su Ming arrived at a building that was fenced, guarded by tribesmen around the clock. This was the medicinal storage of WuShan Tribe. The house's exterior was laid with thick beast hide, and bonfires burned around it. He could feel a mix of warmth and cold as he approached.

Su Ming was very familiar with this place. It was where his contribution of herbs to the tribe over the years were kept. As such, the guards flashed a smile when they saw Su Ming, and did not obstruct him further.

Su Ming smiled in return and exchanged greetings with them. Passing the fence, as he was about to enter the door, a surprised voice came behind him.

“Su Ming, when did you return?”

It was a girl's voice, one which was pleasant like a lark.

Su Ming's feet paused as he turned around. He gazed softened

when he saw the girl who was clad in thick leather. She was tall, and the ears were adorned with two delicate white bone rings. Her skin was slightly rough, but it could not tarnish her beauty.

Her eyes were prominent, as clear as calm waters, revealing her innocence. With joy in her eyes, she quickly came before Su Ming.

“I returned yesterday.” Su Ming smiled. The girl was the one who maintained his home while he was away, Chen Xin. Suddenly, Su Ming’s smile froze, and his gaze wavered.

She wasn’t alone, behind her was a young man of eighteen or nineteen. He looked strong, even more domineering than Lei Chen. In the freezing weather, he merely wore a thin leather jacket, his hair unkempt but clean. Coupled with his sharp features, he gave people an impression of arrogance.

Especially his eyes which dazzled like stars, as though there was a weird totemic power in them. It gave one an inexplicable sense of pressure, putting them on alert as if they had seen a fearsome beast.

He stood there, with a huge bow on his back. He looked at Su Ming, his gaze like arrows.

“Su Ming!”

“Br-brother... Bei Ling.” Su Ming replied with deference, although a hint of convolution flashed in his eyes.

This young man in front of him was the strongest among the younger generation of WuShan Tribe. Even Grandpa acknowledge the former's Mán body surpassed that of his own. Subsequently, it was only Lei Chen whose Mán body was comparable.

As the strongest of the younger generation, his cultivation progressed quickly. Su Ming even once heard Grandpa mention that he was the one in the tribe with the most potential to breakthrough the blood condensation stage, and attain the legendary awakening stage.

His name was well-known in nearby tribes as well. FengZhen Tribe even sent people to bring him away to cultivate at FengZhen. Su Ming did not expect to see him today.

The reason for feeling convoluted, was because when Su Ming was young, Bei Ling took great care of him, as though a real brother. Even his archery skills was taught by Bei Ling back then, after all the latter was the son of the tribal Marksman, and displayed aptitude in archery.

However, it all changed the year Chen Xin became twelve. Perhaps she was becoming too close to Su Ming, the way Bei Ling looked at Su Ming gradually changed. Initially, it was with confusion and doubt, which then became coldness. Subsequently, they drifted apart, and he would pretend not to see Su Ming.

It was later when Su Ming learn that it was because the tribe's patriarch and Bei Ling's father, had fixed a marriage..

Su Ming wanted to explain, but for all his efforts, Bei Ling still looked at him with coldness. Slowly, with disappointment, he unknowingly distanced himself from Chen Xin as well.

He knew that with his background he could only be considered a normal tribesman, he also clearly knew that if not for Grandpa, perhaps back then he would not even have been accepted into the tribe.

It was all because, for the first time Grandpa left the village in over ten years, he came back with an abandoned child, which was Su Ming. Even as he grew up, the people in the tribe had all been very kind to him. But not even all this could change the fact that he was different from the others in the tribe.

Su Ming rubbed his nose while avoiding Chen Xin's gaze. After all, his feelings towards her was familial and not something romantic, also he did not want Bei Ling who had been very good to him to further misunderstand things.

"Big brother Bei Ling, when did you get back?" Su Ming looked towards that dignified Bei Ling. At this distance, he could clearly feel the bursts of vast amounts of blood qi erupting forth from him, so much so that, Su Ming was sure that other than Grandpa and the few tribal leaders, he was probably the strongest.

Only, the pride and arrogance exuding from his body was equally as strong as the blood qi, giving off a suffocating feel for Su Ming who was standing in front of him.

“Yesterday.” Bei Ling half-heartedly replied with few words, revealing his coldness towards Su Ming as he turned to face Chen Xin.

“Xin’er*, didn’t you come to get some herbs for your grandmother? Let’s go inside.” As Bei Ling said this, he pulled Chen Xin passed Su Ming into the door of the medicinal herb store.

Chen Xin wanted to say something but ended up hesitating and not saying them, only nodding towards Su Ming while allowing Bei Ling drag her inside the store.

Su Ming stood there pondering a while before sighing and entering the store as well.

*I believe you all probably already know this but addressing someone with ‘er is something like a sign of affection/addressing someone much younger.

Chapter 20 – Broke

The herb storage warehouse was big, and it's interior was filled with neatly arranged rows of shelves that categorised an assortment of medicinal plants.

Deeper in the store was a small room which contained different herbs from outside. These herbs were meant for Mán-cultivators of the tribe, thus normal tribesmen could not enter.

Even if the healer was here, he would also require the patriarch or Grandpa's token before he can enter this room that was of great importance to the whole WuShan Tribe.

But this rule did not apply to Su Ming. Long ago, Grandpa had given Su Ming a special identity, allowing to enter at ease to help him differentiate the herbs.

Stepping into the room, Su Ming saw Bei Ling holding Chen Xin's hand as they walked towards the small room containing the precious herbs. Outside the door, an old man sat cross-legged. He wore a beast skin top, and looked frail, with white hair and a face full of creases. Receiving the two's tokens, his shut eyes open slightly and gave a quick glance. Without a change in expression, he shut his eyes once more.

Su Ming's steps were slow. He knew Bei Ling did not want to see him, and in silence chose not to enter the room. He paced up and down the row of shelves, looking at the variety of herbs. He was very familiar with them, and has picked almost of them before.

When he was done, Bei Ling and Chen Xin had yet to leave. With hesitation, Su Ming stopped outside the small room.

“Little La Su, why are you hesitating?” An old voice came to Su Ming as he pondered. Raising his head, he saw that it was the old man who guarded the room for all these years.

“Nan Song Grandpa, I’m no longer a La Su...” Su Ming smiled, shaking his head.

“I remember now, your generation of La Su had completed their Mán-awakening a few months back. Cannot call you little La Su from now on.” The old man grinned with gentleness in his eyes.

“Since you are here, why not enter? Don’t worry, Grandpa Nan Song is here for you if anything happens! Thinking back, I dared to compete with your Grandpa when wooing girls, what’s there to be afraid of!” The old man blinked, smiling.

Su Ming’s eyes widened, it was the first time he heard of this. Smiling helplessly, he hesitated for an instant before pushing the door, and entered the room.

He was being hesitating towards Chen Xin as the old man said, but towards Bei Ling whom he held gratitude for. He did not know how to explain. So many years had passed, yet Bei Ling was still as cold to him as before.

“Forget it...” Su Ming sighed inwardly. The moment the door opened, he saw Chen Xin who was picking herbs, and the masculine figure who turn around, looking at him coldly.

Returning the gaze, he walked aside to another shelf, ignoring the two. Recalling the ingredients required for the Mountain Spirit Pill, he began checking.

Looking at Su Ming, Chen Xin wanted to speak, but stopped after some hesitation. As she grew up, she gradually understood more things, and learnt of her relationship with Bei Ling. The puppy love she had for Su Ming during their younger years, slowly faded.

“Night Marrow Grass...”

“Thousand Leaved Flower...” Su Ming paced slowly in the room, sweeping his gaze at the precious herbs, before finding the two required for the Mountain Spirit pill.

“Too bad there isn’t the last one...” Su Ming pondered deeply, looking through the entire room again.

At the moment, Chen Xin and Bei Ling had finished picking their herbs. After Chen Xin bade goodbye to Su Ming, she was pulled along by Bei Ling out of the room. Before he left, Bei Ling paused. Without looking back, he spoke calmly.

“Without a Mán-body, these herbs are useless on you. Think twice before wasting them on yourself, why don’t you just leave

them for the other tribesmen.” Finishing his words, he left with Chen Xin.

Su Ming remained silent, looking at the two leaving. Without a word, he checked the room again, before leaving with the two herbs in hand.

When Su Ming brought the two herbs out, the cross-legged sitting elder did not mind. Instead, he watched Su Ming with interest.

“Grandpa Nan Song..... It isn’t what you think.....” Su Ming spoke while scratching his nose.

“What did I think? I never said you had a complication relationship with those two La Su, I never said anything.” The old man laughed.

Su Ming’s face flushed, Embarrassed, he wittingly squat in front of the elder.

“Grandpa Nan Song, have you seen this herb?” Su Ming drew an image of a herb on the floor as he spoke.

The old man smiled. Lowering his head to see, he thought deeply before slapping his head.

“Isn’t this Sieved Cloud Leaf, we do not have it here at WuShan Tribe. It requires a special environment to grow in. In the region,

only FengZhen Tribe has it on sale. What do you need it for?”

“I saw it on one of Grandpa’s books, but couldn’t find it at WuShan despite searching for a long time. So it looks like this.” Su Ming’s pretended to understand.

“Of course not, this is one of the better herbs for lower tiers of blood condensation cultivation. Even if it is sold at FengZhen, it will be overpriced. But if you want, you can let your Grandpa bring you on a visit to bazaar outside FengZhen. They often have various herbs for sale or exchange.” The old man smiled, shaking his head.

Su Ming’s heart leapt. After asking a few questions, he bid goodbye to the elder and left in a hurry under the latter’s teasing gaze.

Leaving the warehouse, Su Ming treaded on snow with matters on his mind.

“Sieved Cloud Leaf... The other herbs of the Mountain Spirit Pill I can pick myself, except for this Sieved Cloud Leaf... Grandpa Nan Song said it was expensive...” Su Ming sighed with a frown. Feeling his body, besides some stone coins he obtained from Yu Chi of Black Mountain Tribe, he had no other valuables.

Within the tribe, barter trade is the usual practice, thus coins were rarely used. However, once out of the village, stone coins are required to buy stuff.

Stone coins is a currency made from special rocks, and was only forged by major tribes. If illicitly made, it will result in the a tribe's destruction by the ruling major tribe.

Searching his body, Su Ming found only three stone coins that belonged to the dead Yu Chi. As for Su Ming, he originally did not even have a single one.

“Without money, how can I buy it... If only I had a hundred... Or a thousand... I have heard Grandpa mention the location. Mán-cultivators are allowed to go in groups. It isn't too far from here...” Su Ming made a bitter smile, feeling a headache arise.

Chapter 21 – Will We Change... ..

At about noon after Su Ming contemplating for a long time, carrying his basket he left the tribe with gritted teeth. Together with him was Lei Chen, Lei Chen had been to the tribal bazaar before, in fact, he had just went there again just a few days ago. When Su Ming when to him to borrow some money, he had volunteered to lead the way there.

“Su Ming, I only have two stone coins here with me, and it is something I exchanged with difficulty. That time y-you gave it to me... ..” Lei Chen helplessly looked at Su Ming as the two of them ran through the forest outside the tribe.

“You have been saying that the whole trip, it’s just two stone coins! In these years I have already given you the Wu Long’s saliva, how much stone coins it is worth, Lei Chen are we not good friends? Why are you being like this!!” Although Su Ming felt a little guilty, he still stared at Lei Chen causing his next few words to become no more than a faint whisper.

“Is something I exchanged with great difficulty.. ...” Lei Chen scratched his head, as if suddenly remembering something he looked at Su Ming surprised.

“Yi, I just remembers, what do you need to buy with the stone coins?”

“To buy Sieved Cloud Leaves!” Su Ming’s body flashed about in the forest leaping ahead nimbly, his speed even surpassing Lei

Chen's.

“What is this Sieved Cloud Leaf?” Lei Chen embarrassedly asked, only to notice Su Ming already shot ahead of him, immediately he opened up his strides to catch up.

“Su Ming, you must remember to return it to me... ..”

“Su Ming, I have been saving it for many years now... ..”

“Su Ming, those two stone coins, even my father does not know about. How did you manage to find it so quickly after coming into my house.”

“Su Ming, why is this Sieved Cloud Leaf, why are you not replying me?”

“Su Ming, Su Ming?? I have been asking you for the whole day already!!”

Throughout the whole trip, Lei Chen had been buzzing non stop around Su Ming's ears. He had always known that Lei Chen really likes to chat, once he starts talking there would be no end to it. However he had not expected that throughout this whole journey he would have not even a moment of respite as Lei Chen continued his rambling.

Finally, by evening the two of them had come a long ways from the tribe into the unfamiliar forests. Although Su Ming could not

bear to do so, he finally began slowed down and eventually stopped to rest by a tree. Taking heavy breaths, he turned around to see Lei Chen similarly panting on the floor.

“Su... Su Ming..... You..... must... ...remember... ... to return it..... back to..... me..... I:” The moment Lei Chen saw Su Ming turn his head around, Lei Chen immediately began to speak while still panting.

“I will return... .. I will definitely return it to you... .. but I have one request!” Su Ming bitterly smiled, facing Lei Chen he already has no idea what else to say.

“What request?” Lei Chen blinked his eyes, once again letting out an innocent expression.

“Don’t give me that look, Xiao Hong does it even better than you, Lei Chen I know what you have been asking me this whole trip, but I cannot tell you, eventually you will understand.” Su Ming stared at the person he grew up with, probably even his parents did not understand Lei Chen as well as Su Ming.

This Lei Chen appeared simple and straightforward on the surface, but he was actually a much deeper person. Only many people were deceived by his simple and honest expression resulting in them overlooking the cunning in his eyes.

Hearing Su Ming say so, Lei Chen rubbed his nose and made his usual smile.

“My request is simple, as long as you can keep quiet for the whole journey. After we return from our business, I will tell you what you want to know!” Su Ming said after staring at Lei Chen for a long while.

Lei Chen’s body suddenly stiffened, as if having turned into stone, instantly stopping all motion, while his eyes enlarged deathly staring behind Su Ming.

“Lei Chen.....” Su Ming bitterly smiled, he was already used to Lei Chen’s pranks, something like this would not be able to deceive him.

“You are the one who told me to be quiet, even if I wanted to nod my head there would be whooshing sounds, so isn’t this better? Not moving at all, not a sound from me, completely abiding to your request. Is that still not being quiet! Since you want me to be quiet, don’t worry, I shall continue to be like this for the rest of the trip, I won’t make any more noise, though you can’t blame me if there are sounds from my footsteps, I

“Stop!! That’s enough, keeping quiet is enough!” Su Ming said while rubbing his brow, noticing a flash of mischief flash across Lei Chen’s eyes, he knew Lei Chen was purposely playing him.

“Fine, I’ll tell you, I have a Mán-body, only Grandpa helped me cover it up with some Mán-Technique. Don’t go about telling other people about this.” As he spoke this last sentence, Su Ming’s expression turned serious.

Lei Zhen was the same, seriously he nodded his head.

“I wouldn’t have asked if I knew it was going to be like this, I just was really curious as to whether you became Mán-practitioner. I can rest at ease now, haha, from now on we shall be the two mighty warriors of the WuShan Tribe.

Su Ming laughed along with him as they rested. Soon after, they once again got up and continued on their journey, even as the skies darkened and the moon loomed overhead the two of them continued to run against the cold winter breeze through the starry night. Without the slightest pause, the two pushed forth, exchanging only a few words occasionally, revealing their deep friendship.

“I saw Bei Ling today. I feel frustrated whenever I see him, especially when Chen Xin was with him. He long knew Chen Xin had feelings for you!” Lei Chen grumbled indignantly.

“He has changed so much. So what if had went to FengZhen Tribe for a few year? Don’t tell me he has forgotten that he belongs to WuShan Tribe? You did not see his expression, the way he berated me, picking at my problems.”

Su Ming remained silent.

“Su Ming, sooner or later I shall surpass him!” Lei Chen clenched his fist as he ran.

“He is brother Bei Ling, when we both were young he took great care of us. Have you forgotten how he secretly shared with you his cultivation experience? Because of that, he was punished by Grandpa!”

“And my shooting skills, he taught them too...” Su Ming spoke with composure.

“As for Chen Xin, I have told you long ago, we share a sibling relationship, nothing else. Yet you are still guessing...” Su Ming’s voice was still calm.

Lei Chen wanted to say something, but seeing Su Ming’s calm expression, he chose not to. He understood Su Ming and Su Ming understood him as well.

He knew that Su Ming was a grateful person.

“Su Ming, people... do change...” After a long while, Lei Chen said lightly.

“As we grow up, with our own experiences, we will change... Perhaps one day, I will change too... I feel that, you will too...” Lei Chen mumbled.

“Will I...” Su Ming ran, lost in deep thought.

When the sky had fully darken, Su Ming and Lei Chen stopped. It was inconvenient to journey at night, and they were still some

distance from the tribe. Thus, the two found a big tree, and made a simple encampment to rest for the night. When one cultivated, the other would be on alert, watching the surroundings.

Leaning against the tree trunk, Su Ming's gaze landed on Lei Chen who cultivated some distance in front of him. His body emanated a red light, and not little red veins surfaced on his body.

Watching for a moment, Su Ming raised his head to gaze at the pitch black sky. The moon that shone with delicate moonlight, melded with the stars in the heavens, was beautiful. It also made one felt a sense of insignificance.

"People will change... Will I... too" Su Ming watched in silence, memories of his childhood with Bei Ling surfaced in his mind.

"If I do change someday... How will I be like..." Su Ming's eyes revealed a sense of loss. This question was incomprehensible for a sixteen year old adolescent like him.

"Perhaps I will become a Mán-doctor as strong as Grandpa, and bring Xiao Hong to journey the land, visiting new places and tribes, saving the lives of many Mán-people..."

"Perhaps I might even become a Mán-patriarch, and meet the girl of my dreams, and live with her... We will journey together, until our hair become white... until Little Hong becomes Old Hong... Then I will share my experiences with the La Sus of the tribe... just like how Grandpa tells me his life stories..." Su Ming smiled, and his smile was simple, and pure, and happy.

“Or perhaps... I will get to know my heritage...” Su Ming smiled, sighing lightly.

“Lei Chen, I will never change!” Su Ming took a deep breath. Under the moonlight, on the great land of the Mán-race, he muttered those words only he could hear.

He believed in, just like all youngsters, that the future is bright...

The night unknowingly passed. When it was dawn the next day, as the sky began to lit, Su Ming and Lei Chen rose early. Washing themselves with snow water, rejuvenated their mind and body.

“At this rate we should reach the bazaar something this afternoon.” Lei Chen who had been there several times told Su Ming while wiping the snow off his face.

Su Ming nodded, after washing up, the two of them continued their journey into the forest while chatting.

The rest of the journey went well, by the afternoon, Su Ming could already vaguely see that by the edge of the forest was an area with many wooden huts and crawling with people from many different tribes.

“We are here!” Lei Chen looked towards Su Ming and his rattan basket, only whatever was inside was obscured with tight hide.

Su Ming looked towards the bazaar in the distance, it truly was a big bazaar almost the size of a small tribe, only there were no fences surrounding it rather there were many strong-looking people watching the area to keep beasts out and maintain order.

In the center of the bazaar was a very heavily guarded tent made up of large purple hide, seeming as if people were not even allowed near it.

“That place is where the owner of the bazaar stays, it is said that he is a really powerful Mán-practitioner who is only willing to meet with the Mán-patriarchs of visiting tribes.” Lei Chen told Su Ming in a low voice as they headed towards the bazaar.

Su Ming took only one glance at the purple tent, before stepping into this bazaar for the first time under the watchful eyes of the guards.

It was at this time a cool female voice suddenly came from nearby.

“Lei Chen!”

Su Ming halted his footsteps and immediately inspected the Lei Chen beside him, whose body started to tremble when he heard the voice.

Chapter 22 – The First Encounter

Su Ming could clearly tell that there was something very unnatural with Lei Chen's expression, there was this very frightened and helpless look about him. Seeing this, Su Ming calmly turned towards the source of the voice.

With this one glance, Su Ming instantly felt pleasantly surprised!

It was a tall lady in mink-fur dress, she was easily one head taller than the skinny Su Ming, and had a truly enchanting figure. Unlike most barbarians who have rough skin, hers was fair and smooth, revealing an irresistible allure.

Her long black hair was partly tied up by a pair of red straws into pigtails, while the rest of it floated behind her in the wind, making her even more stunning.

Her eyes were clear as water, yet her gaze was sharp and withheld a tinge of coldness. Her forehead was dotted with small shiny grains which dazzled like the snow in the light.

Her canines were also faintly visible as she breathed, giving off an inexplicable wild beauty.

She wasn't an ordinary person, but similar to Su Ming, a Mán-practitioner. However, the blood qi coming off her was faint, nothing more than a third level blood condensation practitioner.

However, she was not alone, behind her were three other hulking Mán-practitioners. Like a small mountain, they stared coldly at the Su Ming duo, the blood qi they released felt only slightly weaker than Bei Ling.

When Su Ming briefly scanned them, he noticed that their bodies were smeared with some strange marking resembling a centipede.

“Lei Chen, you’ve got guts showing up here!” That lady stared at Lei Chen while gnashing her teeth.

Lei Chen rubbed his nose. Putting on a honest look, started smiling sillily..

“I already fell for this trick once, the other time you tricked me with a herb you dyed purple for three stone coins!!!!” That lady stood in front of Lei Chen, her face filled with rage.

“You cannot blame me for that, I myself didn’t even know what herb it was, I was just peddling it as usual, you are the one who wanted to buy it from me... ..” Lei Chen straightly said while acting wronged.

“Hmph, give me back my stone coins!” That lady said while staring at Lei Chen. She even became peeved at Su Ming who was standing aside, thankfully he looked scrawny and was subsequently ignored by this lady after one look.

“But I... ..” Lei Chen bitterly smiled, just as he was about to

speak, he caught the looks the lady was giving him and more importantly the stares the three other brutes behind her were giving him, resulting in him having no choice but to swallow his words while inwardly cursing.

“Lei Chen, is she the one of the WuLong tribesmen you and Grandpa talked about?” Su Ming indifferently said this on sentence.

The moment he spoke those words, Lei Chen instantly understood and quickly reacted to it. He knew that Su Ming had always been calm and if he said something, it meant that he was planning to help. Plus, he understood Su Ming very well, once he heard Su Ming say something strange like this, he quickly took a few steps back and stood behind Su Ming, giving off the impression that Su Ming was the one in charge.

“It is as you say Mán-child, it is precisely that woman!” Lei Chen acted extremely reverent as he softly spoke those words.

Lei Chen’s actions and words made that lady’s gaze unwittingly rest on Su Ming and reveal an astounded expression, for title Mán-child referred to someone who was one of the candidates as successor of the next Mán-patriarch. Even after she had carefully observing Su Ming, he still looked like an ordinary tribesman, as such she still coldly spoke with the same murderous expression.

I don’t care if you are a Mán-child or not, return me my stone coins!”

“Fine! I will give you the stone coins, but the reason I had Lei Chen bring me here today was precisely to find you!” Su Ming calmly said as he withdrew three stone coins from his coat.

“Give me back the herb that Lei Chen sold you!” Su Ming slowly said while gazing at the lady.

The lady was visibly taken aback, she had never expected it to be so easy for her to get her stone coins back, her heartbeat hastened as she scanned Su Ming’s body.

“What is that herb?” Slightly hesitating, she asked Su Ming instead of taking the stone coins.

“It is... ..” Lei Chen was about to speak but was interrupted by a loud shout.

“Shut up!” Su Ming stared coldly at Lei Chen who acted shocked and once more lowered his head in reverence.

Seeing this scene, the lady blinked as she grew even more doubtful. Hesitating for a while before pulling out the herb, which to her looked extremely ordinary and even slightly hideous as it was completely purple.

The moment she took out this herb, she handed it towards Su Ming. However, her eyes carefully watched Su Ming expression. Seeing the a flash suddenly appear in Su Ming’s eyes as he seemed to eagerly reach for the herb, the lady laughed and immediately

withdrew her outstretched arm.

“What are you doing! This is my herb, I bought it! Are you trying to snatch my herb away?” The lady snorted as she furrowed her nose.

“Madam, do you not want your stone coins back?” Su Ming said while frowning.

“Who says I don’t, but I think, unless you can prove you are the WuShan Tribe’s Mán-child, I won’t give this to you.” The lady slyly said, exuding an allure even greater than the wild one she had earlier.

Even Su Ming’s heartbeat started to accelerate, however, his expression did not change.

Su Ming pondered in silence for a moment. Looking at the lady in front of him, he took a deep breath and raised his left arm. Suddenly a second level blood condensation’s blood qi started diffusing out from his right hand.

“Is this proof enough!”

This sudden change made the lady’s pupils narrow and the three men behind her also instantly came on guard.

Their expression was not something too hard to understand, after all, the Su Ming initially standing before them looked just like

a normal tribesperson and did not even give off the faintest trace of blood qi. Hence, the sudden change that occurred in front of their eyes was something pretty shocking.

“Young master, that person must have had a very strong Mán-practitioner apply a Mán-technique on him to help him cover up his blood-qi, that person must be far stronger than us, otherwise we would have sensed it.”

“That is right, I also observed him earlier and didn’t feel a trace of blood qi. I imagine the only person capable of doing something like this would at least have to be someone like the WuShan tribe patriarch... ..” Whispered the three men standing behind the lady.

A light flashed in the lady’s eyes, she hesitated as she lowered her head to look at the purple herb in her hands. It has been a few days since she traded for that herb, originally she had thought it was some new exotic herb and spent a long time haggling with Lei Chen before obtaining it. However, the next day she noticed that the herb had stained her hands purple making it obvious that the herb was dyed.

It had thoroughly enraged her, and finding it hard to accept, she had frequently revisited this place with the herb in hopes of finding this despicable Lei Chen fellow.

While she hesitated, Su Ming’s anxious voice could be heard.

“This should be enough to prove it right, you better not go back on your words, here is three stone coins... .. never mind i’ll give

you five!” Su Ming took out two more stone coins, offering them to the lady.

“Five stone coins to trade for that herb!”

That lady blinked her eyes, inwardly thinking that those people could instantly tell that she was from the WuLong tribe, Lei Chen could have informed him prior. However, they even dared to bring WuShan Tribe’s patriarch into the picture...

“It should not be fake, this must be a real treasure!” The lady let out a delighted expression.

“So what, so what if I go back on my words, this is mine, if you want to trade for it, take out thirty stone coins!” While saying so, she noticed Su Ming’s expression grow gloomy, which only delighted her further. With a snort, she turned and hurriedly left.

The three brutes followed behind her as they disappeared into the bazaar.

After the four of them left, Lei Chen’s solemn expression was swept away as he smilingly looked at Su Ming. While rubbing his nose, he asked “Su Ming, how did you know she was from the WuLong tribe?”

“So you actually traded it for three stone coins, there should be one more right, hand it over!” Su Ming declared as he glanced at Lei Chen, while at the same time putting away the stone coins in

his hand.

“Come on, that... That stone coin was used to buy something while I was here... ... oh, I remembered that I still have some things I need to do, let’s leave it at this. Tonight let’s meet up back here and go back to the tribe together.” Lei Chen’s eyes twitching as he hurriedly spoke. Without waiting for Su Ming’s reply, he took a few quick steps quickly disappearing into the crowded bazaar.

Seeing Lei Chen’s swift escape, Su Ming shook his head. If not for the fact that he was too poor, he would not have revealed his blood qi like that. Grandpa’s Man-technique was truly powerful, unless Su Ming willed it, it really was impossible for others to discern his identity.

If he hadn’t done so, he would have had lost the two stone coins he obtained from Lei Chen to that lady and he would have even had to give up one of his own as well.

“Sigh, I guess I really have to use that method... ...” Su Ming scratched his head while heading into the bazaar troubled.

This bazaar was very lively, in every single thatched hut people were busily trading, even out on the snowy ground people laid out mats peddling their medicinal herbs and various goods.

It was the first time Su Ming came here and as such was fascinated by many things, while he was walking around this bazaar he came across many unfamiliar things. There were people

selling beast bones, strange medicinal herbs and even some refined potions were available here.

“They even have the Black Dragon Saliva, just a small bottle was already one stone coin!” Su Ming’s footsteps halted as he saw the Black Dragon Saliva being sold on a mat on the floor.

“Since young... ..just how much Black Dragon Saliva have I drank..... how much would that have cost!!” Even Xiao Hong drank quite an amount... ..”Su Ming lamented, just as he was about to leave, his attention was caught by a certain object on a mat not far away.

“This is.....” Su Ming took a deep breath and walked towards the hide laid on the floor. Taking a glance at the fifty or so years old owner sitting cross legged motionless on the floor in his baggy clothes.

Chapter 23 – And Now, It's Dead

Having sensed someone approach, this old person opened his eyes revealing a hint of surprise. After taking a few glances, he once more closed his eyes.

Su Ming stared at a blue object on the sheet of hide, this object seemed like a dish, with very sharp edges. Only, on it were numerous cracks, the deepest of which almost penetrated through the whole thickness.

Sitting there quietly on the piece of hide, it intermittently emitted a faint glow, giving of the illusion of it being alive to those who saw it.

Through that crack, Su Ming could faintly see some engravings of a hideous face on it which was rather frightening.

“This is a damaged Mán-tool, you can't afford it.” While Su Ming was inspecting it, he could hear a voice by his ears, looking up he noticed that the person speaking was actually the cross-legged old man.

“Mán-tool?” Su Ming took a deep breath, he was already guessing so from the start. He had read about them in books, Mán-tools were extremely precious objects, only awakened cultivators were able to own and refine them. For people of the blood condensation stage it was something extremely hard to obtain, even if they did, usually it would be something passed-down in the tribe and something they had to protect from being snatched away by the

powerful awakened cultivators.

“It has been damaged and can no longer be used, but even so, it is something refined by an awakened cultivator, I am selling it for one thousand stones.” The old man slowly declared.

Su Ming looked at the blue dish with envy and desire apparent in his eyes. But for him who had only five stone coins, this was something he just couldn't afford.

Inwardly sighing, Su Ming glanced at the blue dish once more before walking away unwillingly.

“I don't know when I will have my own Mán-tool...” Su Ming thought to himself as he walked down the bazaar. There were plenty of stalls set laid with leather mats, but walking around, he didn't see a Mán-tool on sale again.

He did find some Sieved Cloud Leaf though. They were sold by different people at a rather high price of one stone coin per leaf, equivalent to that of Black Dragon Saliva.

As the sky darkens, dusk approached. At the horizon, the setting sun bathed the land in its glow, but the crowd grew as the bazaar got busier.

Looking at the sky, Su Ming chose to remain at the bazaar, and stepped into a tentage made from plant materials. The items sold inside were expensive, but came with a warranty. There was a

steady stream of customers in and out.

Su Ming observed that some of the Mán-people did not only come to buy stuff, but like him, carried a wooden basket, and sold the the items within to the stall owner.

Witnessing this, a smile crept on Su Ming's face. He had been observing the whole afternoon, and even details he did not miss. Settling his mind, he had already learnt most of the rules of trade of the place.

As the skies darkened, torches began to be lit up in the square. Quietly Su Ming found a dark spot out of reach of those torches.

After checking his surroundings, Su Ming hurriedly put down the basket he was carrying and quickly covered himself with the hide originally covering the basket. Then further covering up himself with a few other pieces of animal hide he brought along, finally, he took out a piece of black leopard hide and shrouded himself with it.

At this point, Su Ming's appearance can no longer be recognised, his originally skinny physique was masked by a fat and bloated one, to others it would seem as if he was a completely different person.

With a little adjustment, he tightened the layers of hide on his body. Inside the basket was one last object, it was something that he had specially prepared for today, although it was really heavy to bring along, it had it's use.

Putting the basket back onto his back, Su Ming lowered his head and lowered his pose, giving off the impression that he was hunched over. Quickly, he walked towards a pre-selected thatched hut.

That thatched hut was the most dimly lit of all, and most of the people who entered that place had a similar appearance to Su Ming, all of them were significantly disguised to not be easily recognised.

Although this was the first time Su Ming had been to this bazaar, he had spent a good part of the day observing the practices here. Intentionally, he had avoided entering this thatched hut he selected, rather he frequently observed it from an obscure location.

In no time, the doors to the thatched hut opened, and a disguised person hurriedly walked out leaving this bazaar.

Su Ming had seen many of such people this afternoon and he had ascertained that no one would pursue anybody that left from there. As such he took the opportunity where there were no other guests to quickly walk towards the shop entrance, unhesitatingly he opened the doors and walked in.

The instant he entered he could feel the gaze of a topless middle-aged man who was sitting cross-legged by a crackling campfire in the tent.

One of this young man's eyes had been replaced with a gaping

hole but his other eye gave off an imposing feeling as he stared at Su Ming without uttering a word.

“This fire is pretty glaring.” Su Ming was fully disguised so he did not really worry about the other party recognising him, slowly he spoke with a hoarse voice, somewhat different from his normal one.

That young man looked at Su Ming for quite awhile before taking back his gaze, other than the fact that he could not feel even a trace of blood qi coming from Su Ming, he was not much different from the other guests who visited him here.

Although he could not feel any blood qi coming from him, for him to have come into this hut knowing the normal practices of people without a sense of unfamiliarity signified that he was definitely not someone simple.

Raising his right hand, he pressed it against the campfire, immediately dimming it and the brightness in the tent.

“Take it out, if it is something good, I will give you a good price for it.” This young man retracted his arm as he slowly spoke these words.

Su Ming’s face emerging from beneath the layers of hide, after taking a few glances at the man he suddenly laughed, the laugh which was also slightly hoarse echoed throughout the hut, resulting in the young man wrinkling his brow.

While he was frowning, Su Ming waved his right arm shooting out a circular object towards the young man which filled the tent with a herbal scent. When the young man caught the object, his eyes shone and he uncontrollably let out a gasp.

“That object, how much!” Spoke Su Ming’s hoarse voice slowly.

“What kind of medicine is it? Where did you get it from? What are its effects?” After staring at the object in his hands for awhile the young man raised his head to look at Su Ming, a strange curiosity flashing in his pupil.

“On my way to this bazaar, I saw this animal” Su Ming did not answer the question, only saying that. Afterwards he removed the basket from his back and with a clawing action, he removed a tied up raccoon and placed it on the floor.

The raccoon looked weary but its eyes were still filled with ferocity, unable to escape due to the bindings and injuries on its body.

The young man was startled, unsure of what the other person’s meaning was, his gaze resting on the seemingly normal looking raccoon, nothing really catching his attention.

“So I decided to catch it, you see, it is still alive... ..: Su Ming slowly speaking, his hoarse voice coupled with the dim lighting gave off a mysterious feeling.

“What are you trying to say?” That young man said while frowning.

“What I am saying is that it is still alive. You want to know why I caught it? It was because it was really just too curious, and had been following me for a long time... ..” Su Ming lifted his left hand, stroking that raccoon’s body, but the wounds of the raccoon in his hands did not heal, rather the raccoon started trembling!

Without crying out or screaming, in an instant the room was covered by a rain of blood, a blazing rain of blood. The young man could only stare blanking at the sight before him, the whole body of the raccoon had disappeared, leaving behind only a few red bones.

“And now, it’s dead.....”

The young man took in a deep breath, subconsciously he got up and took a few steps back, horror and shock apparent in his eyes. After being stunned for quite awhile, he once again looked at Su Ming only this time awe and fear apparent in his eyes.

“Rogue Mán-practitioner... ..”

“Yes?” Su Ming snorted.

That young man shuddered and wanted to explain, but seeing Su Ming wave his hand, he did not dare speak.

“Tell me, how much the medicine in your hands worth! That item’s effect is very simple, it can be used alongside with herbs you take for cultivation improving their effects by ten-percent! As for your other questions, you seem to be a little too curious.”

That young man’s complexion was pale, the scene just now gave him chills, without even sensing the other person’s blood qi, he had managed to turn the raccoon’s body into a rain of blood.

“This thing.....” The young man calmly thought for a while, staring at the round pill in his hands.

“Senior, this is something I have never seen before..... This... ..” This young man hesitated before speaking, if this was any of his other regular guests he would never speak like this, but after seeing the shocking sight today, he decided it would be better to not offend him.

“You can try it on the spot if you want, if it does not have effect I will leave, and if it does then we can talk about the price then.” Su Ming unhurriedly spoke, while casually sitting there.

That young man relieved, respectfully took out a small bell, slowly shaking it creating a ringing sound.

Su Ming took a quick glance at the bell, the right hand concealed in his robe still tightly clutching on to some of the powder from a blood scattering pill.

Chapter 24 – Her Name Is Bai Ling

Su Ming was actually very nervous, feeling the blood qi coming from this person, Su Ming could tell that the greatly surpassed Lei Chen and should be at somewhere about the fifth or sixth level of blood condensation.

This kind of people was someone, Su Ming would be unable to deal with. If the other person had any intentions, then Su Ming would have a hard time avoiding certain destruction. However, in order to obtain a large amount of Sieved Cloud Leaves, he needed a large amount of stone coins

He had no choice but to take this risk, after killing people in the jungle previously Su Ming's way of thinking had changed. The knowledge he had obtained from the books at Grandpa's place had been etched deeply into his mind.

He had decided that if he was unable to forcefully suppress the other person, then he would have to make the other person doubtful and not dare to make a rash decision.

That is why before he came he had already decided to disguise himself and bring along a small creature to at the right moment make a dramatic display.

As things progressed, you could see that it was pretty effective. However, Su Ming was still very nervous and did not slacken off at all.

In actual fact, the most tense person in the hut was not Su Ming but rather the other young man. He would still occasionally look at where the creature died, looking at the small set of bone remains made his heartbeat race, not excitedly but rather out of fear.

From his viewpoint, this person clad in hide was filled with a mysterious feeling he could not even begin to fathom. This feeling along with the display from before caused him to be far more tense than the Su Ming before him.

“This person speaks very calmly and seems very seasoned but is extremely ruthless, he should be one of those hidden rogue man-practitioners from the nearby forest.....But, somehow from the way he speaks, it seems that he is still pretty reasonable..... however, this drug of his just not have that much of an effect.” This young man pondered in his mind as footsteps came from outside of the tent before the doors opened and another person came in.

This person's expression was dull and did not speak after entering, rather he stood at the side waiting for the young man's orders.

The moment the person had entered, Su Ming took a glance at him, his blood qi was weak seeming only somewhere about Su Ming's level of second blood condensation stage.

“Eat this, and this!” The one-eyed man did not hesitate, handing over the pill and some herbs to the other person.

That man took over them indifferently and immediately ate it before sitting down to cultivate. After circulating his blood qi, his expression changed, after a while he opened his eyes looking at the one-eyed man confused.

“There was not much effect... .. only the seems a little more effective than usual... .. perhaps about ten percent or so.”

After hearing that one-eyed man heard that, his pupil contracted, he knew the meaning behind increasing the efficacy of other herbs. Perhaps the effect is not so obvious on ordinary herbs, but if it is used on the herbs used by eighth or ninth level blood condensation, the value of it would be immeasurable.

“If a normal herb is worth ten stones, then this pill is also only worth about one stone, however if the herb was worth a hundred stones or even a thousand stones, then a tenth of that would be... ..” The more he thought the more excited he got, only he was unsure of the extent of the pills effect on higher quality herbs.

“It’s a pity I don’t have many stone coins in my possession at the moment... ..” softly sighing, he suppressed his own excitement and sent other person out. Respectfully standing in front of Su Ming he smiled.

“Senior’s medicine is indeed wonderful, how about this, junior offers thirty stone coins for each pill, how is that?” This one-eyed young man did not dare offend Su Ming, thinking that he was an rogue Man-practitioner, and someone capable of taking out a pill like this one, he definitely was not a simple person.

This kind of price was already sufficient to move Su Ming's heart, however his voice instead was suddenly even colder than before.

"This... .. senior, thirty stones is already my limit, and that is with me assuming that the effect of the pill does not diminish with higher tiered herbs." The one-eyed man hurriedly explained, but before he finished speaking, he was interrupted by Su Ming.

"This pill's effect will work regardless of what kind of herb you consume, it will for sure boost its effect by ten percent. If not for my need to trade for a Man-tool, I would never sell this."

The one-eyed man hesitated for a while before biting his teeth and asking: "How many does senior poses?"

"After including the one you ruined, I still have one left." While saying so, Su Ming retrieved another small vial containing a single enlightenment pill from his garment.

After hearing that, this young man's eyes grew dim, and his heart ached, as he was hesitating, he saw Su Ming putting away that small vial while lifting the remained of the small creature in his hands. Reminded of the pill he wasted in his experiments, he quickly said.

"Senior, senior, this fifty stones!! That is really all I can offer for this!!"

Unwilling to stay much longer, Su Ming's eyes flashed as he said: "Fine, in addition to the other pill, that is a total of 100 stones!"

The one-eyed man hesitated slightly before withdrawing a small cloth pouch, respectfully he handed it over to Su Ming, inside was two white stone coins.

The stone coins value was divided according to colour, grey was one, black was ten, white was fifty and if it was purple it would be worth a hundred.

"Give it to me in black stone coins!" Su Ming quickly said after taking a glance.

That one eyed man was stunned for a moment but did not ask further, taking out ten black stone coins, he handed them to Su Ming once more.

Once he obtained the small pouch, Su Ming handed the small vial to the other person. Picking up his basket, he left without giving this one-eyed man another look. After leaving the place, he did not act rashly, rather he walked around the bazaar a few more rounds. Although the moon was high and torches were abound, the amount of people in the bazaar did not diminish much, however, everyone shopping at this time shared Su Ming's appearance.

After walking about and confirming that there was no one taking note of him, he quickly headed to a few pre-selected shops in the morning to purchase some Sieved Cloud Leaf eventually purchasing over sixty stems of them. Afterwards, he found another

remote corner in the bazaar to remove his disguise before heading back to where he agreed to meetup Lei Chen. Only to see Lei Chen sighing there, quietly he walked to Lei Chen's side.

Although startled, Lei Chen quietly followed. One in front of another, they quickly disappeared into the darkness of the forest. Sprinting all the way, Su Ming changed directions many times without stopping. Only stopping on the second day pale-faced and traumatised when the sun was already shining brightly.

Lei Chen heavily panting, although he did not understand what was going on, he did not ask. Only becoming extremely excited when he had received five stone coins from Su Ming.

After a short break, Su Ming once again got up and continued running forth alongside Lei Chen towards the tribe. This time they did not stop and rushed full-speed ahead even faster than before. Although his cultivation was lower than Lei Chen, in terms of speed Lei Chen had a hard time keeping up.

“The harvest from this trip was pretty good... .. initially if I could not sell the pill, I was planning to but just five stalks of Sieved Cloud Leaf to test things out. Never did I expect things to go so well.” Su Ming thought to himself as he advanced.

“Although that one-eyed man should have been frightened by me, I cannot let my guard down and need to hurry back to the tribe.” Thought Su Ming cautiously, even today when they are already far away from the bazaar, he constantly changed directions, using his experience in forests to remove any trace of their travels.

About noon when the distant sun shone at its apex, Su Ming and Lei Chen could already see their tribe in the distance, only after arriving can Su Ming calm down and let out a satisfied smile.

“We are finally back, Su Ming, you still hadn’t told me how you knew Bai Ling was from the WuLong tribe?” Making use of the opportunity when Su Ming slowed down, he asked the question that had been confusing him all along while panting.

“Bai Ling?” The image of that tall and pretty lady appeared in Su Ming’s mind, especially when that lady’s eyes flashed while she wrinkled her nose, she exuded a wild beauty.

“I did not know she was from the WuLong tribe.” Su Ming mouth revealing a grin, that lady known as Bai Ling was the prettiest person he had seen in his life.

“That impossible, if you didn’t know, how did you manage to say it out instantly.” Lei Chen had been thinking about this matter for a long time and just could not figure out an answer, seeing Su Ming seeming unwilling to speak, he could not help but feel anxious.

Su Ming looked Lei Chen in the eye, laughing he asked.

“Lei Chen, don’t tell me you have fallen for her?”

“Rubbish!” Lei Chen shook his head, while mumbling.

“She is too skinny, I don’t like that, I prefer them a little meatier... ..” Lei Chen scratched his head, from young he had liked those stronger tribeswomen, even to this day it’s the same.

Su Ming and Lei Chen joked as they headed towards the tribe, that shapeless sense of camaraderie and joy began to spread like the chill winds this cold winter.

“The three people behind Bai Ling had WuLong totems on them, in the nearby area, the only people who like to tattoo themselves with the WuLong totem would only be the WuLong tribe people.” Su Ming smilingly explained as they neared the tribe.

After hearing that explanation Lei Chen bitterly smiled, he had never thought it was something so simple.

The journey was safe all the way back to the tribe, but only after returning back to his home did Su Ming take out the Sieved Cloud Leaves he bought with a satisfied expression.

“Mountain Spirit Pill, I wonder what effect it would have after I refine it! Grandpa wanted me to not go out... .. going and coming quickly should not have taken too much time.” Su Ming made up his mind as he pondered.

Meanwhile, at the WuShan Bazaar, a huge uproar was currently occurring!

And the reason behind it is precisely a certain round pill!

After Su Ming left his tent, that one-eyed man had deliberated for a long time and not accepted any guests. Gritting his teeth, he hesitated before bringing that small vial with the pill inside to the large purple tent belonging to the owner of the bazaar.

Chapter 25 – Blood Moon’s First Ascent

After waiting outside for a long time, he was then told he could enter the tent. With a deference expression, he went in. It was an hour later when he respectfully left, wearing an ecstatic look on his face.

Within the purple tent sat two people, both elderly with a head full of white hair, but their eyes alert. In front of them was a seemingly ordinary empty vial.

The elder wearing a white robe had a medicinal pill between his fingers. Observing it carefully, his eyes shone, but also revealed suspicion and hesitation.

Pondering for a moment, he gave the medicinal stone a sniff before his nose. His eyes gradually narrowed, but after a long while, opened suddenly.

Just like he said, it has that unbelievable property! I have been at FengZhen all these years, yet I never came across a medicine like this. From the looks of it, it should not be some ancient medicine and there is no trace of wear on it, probably it is made not too long ago! Just what is this.....

“Too bad quite some time had passed, and that rouge-Mán practitioner does not seem like one to be messed with. Otherwise, I could find out where this came from.” The other elder spoke slowly.

“Do not act recklessly. Someone who could offer such a treasure is most likely a high level blood condensation cultivator, perhaps even a pseudo-awakened rouge-Mán practitioner. Brother Zhou, I will bring this medicine back to the tribe, perhaps our Mán-patriarch of FengZhen Tribe will be able to identify it.” As the white-robed elder spoke, he placed the pill into the vial with care. With a wave of his right hand, the vial disappeared.

“Yes, you should.” The other elder nodded.

“This object is just too precious, I will take my leave first. I will let you know of any results.” The white-robed elder rose, and bowed to Zhou, hurriedly walking out of the purple tent. With a stomp, his body suddenly blurred, and became a white mist that shot to the skies, quickly vanishing.

As the sky became lit, at a wide grass plain some distance off from the bazaar, was a vast settlement. The size of the tribe was akin to a city, surrounded by six other tribes similar to WuShan. At the center of which, was a huge city of mud!

The greatness of the city was like a mighty beast on the land. Just normal tribesmen numbered in the thousands, it was not something WuShan Tribe can compare to.

As for the six tribes outside the city of mud, some were vassals that were previously conquered by FengZhen Tribe. Others were those who joined FengZhen seeking protection.

FengZhen Tribe was a medium sized tribe, and even a weaker one

among its counterparts. However, the Mán tribes around WuShan were geographically isolated, as such FengZheng could become the overlord of the region, ruling its surrounding and receiving tributes from numerous smaller tribes. It was also the only tribe that could communicate to bigger tribes.

At this moment, as the sun began to peek above the horizon, a white mist arrived at great speed, and condensed outside the mud city, turning into the white-robed elder.

The elder wore a serious look. When he enter the city of mud, tribesmen who saw him all bowed respectfully.

At the center of the mud city was an entirely pitch-black altar in the shape of a pentagon, standing for 3 meters in height. It was etched with engravings of birds and beasts, giving of a primitive sense.

As the white-robed elder stood respectfully before the altar, a gentle voice sounded from it after a moment.

“What’s the matter, Shi Hai?”

“Reporting to Ma-patriarch, at Zhou Ran’s bazaar, Shi Hai discovered a previously unseen medicine, with an unbelievable effect.” The white-robed elder drew a deep breath and spoke lowly.

“Oh? Let me take a look.” The gentle voice upon the altar spoke casually.

The white-robed elder raised his right hand. With a flash in his palm, a small vial appeared. As though led by a mysterious force, it floated slowly towards the altar.

It was all silent, except for the howling wind that swept the the robe of the elder. However, he did not flinch, but stood waiting without a word.

A moment later, the gentle voice came again, except this time, a carried a tinge of surprise!

“Just this one pill?”

“This is the only one.” the white-robed elder responded immediately.

“I have never seen such a medicine... The composition I just cannot understand... Furthermore, it is obvious that it was made recently. Who is the person who exchanged this? The gentle voice sounded a bit heavy.

“It was a rogue Mán-Practitioner.” The elder replied in a soft voice.

“Find him, with every means possible, find him! Tell him to join our FengZhen Tribe, I will give him the status of an honorary guest!” The gentle voice rose in volume.

The white-robed elder drew a deep breath and agreed respectively. Although he could tell the medicine was out of the ordinary, he hadn't expect the Mán-patriarch to offer that person the status of a honorary guest. This superiority of this position was equivalent to the heads of various trades, just below that of the patriarchs.

With the white-robed elder's dismissal, the entire tribe began executing this order, as though spreading out a huge net to look for that supposed rouge-Mán-Practitioner!

Presently, Su Ming was in his home back at WuShan Tribe, having made up his mind. The next day morning, he left the tribe alone. Entering the jungle, he hurried in the direction of Black Flame Peak.

Within the jungle, Su Ming sped down the familiar path. After attaining the second layer of blood condensation, his agility and speed improved significantly, even Lei Chen had to use full strength to keep up with him.

With every leap, he ascended Black Flame Peak. When he reached his refining cave, Su Ming put down his wooden basket, within which was a variety of herbs. He had prepared these for this round of refining.

Xiao Hong wasn't within the cave, probably out somewhere playing. Sweeping his gaze around the cave to ascertain that nothing was amiss, he then sat cross-legged and began to circulate his blood. The ten blood veins gleamed on his body, bringing his body to peak condition.

Su Ming could feel that his was on the verge of breaking through, as though the eleventh blood vein was about to coalesce.

“When grandpa helped me with the true Mán-awakening, he did say I could soon reach the third layer... It hasn’t been long since then, and I can already feel excess blood qi... The ancient Mán-technique is indeed mysterious.” A flash shone in Su Ming’s eyes as he opened them as he recalled the scene when his body excreted the black substance.

“I might as well put aside the refining for now, and focus on breaking through the second layer!” Su Ming spoke softly. He retrieved an object, that was the Heaven Stone Grass. Giving it a look, Su Ming first swallowed an Enlightening Pill, followed by a leaf of the Heaven Stone Grass.

Shutting his eyes, he once again cultivated. Some time later, Su Ming was drenched in sweat. A blood-red light filled with cave as the eleventh blood vein coalesces.

After several hours, Su Ming’s body emitted a humming noise. The eleventh blood vein was condensed at last, and a surge of stronger blood qi erupted from Su Ming’s body.

Su Ming opened his eyes, which glowed.

“The third layer of blood condensation!” He muttered while standing, excitement written across his face. Moving his body, he then took the herbs and began the refinement of the Mountain

Spirit Pill according to his memory.

This time, Su Ming wasn't ignorant like he was months back. He was very familiar with the refinement process, and was skilled in using the flames of the place. As the temperature rose, Su Ming took off his leather top. With his upper body bare, standing beside the cauldron, he occasionally gave herbs a sniff, other times grinding them with his hands before tossing them into the cauldron.

Time passed unknowingly, and the sky outside darkened. Gradually, the jungle became quiet, and even the chirping of birds were so soft that it was barely audible.

As the sky dimmed, the moon rose high into the heavens. However, the night's moon was vastly different from usual times. The colour was much redder, as if a blood moon hung in the sky.

This strange phenomenon had a mysterious effect on the land, especially in the region of WuShan. The calling of birds seemed to cease, even the the soft occasional ones,, as though they dare not to make a noise.

In the jungle underneath Black Flame Peak, a red silhouette moved. That was Xiao Hong. Its expression was grim, its eyes alert. Looking at the red moon, a flash of panic flashed in his face.

As he hurried forward, he hesitated for a moment. Not knowing whether Su Ming had returned, he immediately set off in another direction, not towards Black Flame Peak, but disappeared in the

jungle, hiding.

As the night grew, the colour of the moon became even more pronounced. Eventually, the entire WuShan was soaked in red.

It was at this moment when faint howl sounded within WuShan. As time passed, the howling got louder, until it had spread all over WuShan.

The howling voice seemed to be filled with relentless vengeance, capable of shaking a person down to his core, as though their soul was affected. Extended periods of hearing could even make one's blood boil as if burning, instilling a deep sense of fear in people.

The howls resounded across the lands, seemingly in resonance with the blood moon's ascent, enveloping WuShan in a mysterious atmosphere.

This night, the three tribes in the vicinity of WuShan were all in a state of alert. In WuShan Tribe, ordinary tribesmen came under the protection of Mán-cultivators, and retreated to their homes early, not stepping out lightly. Under the direction of the patriarch, the Mán-cultivators guarded the tribe.

Grandpa stood at the high point in the tribe, a giant platform constructed from wood. Wielding the black bone staff in his hand, a trace of worried flashed in his eyes as he gazed into the distance.

He was aware of Su Ming's departure, but little did he expect that

the thrice a year blood moon would take place tonight. Apparently, this blood moon was brought forward by several months. This strange occurrence filled him with suspicion.

“Fire!” Grandpa spoke after a long while. Immediately, tribesmen that were gathered underneath the platform brought torches and set the platform ablaze. Amidst the burning platform, Grandpa seemed to be in a sea of fire, but his expression was calm as he muttered a strange incantation.

It wasn't only the WuShan Tribe that was in this situation. In another direction, the same scene could be seen in WuLong Tribe. The WuLong Tribe Mán-patriarch wore a huge robe, and his mess of a hair concealed his identity. In his hand was the skull of some strange horned-beast. Raising it above his head, a piercing noise emitted from it.

Some distance away, within WuLong Tribe, a beautiful young lady stood among the crowd. Her face was pale as she raised her head, her sights on the blood moon.

Chapter 26 – The Legend Of The Fire-mán!

That lady was Bai Ling. Shaken to her core, she watched the tribe's Mán-patriarch conduct the ritual. The faces of surrounding tribesmen were as pale as her, wearing a look of horror.

“The blood moon once every three years... It should occur only after all the snow of WuShan melts... By then, there will be sufficient wild beasts for the sacrifice, and we can avoid disaster... But now, it's been brought forward by so much... This...” Bai Ling bit her lips. As she looked at her surroundings, she felt even more frightened.

The present Su Ming was within the volcanic cave, focused on refining medicine. He was soaked in sweat, he narrowed eyes fixated on the stone cauldron, observing and adjusting the intensity of the flames.

Not long after, a humming sound was heard in the cauldron. Smiling bitterly, Su Ming wiped his sweat. He knew he failed yet again.

“This Mountain Spirit Pill sure is much harder to make than the Enlightening Pill...” Su Ming shook his head. Opening the cauldron, a green smoke wafted out, carrying a spicy sensation.

With a sigh, just when he was about to continue, he suddenly felt his blood qi begin to roil out of control. While furrowing his brows he checked at his surroundings, but was nothing unusual.

“Strange...” Su Ming shook his head. Pausing for a moment to think before resuming his refinement.

Presently, on another part of the of WuShan, the scene within the HeiShan Tribe was totally differed from that in WuShan Tribe and WuLong Tribe. In the HeiShan Tribe, although a large crowd was gathered as well, their sights were set upon the sky, and the terrified look on their faces revealed a hint of bloodlust.

Howling sounds sounded from their mouths, not only Mán-cultivators, but also their ordinary tribesmen. The howlings slowly converged, becoming a resounding chorus.

At the center of the crowd, was a small hill made of numerous red rocks. Above it, a gaunt old man in black robes stood. His gaze was sinister, and staring at the blood mean, a cruel smile crept on his face.

“In primordial times, there exists the tribe of Fire-Mán in this vast land. This tribe had astonishing powers, controlling the flames of heaven and earth. In their anger, they can scorch the world and turn the tides! They were renowned, and even they do no longer exist in this age, they are still feared. They were one of the eight great Mán Tribes of their time!” The gaunt elder spoke with a hoarse as though to himself, yet seemed to be declaring this to the world.

“However, the tribe sought to obtain the instruments of heaven, and was punished by the Mán-God. After nine days, nine hours and nine breaths, the entire tribe of the Fire-Mán, save its Man-cultivators, had their bodies burned, their souls scattered.

However, the Fire-Mán was strong. Even after the crisis, its Mán-cultivators survived, and betrayed the Mán-God to replace him. When the Man God sought to punish them by annihilating their entire tribe with a divine ability, the Fire-Mán-patriarch challenged the Man God!

The battle shook the heavens, and even though the Fire-Mán-patriarch died, before his death he casted a spell even the Mán-God feared, to grant the surviving Fire-Mán-cultivators immortality!" The gaunt elder had a crazed look in his eyes, raising his right arm, black qi immediately encircled his five fingers, and took the shape of malicious ghost.

"Unfortunately, he made a mistake. Even though he gave immortality to the Fire-Mán, the Mán-God utilised the technique of Ten Thousand Ancient Creations to rob the bodies of the Fire-Mán, who then became the Nightwings of the Moon!

Thus they were cursed to avoid the day forever, and lost their sanity, becoming Nightwings that only lusted for blood! Their vengeance and hatred, their anger and sadness took form, and once every three years dyed the moon red. Under the blood moon, they regain their freedom!

Today, I Bi Tu, Mán-patriarch of the HeiShan Tribe, will aid you!" The gaunt elder laughed darkly. Biting his tongue, he spat a mouthful of blood. Suddenly, the pile of countless blood red stone exploded under his feet, and flew into the air.

The HeiShan Mán-patriarch Bi Tu floated in midair. Extending his arms, his expression was one of craze and excitement.

The countless red stones rotated rapidly in mid-air, forming a gigantic totem that was round in shape. In its middle was a crescent, which was entirely red.

“Nightwings, awaken! Bring forth the end of your slumber, come out!” Bi Tu spat another mouthful of blood which turned into a fine mist, melding into the gigantic image. A booming noise sounded and suddenly, the whole formation exploded, becoming a red mist that expanded into its surroundings.

At this instant, the entire WuShan region shook. The quaking was visible as the lands and mountains swayed. Within WuShan Tribe, a commotion ensued. The same occurred in WuLong Tribe.

Su Ming who was presently in the cave on Black Flame Peak clearly felt the entire mountain shudder. Blood drained from his face, and he could faintly hear a howling sound coming from the depths of the cave. Shocked, he immediately abandoned the refining process and retreated out of the cave. He almost let out a yell of surprise when he saw the blood moon in the sky.

“Blood Moon!” Su Ming’s face immediately paled.

At the same time, a thick stench of blood emanated from Black

Flame Peak. Su Ming did not hesitate. He understood the meaning of the blood moon's appearance, he had even tried to previously calculate its occurrence.

Little did he expect, that the blood moon was brought forward!

He hurriedly turned back, diving back into the hole he came from. He knew that if he remained outside there was nowhere he could hide, and there was definitely no chance he would make it back to the tribe in time. Inside, he panickedly took out the bone axe and ran towards a corner of the cave slashing at the wall. The howling from inside the cave became louder and louder along with the other strange faint sounds coming with it.

Su Ming was rather familiar with this place, he managed to dig a hole with the sharp bone axe quickly. Hiding inside there, he used the stones he dug up to cover up the entrance ignoring the warm stuffy feeling in the hole.

As he dug out this hole, a red blur cloud rushed into the cave from outside filling it up. The sound of hissing clearly heard by Su Ming.

Outside, under the crimson glow of the blood moon, the five peaks of the Black Mountain each seemed like an erupting volcano, with a huge roar, large amounts of rest mist erupted forth.

This fog originally resided within the five Black Mountain peaks, while spewing forth it had covered the skies in an instant. The fog at the peak of the Black Dragon Mountain had burst forth from

every single crack in the mountain, of which many were located at where Su Ming used to obtain the Black Dragon Saliva. If Su Ming could carefully observe, he would notice that over the years of being chased by the Black Dragons, the places where they refused to chase into were precisely the places where the most amount of the red mist burst forth.

The current state of the other peaks were the same, especially the Black Flame mountain which had even more shocking amounts of red mist erupting from it. Whats more, inside this fog came a strange hissing noise along with the sounds of huge flapping wings, together they became the sounds of death everyone feared!

A red shadow came out along with the red mist spewing out, slowly covering the skies these red shapes each had a pair of wings and crimson red eyes. Although only about the size of a palm, they had human faces and six limbs, each revealing the look of a crazed, bloodthirsty-looking beast.

They were the Nightwings!

Densely packed, their overwhelming numbers blotted out the skies. They had numbered no less than ten thousand as they covered the earth, following the sharp cry, they had rushed towards the HeiShan Tribe, WuShan Tribe, WuLong tribe and all the other existences within the wilderness.

They had no consciousness, filled only with resentment and extreme bloodthirst, they only knew how to brutally kill and devour fresh blood. Especially the blood of the Mán-cultivators which only further stimulated their insanity, such that they would

ignore the wild beasts and directly rush towards the Mán-tribes. Within the WuShan tribe, the terrified scream of the tribesman could be heard echoing, the pale-faced Chen Xin could do no more than clutch tightly onto Bei Ling who was similarly pale.

Lei Chen who was in the distance, went to look for Su Ming immediately, only to find him missing from the tribe. Although he was worried for Su Ming, his fear of the terror in the sky eclipsed his worry.

The normal tribesman were routed by the Mán-practitioners inside the tribe, eventually everyone in the tribe was gathered, resting their gaze on the burning platform, together they lifted their heads gazing at the figure in the sky.

Grandpa's face was deathly pale, only under the bath of crimson light the others could not tell. In the distance he could see the red mist approaching alongside the faint roar of madness.

“How could this be... .. not only has it been brought forward, the numbers have also increased so much..... in the previous years there had only been several thousands of them... ..” Letting out a breath, he shouted without hesitation.

“The normal tribesman are to hide immediately, the Mán-practitioners listen up, take out all the animals we have in storage, slash them up and await my further instructions!” Grandpa's body trembling slightly, lowering his head, he took one more look at his tribesman once more before closing his eyes.

The same scene also happened in the WuLong Tribe, Bai Ling could see all the tribesman around fearfully listening to Grandpa's orders, the fear in her eyes gradually deepening as well.

She could never forget the day nine years ago, when she was still a little girl, she with her own eyes saw her friend seized by the NightWings. The cries of anguish of her friend had been deeply engraved into her memories, after being dragged into the Black Mountain all that awaited him was a slow painful death.

The blood moon looming in the sky behind the blood-red mist, however inside the mist were the red shadows zipping about, gradually approaching. The large numbers of Nightwings have divided into three main groups each heading to one of the three tribes.

In the WuShan tribe, Grandpa stared at the skies, when the NightWings arrived, he waved the bone he held in his right hand and the flames beneath him suddenly erupted, covering the whole tribe. However, this flame was strange, it had not burnt down a single thatched hut, rather, it seemed illusory as it enveloped the tribe.

“Throw the meat!!” Grandpa growled, immediately the Mán-practitioners in the tribe frightfully threw the fresh meats they had into the skies with all their strength one-by-one.

Chapter 27 – Empty Tears

Just as the WuShan Tribe Grandpa spoke those words, the blood-red mist had covered the entire sky here and huge numbers of NightWings surrounded the tribe. The hissing and the sounds of wings flapping seemed to have become the only sound left in this blood moon night.

One by one the bloodied captured animals were tossed by the tribesman into the sky, before they even started to descend they were snatched apart by the countless NightWings in the mist. As they cried out, their bodies were covered in NightWings, an innumerable number of sharp teeth bit into their body as the NightWings sucked out their blood and life.

All that remained were bags of skin and bones dropping onto the floor with a clang, at most twitching a few times before dying.

There were an innumerable number of NightWings in the sky, some of which ignored the beasts thrown up by the people and dived straight for the tribesman below, a cruel and bloodthirsty look flashed in their eyes as they targeted the Mán-practitioners in the tribe.

The sounds of screams, cries and roars melded together alongside the hissing of the NightWings, creating a gruesome melody which resonated throughout this strange night.

However the strange fire which surrounded the tribe was actually some sort of physical barrier, as the NightWings

approached it, they let out cries of pain. Although the thatched huts were unaffected by the flames, it was capable to fatally injuring these NightWings.

“Throw more!” Grandpa imposingly stared at the sky from within the sea of flames.

Immediately the tribesmen below, fearfully threw the animals they had captured throughout winter into the skies non-stop, sacrificing them to feed the NightWings in the skies.

As time passed, the animals they had captured throughout winter had become food for the NightWings and returned to them as bags of bones. The NightWings in a feeding frenzy, started to charge into the flame barrier in large numbers, thrusting into the flames hoping to be able to enjoy the blood of the Mán-practitioners they had lusted for.

Grandpa waved his right hand, the sea of flames instantly turning into a blazing whirlpool, attempting to use one man’s strength the fight against this sky of NightWings, at the same time arrows shot forth from the tribe, piercing through the blazing inferno towards the NightWings.

But to these strange lifeforms, these almost undying NightWings, injuries of that level were practically completely negligible. The cries of the NightWings along with their wingbeats, made the hearts of the WuShan Tribesmen tremble.

Whats more, not long after a few NightWings actually managed

to breakthrough the sea of flames, flying about the tribe causing a huge uproar.

This same scene was also playing out at the WuLong tribe.

Only in the HeiLong tribe things were different. Every single person within the tribe were prostrated on the ground, not daring to move. In the sky the HeiShan tribe's Mán-Patriarch Bi Tu, his arms outstretched with a frenzied expression as he uttered an incantation.

Around him were an innumerable number of NightWing's, many of which were on his body, their sharp teeth piercing into him sucking out his blood.

But that Bi Tu seemed to have lost all feeling of pain, without the slightest resistance, rather he seemed even more crazed as his complexion slowly turned pale while he loudly recited his incantation.

“Thou sacrifices the blood of thine, o’ Fire-Mán tribe of ten thousand years past, ye have obtained immortality, transforming into the NightWings, the Mán-blood you all devoured, shall in turn draw the blood of the fire-man, into the body of thine!!” Bi Tu shouted towards the skies, immediately a piercing black light burst forth from his body, as it spread, all the NightWings on his body immediately cried out as they shriveled up, the glow in their red glow eyes immediately fading, falling to the floor as they lost their lives.

However, even more NightWings manically rushed forth.

In this cycle of repetition, a large volume of Nightwing blood was absorbed by Bi Tu. His body became visibly bloated, and an immense blood qi can be felt emanating from his body.

Under the enticement of the blood qi, not only Nightwings above Black Mountain Tribe crazily flew over, but even those that were heading to WuShan Tribe and WuLong Tribe.

Not far from the Black Mountain Tribe was a figure adorned in a black robe. His appearance did not fit with the Black Mountain tribesmen who are currently prostrating. Just his black robe alone was unobtainable in the region's small tribe. Standing there, he watched the Black Mountain Mán-Patriarch who was in midair, and a sinister smile crept on his face.

“I taught you the method of using those moon stones to summon the Nightwings of the Fire-Mán, and told you the quickest way of attaining the awakening stage. Whether you succeed or not, depends on your fate...”

Compared to the violence outside, Su Ming was presently safer within the cave. Pushing aside the rock, he quickly leapt out. Numerous blisters could be seen all over him. His lips were dry, and his heart pounded.

“This...is a resting place of Nightwings!” Su Ming stared deadly into the depths of the cave. He had heard many legends about the Nightwings since young, and knew how terrifying the beast was.

Especially about it being undying which made Su Ming eyes shrink.

Pondering for a moment, he gradually crawled towards the cave entrance. As he approached it, he gave a quick look outside. Just this glance made he drew a deep breath. The entire sky was enshrouded in red mist, within which a howling sound made by countless Nightwings could be heard.

Su Ming hastily drew back his body, and slowly retreated in hesitation. Returning inside the cave, he began to debate.

“I don’t know how the tribe is doing.. I cannot step out now, it will immediately attract the attention of those Nightwings.” Su Ming’s brows furrowed. Anxiety filled his heart, his was extremely worried about the state of the tribe.

But he knew he was powerless to resolve it. With a flash in his eyes, staring into the depths of the cave, an idea came upon him.

“This time, the number of Nightwings if far more than usual. Looking at this, the cave’s interior should be empty...” Su Ming had a moment of hesitation, before he advanced forward, past his refinement spot, into the gut of the cave. His eyes showed resolution.

“Might as well go take a look at what exactly is in there, that the Nightwings choose it as their resting spot. I might even be able to find out their secret and tell it to Grandpa. It might be useful to him.” Su Ming’s body moved as he hurried into the cave’s

unexplored depths.

Strangely, while the cave was usually hot, and emitted waves of unbearable heat, as Su Ming advanced into its depths, he did not feel even a trace of heat, but rather a chill seemed to be coming from the depths.

As Su Ming got deeper inside, the three tribes at WuShan had broke into chaos.

In WuShan Tribe, there were over a hundred Nightwings that got past the sea of fire, targeting the tribesmen. The Mán-cultivators of the tribe were engaged in battle with them. Bei Ling's eyes flashed coldly, protecting Chen Xin who was behind him. A stream of cold air emanated from his right hand into the surroundings to form streaks of sharp snowflakes. Many wounds could be seen all over his body, and blood seeped from his mouth. Suddenly, his attention was caught as he looked afar. Without hesitation, he drew an arrow from his back and lodged it in his bow.

Aiming his bow, a killing intent exploded from Bei Ling. His left hand drew the bowstring. With a flash, the surrounding snowflakes were concentrated at the arrow tip. A shot was then fired at where he was aiming!

Some distance away, Lei Chen fought with bloodlust. Several Nightwings were on him, but he ignored them. Instead, as though insane, he grabbed one of the Nightwings on him, and gave it a bite.

“You dare to absorb your drink Lei’s blood, I will drink yours too!”

However, the moment he bit that Nightwing, he immediately sense several tens of them in sky flying towards him. Given his cultivation, he was unable to defend against so many of them.

At this critical moment, a cold streak of air pierced the sky. An arrow encircled by snowflakes exploded above Lei Chen, saving his life as the tens of Nightwings fell to the ground.

Stunned, Lei Chen turned around to see Bei Ling who kept him bow without expression. A trace of convolution flashed in his eyes.

With his blood qi roiling, wielding silver javelins in his hands, was the patriarch of WuShan Tribe. A resounding boom came with every throw. Shockwaves in the air forced the Nightwings to unwillingly disperse.

But even so, the Nightwings that descended upon them were overwhelming. Ordinary tribesmen screamed as they were about to be caught by those Nightwings.

It was then Grandpa made his move, with a wave of his bone staff, the entire tribe seemed to quake. A gigantic Mán-totem manifested in the air, its eyes cruel, seemingly alive. Especially the dragon in its arms, gave a roar at the heavens. Its surreal form began to sweep the surroundings.

As the night of the blood moon slowly passed, the battle within the tribe grew more intense. Towards the end, the Nightwings stopped absorbing blood, but begun to catch tribesmen to bring back to their nest.

When the first light began to appear over the horizon, in WuLong Tribe, a shrilling scream was heard. Among the numerous Nightwings was a white figure. Her beautiful features were pale, and she wore a look of despair. Along with several tribesmen, she was caught by the Nightwings which flew back towards WuShan.

Behind them, were their pursuers.

However, not long after, the pursuers gave up the chase, choosing to return to protect their tribe instead. Among them was an elderly lady, her gaze mournful.

Watching the white figure afar, tears flowed from her eyes.

The teardrops vanished in midair, none knowing where they went.

As the sky began to lit and the blood moon disappeared, a large number of Nightwings which had spread out in all directions began to fly back towards WuShan. Among them were those that had caught some tribesmen, including the lady cladded in white. They all flew towards Black Flame Peak, and tunneled into the numerous small holes

Chapter 28 – Ancient Tribe

From inside the hole Su Ming carefully advanced, walking further and further towards the depths all the while being extremely cautious. Advancing forward only after carefully inspecting the road ahead of him each time and as he walked, he tightly held onto the sharp bone axe with his blood qi circulating ready to at anytime burst forth with the power of his eleven blood veins.

Every so often Su Ming would look out for places where his body can hide in, such that he could take cover if danger arises or if NightWings rush at him he would have places to hide.

With regards to things that have yet to happen, Su Ming was very curious but, he knew it would be better to put aside his curiosity for now, especially since he knew that this place was very dangerous.

As he advanced the cool air coming from the cave got gradually clearer and as there were few forks in the road, Su Ming's advance too gradually got faster.

Surrounded by utter darkness, the walls surrounding him had many cracks of varying sizes which from the looks of were caused by the heat when it was formed, however he could also see some cracks which were clearly more recent because the colours within the walls were clearly different.

“Strange, these cracks were definitely formed recently..... just

kind of force did it take to make these new cracks appear in this wall... ..” Su Ming’s Eyes flashed, in his heart he already had a guess.

“Possibly after cooling down from extreme temperatures in an instant, an explosive force should be possible.....” Su Ming scratched his head, not thinking too much more about it, just nothing this in his heart.

After walking an unknown distance, he felt that time was passing very slowly, suddenly the advancing Su Ming stopped, the tunnel ahead obviously expanding, the deeper it went the wider it got.

“Could I be at the end!” Su Ming carefully inspected his surroundings, he slowly advanced as the tunnel in front of him got wider, eventually he reached the end. Taking a deep breath he took in the sight before him, losing himself in thought.

Ahead of him was a cavern large enough for a whole tribe, densely surrounding it were many smaller holes, with one look one can tell there were over ten of them, the passage he came out from was one of them.

Deep in thought Su Ming stepped forward his eyes flashed, taking a few looks at each hole before his eyes stopped at one hole where he stopped to smell.

When he reached that hole, without hesitating Su Ming walked into the hole he stared at, this small hole was the one which brought the faint scent of blood into the cave.

This means that this hole was the one the NightWings flew out from.

While rushing through, Su Ming occasionally stopped and cut out a piece of stone about the same size as those in the tunnels from the walls with the axe he is holding.

Although it was troublesome, he continued doing cutting out such rocks as he progressed and ended up cutting out many of them.

After cutting out each rock, he would align them to a specific angle at one side.

Gradually, Su Ming advanced faster and faster, he could also feel that the direction he was headed to was towards the base of the mountain as the slope got steeper. Su Ming rushed forwards in the tunnel, feeling like he had come a long way. Eventually, he could start to see a red glow

The red glow was like a flame, although it seemed unclear at first.

Seeing the glowing flame dance in the distance Su Ming's footsteps slowed, his heart pounding. He had the feeling that he should be near the end, but as he approached he felt as if the blood in his body was burning, but he was no stranger to this feeling.....

The walls surrounding him were covered by numerous scratches, some even looking like teeth marks which gave the place a strange atmosphere causing Su Ming to feel nervous. But even so his footsteps did not stop, he slowly got closer and closer to the place where the fiery glow originated from.

This was indeed the end of the tunnel, leading into another large cavern. Su Ming cautious as before, stood there while looking below him.

Seeing what was there, he stood there stunned as he unconsciously gasped and took a few steps back.

It was a huge basin where there were an innumerable number of spikes sticking out, those spikes were all grey and constantly gave off cool air which enveloped the whole basin making even this cavern cold.

If it was just this then Su Ming would not feel that shocked, however there was actually something more shocking than that there.

There was actually a tribe!!!

There were stone houses, fences and even stone lookout towers spread throughout the basin, Su Ming could even see cooking tools made of stone there.

In front of each house was a totem, each one burning with a

vibrant flame.

Each of those stone houses were very large and were extremely orderly built, in fact they even seemed more luxurious than those back at the Wushan tribe

Su Ming also saw a bumpy road that was paved with stone. Watching it for a moment, he could not guess what the road was for.

This was not just an ordinary tribe. It was not even the entire tribe.

Su Ming's gaze landed on some houses at the edge of the tribe. They seemed as though they were split into two by some mysterious power. Only half of it remained existing on the land.

As for the other half, it had just disappeared..

Besides the roads that were paved with rocks, the rest of the land was soil and dirt, and not that of the cavern rock.

Su Ming's breath hastened as he watched his surroundings. He can't help but recall Grandpa speaking about the legend of the Fire-Mán. Gradually, an image surfaced in his mind. It was a tribe of an immense size that dominated the land as far as the eye could see.

In that tribe, all houses were made of stone, and had a flame totem. That totem symbolised the name of the tribe!

However, a drastic change took place one day. An unknown power divided the tribe into many parts as the land collapsed. Even more mysterious was that the separated tribesmen, along with the ground they stood, mysteriously disappeared as if teleported by some unseen power.

Among them, a small portion of the tribe and land, were teleported into WuShan.

“So that was not just a legend...” Su Ming watched the incredulous scene in front of him, and muttered disbelievingly.

As he swept his gaze across the tribe, something caught his attention near the middle.

Over there in the distance, was a strange object!

It was a big tree, or rather, it looked like a big tree. Its entire body was red, as though radiating heat. The light that Su Ming had previously seen in the tunnel, was emitted by this tree.

The tree had a huge circumference whereby even if ten people with their arms outstretched they would not be able to reach around it, its roots were deeply entrenched on to this land, as though penetrating straight through the Black Flame Peak into the ground, its length immeasurable.

The tree had no branches, and its tip penetrated the cavern

rock. It seems as though what could be seen was only the branch.

“A tree that grew in Black Flame Peak...” Su Ming stared at that branch. On it were some red flowers not unfamiliar to him.

Looking at the red flowers, Su Ming was reminded of the mysterious swamp in the jungle.

In silence, Su Ming averted his gaze. While watching the tribe lost to time, a sense of sadness came over him. With a light sigh, he leapt and landed within the tribe. He was standing on what was long ago, one of the eight great Mán-tribes, the Fire-Mán tribe that dared fought the Mán-God.

“This means that the legend is true... The Nightwings are those that the Fire Mán-Patriarch bestowed immortality upon... But it is still too unbelievable. Such a technique, just what was his cultivation level... The beast skin scroll stated that after blood condensation was awakening, and after awakening was bone sacrifice stage. As for after the bone sacrifice stage, there isn't an description other than being called Mán-Masters.” Time passed as Su Ming observed the ancient tribe in silence.

The tribe was mostly empty, besides some houses and assorted objects. Su Ming did not see any corpse or bones. The solitary silence surrounding made his breathing uneasily.

Just as he pondered about the legends, he stepped onto the uneven stone road. Su Ming could feel the bumps on his sole, and lowered his head to look, unable to guess what the path was for. As

he walked, suddenly, he paused. Looking ahead, something caught his attention. At the edge of the tribe, near the cave wall, was a skeleton!

That skeleton was obscured by the houses earlier, thus Su Ming could not see it previously. From where he stood now however, it was obvious.

Su Ming's eyes narrowed when he saw the skeleton. It was the only one in the place. Hastening his steps, he came to the skeleton's side. Observing it carefully, he was shocked.

The skeleton was abnormal. Its upper frame looked shrunken, while its lower half was even more uncanny, seeming as though the bones had merged. They were unlike ordinary humans. Furthermore, on its back, a pair of wing bones seemed to be protruding. From its look, the skeleton does look somewhat like a Nightwing!

It was as though before this person died, he was experiencing his skeleton mutate, undergoing the painful transformation into a Nightwing. But from the skeleton's expression, there was no trace of pain, but a hint of mockery and pride instead!

Only, just who on earth was it mocking...

Its right finger was pointing at the cave wall, deeply embedded into it. Following his finger, Su Ming saw a clear line of words on the cave wall!

It had characters of the Mán-tribe!

The moment Su Ming's gaze landed on that line of words, suddenly, the sounds of wings flapping reverberated from the tunnel. Howling sounds could be heard, and faintly, the cries of despair!

The Nightwings are back!

Su Ming's expression quickly changed!

Chapter 29 – Sorrowful Call

The sound of flapping wings sped towards him, causing this quiet tribe ruin to rumble, Su Ming's eyes flashed but he remained unmoving.

The sounds of flapping wings and hissing reached his ears but Su Ming knew how long the tunnel was. Although the sounds had arrived, there was still some time before the NightWings would make it back.

Although it was not much time, it was all the time he had left.

Without hesitating, Su Ming attentively inspected the writing where the skeletal finger was pointing towards.

“Oh heavens, why do you weep alone!”

The starting of the line of those words were flamboyantly written, showing the arrogant and overbearing style of writing, with one look Su Ming could not help but feel his pupils contract.

The meaning of the phrase Su Ming vaguely understood, but just vaguely. The sorrow and solitude engendered by those words left a deep impression on Su Ming.

“Oh heavens, why do you weep alone...” As Su Ming muttered, he gaze followed the lines of Mán characters.

“Those who seek my Mán
Coming from all eight directions,
Merge your blood with the flames,
At will,
Incinerate the Heavens.

When the blood moon rises,
Covering the land and skies.....

This is the time to ponder

Kindle the blood flame

Nine is the Utmost

One is the pathway
Nine bows towards the Fire-Mán
Thus is the path of fire worship

Oh heavens, why do you suffer alone!” It was a row of words at the bottom, obviously carved by the same person. However, it was not a phrase of lamentation, hidden behind the words were complexity.

“Nine bows towards the Fire-Mán... Thus is the path of fire worship...” Su Ming’s brows furrowed. Those words were complex and difficult to understand. Reading it once again did not help him at all.

While he stood there thinking, the sounds of hissing and wings flapping coming from the tunnel got louder and louder. Su Ming’s eyes flashed, he knew that he cannot stay here any longer, nimbly he rushed towards the entrance of the cavern.

Very quickly he had arrived within the passage, as he stood there the roaring in the grew. With one last look at the ancient tribal grounds, he rushed back into the tunnel.

As he ran he took constant note of the sounds getting louder, after running about another hundred feet he stopped and started digging into a crack in the tunnel wall.

Although the crack was not that large, Su Ming was fairly skinny and managed to squeeze himself inside. Squatting inside the small

crevice he slowed his breathing and replaced some stones to use as cover. He looked out waiting silently as his heart pounded.

Breath by breath time passed, after about ten breaths Su Ming already got the goosebumps as he saw the red mist explode into the tunnel, the piercing hisses rumbling as the red streaks rushed passed him.

Those streaks were precisely the NightWings.

Observing these NightWings at such a distance made Su Ming's heart race but he managed to not move his body the slightest, his eyes narrowed not letting out any reflections.

The number of NightWings were just too many, constantly whistling past him in the tunnel as he squat in the small crevice no more than half a feet away.

Su Ming's right hand tightly gripping onto the axe till his knuckles turned white, at this point he could not even feel his heartbeat.

He stared at the NightWings rushing in, seeing their hideous faces, their flapping wings as they rushed passed him completely ignoring the crack. Even so Su Ming did not slacken his guard, rather he became more vigilant.

Suddenly, he could hear the desperate cries of people. Su Ming's eyes glanced past the crack as he saw several human shaped

shadows out in the mist and they were dragged into the ancient tribal grounds.

In total there were nine people.....

Amongst the nine, Su Ming were unable to identify all of them, but in one glance he managed to see a white dressed figure with a hopeless and hollow yet beautiful face.

“Its her!” Su Ming’s pupils shrank as he recognised her, that person in the white dress was the person they had previously encountered in the bazaar, the one who he and Lei Chan had encountered, Bai Ling!

Su Ming silently pondered.

As time slowly passed, the cries in the tunnel gradually faded and even the red mist was partially dispersed. The NightWings most likely returned to their nests to sleep as the blood moon in the sky disappeared.

A warm sensation filled the air quickly dispersing the originally chill air, even the walls in the fissure started to feel warm. Suddenly some crackling sounds rumbled in the tunnel as more cracks appeared in the walls of the cave.

“So these cracks really were formed like this... ..” Su Ming’s eyes flashed with understanding as he walked out of the crack he hid in. Standing in the passage, he could feel the heat waves coming from

the direction of the ancient tribal grounds as he started to immediately sweat.

Even the ground he was standing on was starting to rapidly heat up, standing on it he could feel his foot getting warmer. Su Ming could tell that if he were to stay here much longer the heat would reach a temperature he would not be able to survive in.

To leave or not to leave!

Su Ming's face flashed with some uncertainty, suddenly some miserable screams resonated in the tunnels making his heart waver.

“Screw it, we already deceived her in the bazaar and since I somehow managed to run into her, if i were to leave her, my heart cannot... ..” Su Ming was still a child with a pure heart after all. Taking a deep breath of this hot air, he ran back towards the source of the heat.

“If I can save you then I will! If i can't then... at least i won't have any regrets.” Su Ming ran forward decisively, clutching the axe in his hand tightly. As he approached the end of the tunnel he could feel the heat rise steeply.

Fortunately, this distance was fairly short. Not too long after, Su Ming managed to reach the end of this path, ignoring the heat from the rocks, he leaned on the edge of the tunnel as he peeked into the cavern.

With this once glance, his eyes started shimmering.

In the ancient tribal grounds in the cavern, attached to the large spikes were seven people struggling to get free on the brink of death.

These seven people were pierced by seven different spikes on their backs as blood flowed out of their wounds. However they were still alive, constantly screaming miserably as they felt their life drain away.

Those seven people without exception were all male, as Su Ming inspected them, he breathed a sigh of relief as he did not recognise any of them, meaning they were at least all not from the WuShan tribe.

But he could clearly see that their flesh and the spikes were slowly melting. As they melted a red lava could be seen to fill up the tribal grounds like an overflowing lake.

As he witnessed this, he let out a gasp, finally understanding what those spikes were for.

“This is a really strange place, perhaps the NightWings’ hibernation cycle and these spikes have something to do with each other!” Su Ming slowly made the judgement that these spikes would probably eventually start to form from magma for some unknown reason, after one night of the NightWings’ appearance they would then melt back into lava.

“Seeing the number of spikes here, probably after they completely melt they should fill the whole basin back up with lava and cover up all traces of this ancient tribal ground.....”As Su Ming looked further up, he saw that in the center of the tribe was a red cut out hole in the trunk of a large tree.

This tree trunk seemed to be thawing in this strange basin with strange things moving around inside it. Only upon closer inspection did Su Ming realise that those small red marks were actually those NightWings.

The only difference was that those NightWings inside the tree when exposed, their faces were no longer savage, rather they had a painful, desolate and sad expression.

They did not continue to hiss, rather they looked like they were silently weeping, there were also many NightWings making strange actions like constantly biting their paws and then wiping their eyes, but on their fingers they bite apart there was not a hint of blood.

“Those NightWings, actually drilled themselves into the tree trunk! What are... that are they actually doing.....” Su Ming stared at the tree trunk, feeling the heat become more and more intense, he is no longer able to lie on the floor.

“Since I can’t find her.....forget it.....” Su Ming shook his head, he already did what he can so he should start heading back out. But, as he was adjusting his body, he suddenly paused.

His gaze stopped, looking at the red tree trunk, two faced emerged from within the tree, one of which he did not recognise, the other was Bai Ling.

Bai Ling's eyes were wide open while her gaze was empty, poignant and without a shred of life in them, as if having given up all hope of living.

Su Ming looked at that that face, and then looked at the magma slowly accumulating, the lazy from those melting spikes have already covered up almost half the houses in the tribe.

As he looked, he could only see the roofs of those stone houses in the tribe, most of which already started giving off a red hot glow.

“The NightWings’ appearance had something to do with the Blood Moon, should also have something to do with the heat here, they seem to fear the heat... ... That is why only after it turns cold they are able to fly out to find food.

After they returned, they all quickly rushed into the tree trunk without a single one of them remaining outside, this seems to align with my judgement.” Su Ming didn’t act rashly, rather he stood there first analysing what he knew.

“Should be possible to rescue them... ... only i need to wait a while more.....” Su Ming stared at the tree and also the rising lava level in the basin.

After some time, the heat had risen even more, Su Ming stood there sweating non-stop, his skins also showing signs of cracking. Suddenly his eyes flashed as he released his blood qi, the power of his eleven blood veins surging forth within his body as he dashed ahead.

With his extreme speed, he reached the roof of one of the houses in an instant. The moment he landed his feet started sizzling as white smoke emerged, without stopping Su Ming quickly lept once more landing on another house, after a few more leaps he neared the red tree trunk.

In the instant he arrived, he could see the face next to Bai Ling suddenly let out a shrill cry as she suddenly withered into bones.

Her body absorbed into the tree trunk and some strange force drained out her lifeforce in an instant.

Chapter 30 – Oh Heavens, Why Do You Weep Alone

The scene suddenly occurring in front of his eyes startled him, but his movements did not slow down the slightest, rather they got even faster. Given Su Ming's character, if he decided not to do something he wouldn't do it and if he decided to do something, it was also just as hard to change his mind.

In the instant he arrived, Bai Ling's empty expression suddenly perked up as she stared at Su Ming, tears uncontrollably falling out her eyes.

Immediately after he arrived, he unhesitatingly stabbed the axes in his hands straight into the trunk of this red tree. Stabbing halfway through the trunk a strange red fluid flowed out from the hole like blood, at the same time a muffled frenzied roach came from within the tree trunk.

That roar was so angry that it seemed to even startle the whole basin.

Su Ming's face paled, but his eyes determinedly flashed, after stabbing the axes into the tree, he fiercely used it to cut downwards. With a crack, a large tear appeared in the tree trunk from which cold air burst forth!

That tear was cut along the side of Bai Ling such that Su Ming was able to see Bai Ling's body through it. Without waiting, he reached in and fiercely pulled Bai Ling's arm.

From this one pull, Bai Ling's whole body fell out of the tree trunk.

Bai Ling was completely stunned as she stared at Su Ming, shedding more tears as Su Ming grabbed her, his appearance deeply engraved into her mind.

Pulling Bai Ling, Su Ming quickly jumped backwards, his heart beating furiously as he wanted to head back out. Only, at this instant the roaring voice became much more intense, reverberating throughout the whole basin. From the crack in the tree trunk, NightWings once more emerged, their sorrowful expression once more replaced with their crazed blood lust.

Su Ming's scalp tingled as he retreated, the number of NightWings were just too many, too densely packed. There was easily over thousands of them, what's more, within the tree there were many more of them.

However, as these NightWings rushed out Su Ming could clearly see them affected by the hot air and their expressions turned slightly fearful, there were even quite a few which just stiffly fell onto the roof cracking apart like a rock.

"The legends say that the undying Fire-Mán were transformed into the NightWings is actually true, they were originally unafraid of flames, but after becoming these strange creature they suddenly feared the fire.....

The way they look when they die, and their bodies are cold as ice... ..” Su Ming eyes focused as he ran towards the tunnel with his left hand holding onto Bai Ling.

“What are you dazing about!! Hurry up and run!!” Su Ming growled, seemingly jolting Bai Ling awake from her dream. She looked at Su Ming, just as she was about to speak.

“Run!!” Su Ming dashed ahead, straight towards the tunnel. By now the basin was almost completely filled with lava, there were barely any stone roofs left visible.

The pale-faced Bai Ling no longer hesitated as she ran forward, ignoring the pain in her feet focusing only on escaping from that place.

Su Ming leapt from roof to roof as he headed towards the tunnel, behind him were large numbers of snarling NightWings who did not seem to dare to pursue him, only after the voice in the tree trunk roared did a dozen of NightWings race towards him.

The blood qi in his body surged with the power of eleven blood veins, when the Nightwings reached him, he brandished the antlers in his hand as he raced towards the exit. All these happening in an instant, when they reached the tunnel many of the NightWings already fell to the lava.

Su Ming’s heart raced but his mind was calm, everything was going according to plan, if he had not waited awhile before acting, then things probably would not have progressed as smoothly and

many more NightWings would have probably appeared.

While dashing through the passage, he could smell the scent of charred flesh coming from his feet, not letting that stop him, he continued rushing forward.

Behind him from the basin echoed the roars of the NightWings who did not dare to pursue him, even among those who did, only several of them made it to the tunnel, hissing and rushing at Su Ming.

“The NightWings’ weakness is actually fire... .. That is why they hid in the tree trunk, the further i go in this tunnel the lower the temperature would become.....” The hissing and snarling behind Su Ming becoming clearer as he ran.

“We need to kill those NightWings, we cannot delay further!” seeing a rock that he had previously cut out Su Ming’s eyes flashed, immediately running a few steps towards the rock while wielding the axe in his hands, staring at the 4 snarling NightWings rushing towards him.

Su Ming’s face was pale, but his eyes were clear, just as the four NightWings were about to reach him, Su Ming kicked the large rock beside him.

This large rock he previously cut out was estimated to be about the size of the tunnel, accompanied by the power of his blood qi, he managed to send the rock flying and block off the tunnel behind him.

Su Ming intended to take this opportunity to trap three NightWings behind the boulder temporarily as he tries to kill the last NightWing with the axe in his hands.

However, the NightWings were too fast, Su Ming only managed to stall two of them with the rock as the other two rushed towards him.

Su Ming frowned as he turned around, even knew that although he could kill them, he would be injured, with better options ahead he continued running.

As he ran, the two NightWings behind him flew faster and faster. The distance between them now no more than ten feet, but ahead of Su Ming was another of the big rocks he prepared.

After learning from his previous try, as Su Ming passed the rock, he immediately kicked it and sent it flying backwards towards the tunnel blocking the path of the NightWings temporarily, resulting in only one of the NightWings managing to avoid it

While one was blocked, the other practically already reached Su Ming. Su Ming's eyes flashed coldly as he thrust the axe in his hands straight towards the NightWing.

The man and beast immediately started a fierce battle in this

tunnel. If Su Ming were not a Mán-practitioner he would have had no chance to resist the NightWing, however, since he had eleven blood veins and he had an extremely sharp and sturdy axe in his hands, he held complete advantage in the exchange with the NightWing.

With a whooshing sound, the axe in Su Ming's hand pierced straight into the NightWing creating a gaping hole in its body as it fell to the ground. However, the wound was quickly healing, this NightWing temporarily became more sluggish but was nowhere near death.

Su Ming's eyes flashed as he stabbed several more holes into the NightWing making sure it was temporarily incapacitated before quickly running ahead again. Along the tunnel, each time he ran into one of his large rocks, he would give them a kick and use them to block off the tunnel further.

Although doing so slowed him down, but Su Ming's strength had always been his speed, very quickly he managed to exit the tunnel back into the cavern filled with many different tunnels.

"I... ..I am over here!" Just as he had arrived, Su Ming heard the weak voice of Bai Ling call out.

He saw the pale-faced and extremely frightened Bai Ling trembling as she hid by the entrance of another tunnel. Bai Ling had managed to make it here before him, only she did not know where the exit was so she did not dare proceed further in case she accidentally ran into more NightWings.

The Bai Ling now did not have the arrogant smart look she had back in the bazaar, she currently looked like a frightened small animal, the hesitation in her eyes made Su Ming laugh.

“You.....You still laugh at me!” Just as the nervous Bai Ling was going to speak, Su Ming raced over and grabbed her wrist, dragging her towards one of the small tunnels.

“This is the exit?” She softly asked. After she saw Su Ming appear, for some unknown reason the fear she felt had greatly faded.

Su Ming nodded his head without speaking, continuing to drag Bai Ling along this tunnel. By his ears he could hear Bai Ling breathing, which was surprisingly pleasant, making it uncertain as to whether his racing heartbeat was due to his running or due to the soft hands in his.

In deep thought, Bai Ling did not speak and just let Su Ming hold her hand as they navigated through this dangerous tunnel. Running ahead, her heartbeat slowly began to beat faster as she thought the same things as Su Ming, diluting the fear and desperation she previously felt.

Only this did not last, very quickly, Su Ming and Bai Ling reached the cave where he normally refines his pills. Here, Su Ming let go of her hand, seriously looking at the holes he poked in the ground with the axe making some sort of plans.

Below the cauldron not far away, there was some flames appearing, slowly burning.

Bai Ling stared at Su Ming's movements, her heart in a state of disarray.

Till now she still felt that she was dreaming, after being captured by the NightWings she was in despair, but the things that happened afterwards made it feel like she still had not awaken from her dream.

It was at this time the hissing and snarling sounds once more approached from the tunnel, slowly getting louder and louder approaching at a very fast pace. Bai Ling trembled as she subconsciously pulled towards Su Ming. But, before she even took a few steps she was grabbed by Su Ming and dragged past those small holes on the ground.

Very soon after, the hissing sounds became louder as three NightWings fiercely rushed towards the two of them. Bai Ling's body trembling as she retreated only to see Su Ming's eyes flash as he connected the holes in the ground with those from beneath the cauldron.

In an instant, a curtain of fire erupted from the ground practically forming a sea of flames in front of them resulting in the three rushing NightWings become instantly covered in flames. Falling to the ground, they shattered into a puff of cold air. Under the glow of the flames, Su Ming looked gloomy while Bai Ling stood fearfully behind him.

“They.....they are weak to fire?” Only after some time did Bai Ling manage to open her mouth and ask.

“Before they were formed they prayed to the flames and embodied the flames, after they became NightWings they not only lost their mind and body, the also lost their glory.....

After they lost their glory, the are not weak against flames, rather they are ashamed of fire..... they who are born in flame, will return to flames.....” Su Ming muttered, his mind could not help but return to the words he saw by the bones in the Fire-Mán tribe.

“Oh heavens, why do you weep alone... ..”

Chapter 31 – That Period Of Sweetness.....

Su Ming closed his eyes. The scenes he had witnessed this night left him with heaviness in his heart. That feeling was one of affliction and sorrow.

“That skeleton... What was his place in the Fire-Mán tribe... Why was it only him who could end his life during the transformation into Nightwings...

Perhaps he was someone strong within the Fire-Mán tribe... Recalling the skeleton, Su Ming let out a soft sigh. However, what was more unforgettable was that complicated passage.

“Those who seek my Mán
Coming from all eight directions,
Merge your blood with the flames,
At will,
Incinerate the Heavens.

When the blood moon rises,
Covering the land and skies.....

This is the time to ponder

Kindle the blood flame

Nine is the Utmost

One is the pathway
Nine bows towards the Fire-Mán
Thus is the path of fire worship”

Su Ming was unable to figure out the meaning within. As he pondered, his gaze turned to Bai Ling beside him. She was observing the surroundings, her eyes revealed curiosity. She obviously did not know what the place was.

“Let’s go, Miss Bai Ling.” Su Ming gave a smile and with a leap, climb towards the exit.

Bai Ling hurriedly followed behind him, wanting to get out of the place as soon as possible. Every moment here gave a sense of discomfort.

As soon as they exited the tunnel, they felt the mountain gale blowing upon them, threatening to sweep them away. Her face pale, Bai Ling clutched onto a boulder.

For her who was raised in the comforts of her tribe since young, she had never before ascended a mountain such as this. Gritting her teeth, she tried to persevere on. However, her countenance became even more pale, revealing her fear.

Su Ming gave a few quick looks at Bai Ling. Her prettiness was something he had never seen, especially her pale features, it made her look pitifully endearing.

“Forget it, I will carry you.” Su Ming shook his head, but his heart thumped inside him.

“You...” Bai Ling hesitated, but looking at the chasms beneath the peak, she eventually nodded her head lightly.

Su Ming gathered his focus and squatted down. Her pale face flushing, Bai Ling climbed onto Su Ming’s back without a word, wrapping her arms around his neck reflexively.

Su Ming blinked. He could clearly feel the softness of the body behind him, as well as the enchanting scent. Drawing a deep breath, an indescribable feeling came over him.

“You... you should hold tighter, don’t blame me if you fall.” Su Ming said without thinking. After some hesitation, without hearing Bai Ling’s answer, he focused his mind and quickly descended the mountain.

Given his agility and familiarity with the mountain, it wouldn’t affect him even if he was carrying a person. However, something came over the current Su Ming. The paths he took were those that were steep. Whenever he leapt straight down, the figure behind his back will give a shout before he grasp onto some rocks or vines.

Feeling the slim figure holding him ever more tightly, Su Ming’s expression was visibly pleased.

What was supposedly a quick descent down Black Flame Peak, Su

Ming took a whole two hours slowly trekking down. When Bai Ling who was both flushed and terrified at the same time came down from him, Su Ming even felt regretful. Turning his gaze, he gave a dry cough to look at Bai Ling.

“This is the jungle, and the snow is deep, not to mention there are not a few traps around. We are still some distance from Wu Long Tribe, how about this, I will send you back to WuLong Tribe before going home.” Su Ming spoke slowly while observing Bai Ling’s reaction. When Bai Ling hesitated, his heart leapt and he quickly spoke.

“But the way back is unfriendly, I shall make an effort and continue to carry you. This way, we can save time, I can go reach home sooner.” Furrowing his brows, Su Ming pretended to check the sky.

“That..” Bai Ling bit her lips, and her face flushed again. While they were descending, she instantly realised that Su Ming’s actions were deliberate. If this continued...” Bai Ling felt frustrated.

“Hmm? I am your saviour you know!” Su Ming gave Bai Ling a stare, aware of her frustration. He felt guilty, but recalling the fact that he had save her, he became

“You are not willing? Fine, you are a Mán-cultivator anyway. There are not a few beasts around here, not to mention more traps, there might even be Nightwings. But it should be fine if you are careful. Okay, I will be going.” Su Ming gave yawn, and turned to face his tribe’s direction, seemingly rushing off. After he walked a few steps, a feeble and panicky sound came from behind him.

“That... I will trouble you... I don't know the way, you can bring me back to my tribe...”

Su Ming innerly cheered, but his expression remained normal, and even seemed troubled, as though he was unwilling. Giving Bai Ling a look, he squatted down and spoke impatiently.

“Get on quickly, see if we can make it before nightfall, otherwise we will have to find a place to spend the night.”

Bai Ling's eyes widened. Looking at Su Ming before her, she understood him somewhat, especially when she recalled the scene back at the bazaar, she was left dumbfounded.

Most importantly, the person in front of her, the determination he displayed during her moment of despair, was unforgettable.

Blushing, Bai Ling walked lightly before Su Ming, and climbed onto his scrawny back again. She could hear her heart thumping, unsure of what she was feeling.

With Bai Ling on his back, Su Ming sped along the forest like an ape. He liked the scent coming from behind him very much. As he walk, he would change directions suddenly, and began going in circles.

After a while, an odd expression could be seen on Bai Ling who has remained silent all along. She applied some pressure on her

arms that were around Su Ming's neck.

“We have already been here thrice...” She spoke lightly, looking at a tree not far away.

“Oh? Is it, could it be that I am lost too? Give me a moment while I take a good look.” Su Ming halted, and pretended to be surprised. Giving his surrounding a careful look, he nodded his head, his face severe.

“You are right, aye, I have never been on this path.” Without a trace of embarrassment, he changed his direction and continued running.

Time gradually passed. By evening, they were only halfway to WuLong Tribe, even though they could have reached by then. During their journey, Su Ming brought Bai Ling passed his WuShan Tribe. Looking at it from afar and seeing that nothing was different, he then left relieved.

As the sky darkened, Bai Ling's expression became even more queer.

When night had fallen, Su Ming halted somewhere in the jungle, looking helplessly at Bai Ling

It looks like we will have to spend the night here. It isn't safe in the jungle at night, we will continue tomorrow morning.”

The cunning look that Bai Ling had when she first met Su Ming slowly returned to her eyes. She looked at Su Ming without a word. Under her haze, Su Ming felt even more guilty.

“Fine, we will spend the night here.” A moment later, Bai Ling gave a sudden laugh. She looked beautiful, and a wild sense returned to her.

Touching his nose, Su Ming laughed at the same time. Stacking a heap of twigs and branches as their resting spot, he and Bai Ling sat together on it.

Suddenly, the both became silent, unsure of what to say.

“I still do not know your name.” After some time, Bai Ling looked at Su Ming. Under the moonlight, her eyes were bright.

“Back at the bazaar, you were lying to me, right? Hmph, after returning to the tribe, I felt that something was wrong.” Bai Ling blinked. Wrinkling her nose, her expression was adorable.

“That...”

“You are also not the Mán-child of WuShan Tribe, right?” Bai Ling watched Su Ming, smiling faintly.

Su Ming shook his head, not knowing what to say. It was then when petals of snowflakes fell from the sky. It was snowing across the land.

“Oh, its snowing.” Su Ming raised his head, watching the floating snow, quickly changing the topic.

A gleeful look appeared in Bai Ling’s eyes She did not pursue the question further, but raised her head to look at the snow too. Some fell on her face. It felt chilly and comfortable.

Gradually, the snow got heavier. As snow fell, within the jungle, the two reveled in the beauty of the snow, silent.

“Su Ming, thank you...” The sky had become dark, but under the moonlight, the falling snow radiated a silver glow unto its surroundings, making the night not as dark.

“Thank you for saving me... Can you tell me about yourself, how did you end up there?” Bai Ling watched Su Ming, speaking lightly.

“I often visit the mountains to pick herbs, that was a shelter from the cold I had previously come across. Didn’t expect the blood moon to appear last night... Su Ming did not mention his refining in the cave.

Time gradually passed. In this night of snow, Su Ming and Bai Ling gradually opened up and learnt more about each other. Their voices were carried by the snow...

“The patriarch of WuLong Tribe is my granny. My parents left WuLong Tribe a long time ago. Granny said they went to a tribe

that was even bigger than FengZhen. They haven't been back in a long time." Bai Ling hugged her knees, speaking of her past under the snow.

I don't know who my parents are... I was adopted by Grandpa..." Su Ming muttered.

"Ah, I see now, that is why you look more more frail than others, not even my height. Your grandpa does not treat you well." Bai Ling's eyes widened.

"That's not true, Grandpa treats me well. You might be tall, but Grandpa said I will be the same in some year's time. Moreover, you don't look as fit as those girls in the tribe." Su Ming said, smiling.

"That is because my grandpa taught me a technique my mum left before she departed, so that granny can teach it to me when I grow up..." Looking at Su Ming's hair that was covered in white snow, Bai Ling smiled.

Chapter 32 – Who Is Sighing Down Lover Aisle... ..

“Look at your hair, it’s already all turned white.” Bai Ling tender speech and the shine in her eyes made the strange feeling Su Ming had in his heart grow increasingly intense.

“You are one to speak, your hair had also already turned all white, like an old grandma.” Su Ming laughingly said while pointing at Bai Ling.

As the two of them laughed together they seemed to have gotten more familiar with each other. On this winter’s night, Su Ming felt a really pleasant as time flew past them, soon, the skies too turned white without their notice.

Not because of snow, but rather because the sun had already risen.

One night had gone by just like this, as the morning sun spread its glow on the earth the snow continued to fall, Su Ming and Bai Ling got off the tree they were in and took a wash, all smiles on their face.

Su Ming did not speak much more, and just squat down waiting for Bai Ling to slowly walk over and lean onto his back. A certain warm emotion bubbling in her chest.

This time, as Su Ming approached the WuLong Tribe, he felt a

strange feeling grow stronger within him, a strange reluctance slowly growing within him. While thinking, his footsteps unconsciously slowed down and he seemed to be walking about in a circle.

While leaning on Su Ming's back, just like yesterday, she had seen many recurring scenes, knowing that Su Ming was walking about in circles. However, this time she did not open her mouth to complain, rather she rested her head on Su Ming's back, listening to his heartbeat.

Every joyous event also has to end... .. when the sun passed the horizon and dusk was once again reached, snow still continued to fall but, this time the WuLong tribe grounds had appeared in Su Ming's sights.

Seeing the tribe, Su Ming let Bai Ling down, a light smile appearing on his face.

“You are home.”

Bai Ling took a glance at the tribe before looking back at Su Ming, he beautiful face obscuring her inner thoughts. Silently, she nodded and walked up to Su Ming. With her delicate white hands, she helped to gently sweep the snow off Su Ming's body.

“Thank you..... you should be on your way back to your tribe.....” Bai Ling's mouth remained open as if wanting to speak more, but no words came out. Revealing her beautiful smile once more, she took a few steps back before turning to head back to her

tribe.

Su Ming stood there gazing at Bai Ling's shrinking figure, gazing at that silhouette turning back to wave at him, while he stood there blankly.

As the distance between the two of them increased, the snow gently falling from the skies seemed to transform into a shapeless barrier scattering his gaze, slowly obscuring that silhouette. It was as though if one did not return to this frozen land, one will never see it melt again. If one did not reminisce in the passage of time, one will not realise their loss.

Only after a long time did Su Ming shake his head, take one last look at the WuLong tribe in the distance before turning around. When he arrived, he was accompanied by snow, and as he left, it was the same.

Those snowflakes landing on his body, on his hair, but somehow gave Su Ming the feeling that something was missing.

"Is this love....." Su Ming's body running through the jungle towards the WuShan tribe, his forehead wrinkled as he ran, the image of Bai Ling surfacing constantly in his mind.

"The feeling is different to when I am together with Chen Xin....." Su Ming took a deep breath before shaking his head, as if wanting to shake off this new unfamiliar feeling of his. After calming his mind, his eyes flashed as he picked up the pace once more.

When the skies were dark and the stars were bright, accompanied by the moonlight and the snow which had been falling for a whole day, endlessly falling, Su Ming had finally reached his home, the WuShan Tribe grounds.

Yesterday he had taken a look from a distance, roughly determining that the tribe was mostly fine. When he came back he saw the tribesman standing guard by the tribe entrance.

The tribe was quiet, the campfire still burning in the middle making crackling sounds. Su Ming walked about the tribe looking all about before finally coming to the entrance of Grandpa's house.

Grandpa's house still had the glow of torches coming from inside, showing that he was apparently still awake.

"Su Ming, come on in." Grandpa's voice spread out, accompanied with a hint of fatigue.

Lifting up the hide entrance, Su Ming walked in, seeing Grandpa sitting cross-legged inside, his grey hair messy.

"Grandpa." Su Ming said softly while sitting by the side.

"The tribe is fine, you don't have to worry." Grandpa gazed at Su Ming, a light smile appearing on his face. Seeing Su Ming sit beside him, he lifted his right arm and patted Su Ming on the head a few times, his smile growing wider.

“You actually managed to already reach the third level, not bad!”

Su Ming gazed at Grandpa, slowly speaking of everything that happened in the cave, especially as he talked about the skeleton, he could see Grandpa’s eyes focus.

“Oh heavens, why do you weep alone... Grandpa, what does this mean? Su Ming’s brows furrowed.

“The legend is indeed true...” Grandpa looked at the tent as though his gaze could penetrate it to see WuShan outside.

“This should be a rhetorical question. Compared to the heavens, what are my sorrows... Or, it could have other meanings... Grandpa spoke slowly and gravely. With a sigh, he seemed to recall something.

“As for the bows to the fire, Grandpa does not understand it too. Perhaps it is your fate, as you discovered it.” Grandpa retracted his gaze, and looked at Su Ming kindly.

“A month later, Grandpa will be going to FengZhen Tribe. Remember to come back by then if you venture out.”

“Also, Grandpa, at the Nightwing’s nest, I rescued a WuLong tribesmen. Her name is Bai Ling, she is the granddaughter of the WuLong Tribe Man-patriarch.” Su Ming spoke again.

“Bai Ling?” Grandpa was surprised. Pondering for a moment, he let Su Ming return home to rest. When Su Ming left, Grandpa’s revealed a trace of reminisce.

“Le Su... Your granddaughter was unknowingly saved by my La Su... Perhaps, you will hate me a little less because of this...” Grandpa sighed lightly, his reminiscence even stronger.

“The blood moon brought forth... and a powerful blood qi from Black Mountain Tribe... Trouble is brewing...” Grandpa shut his eyes as he muttered, his worry evident.

After leaving Grandpa’s place, walking in the tribe, Su Ming did not return home immediately, but paid Lei Chen a visit. Seeing that Lei Chen only sustained some cuts and was as lively as usual, Su Ming gave him some medicine, relieved.

Lei Chen was delighted to see Su Ming. Slapping his chest, he boasted about his battle with the Nightwings, his saliva flying all around. He kept going for some time until Su Ming departed with a smile.

The night was already deep. Su Ming’s gaze fell on a beast skin hut that was lit, his face showing hesitation.

That was the Marksman’s home, and also Bei Ling’s home.

Chapter 33 – The Fire-Mán Technique

Hesitating, Su Ming watched the lit tent, choosing not to go to it in the end. In the moonlit and snowing night, he returned inside his own hut.

Perhaps because he did not return for some days, the interior was cold such that his breath condensed into mist. Even just looking at it made one feel cold.

A solitary hut, with a trace of warmth. Su Ming felt totally different then when he was at Lei Chen's place.

In silence, Su Ming retrieved some firewood and tinder to start a fire, alone in his house. Despite being able to protect himself from the night's chill with his third layer of blood condensation, he did not know why but felt that somehow, something inexplicable was missing from his home.

Sighing lightly, Su Ming kindled the firewood. The light slowly grew, along with a wave of warmth that dispersed the cold from the hut.

Sitting beside the fireplace, Su Ming watched the kindling flame, lost in his thoughts. Since young, he was envious of Lei Chen, envious of Bei Ling, envious of Chen Xin. Because they had a home, and a father, a mother.

Even though Grandpa was kind to him, as the Mán-patriarch the the tribe, he spent a great deal of his time protecting and helping

the tribesmen. From when he was very young, Su Ming learnt to be independent and take care of himself. He also learnt how to be alone.

The snowfall outside was heavy, and the wind howled. The skin tent began to flap, and dredges of wind got inside, shaking the flame violently.

With the flame's glow on him, Su Ming wrapped his arms around his knees, watching the fire. After a long, long while, he sighed.

“Grandpa said I was an adopted child... Then, are my parents... still alive...” Su Ming's expression was despondent. Over the years, he had hid these feelings deep inside his heart. He did not want people to see his solitude, thus he always concealed it with a smile.

But in the night of snow, having felt the warmth of Lei Chen's home, he was no longer able to suppress his feelings inside this cold thatched hut of his.

“Bai Ling's parents are also not with her, I wonder if she is resting now, or also dazing by the fireplace, like me...” Su Ming muttered, the image of Bai Ling and her clear laughter surfaced in his mind.

His body suddenly shook, and he was able to guess why he had developed a strange feeling for Bai Ling. It might be because that she was beautiful, but that is definitely not the main reason.

The main reason is, on her, Su Ming felt the same loneliness hidden beneath her smile and wittiness.

As time passed, the temperature inside the hut rose, dissipating all traces of cold air which condensed as droplets on the hut.

The warmth of the hut seemed to permeate inside Su Ming's heart, diluting his sense of loneliness. At that moment however, as if the heavens were against him, a gale howled faraway from the tribe, sweeping up a large amount of snow. It was as though a large hand had wiped across the tribe.

The tent where Su Ming was in began flapping violently, such that even the hide door was forced open. Cold wind immediately penetrated the room, and the snow it carried landed on the fireplace. The flame seemed to struggle a bit, before dying off quickly.

Su Ming raised his head, watching the door that was flapping in the wind. The warmth that had hardly built up in his tent dissipated in an instant. Standing up in silence, he walked out of the tent. Standing in the night of snow and wind, he raised his head, gazing at the sky.

Over the lands swept by snow, a moon was vaguely visible behind the clouds.

Staring at the moon, Su Ming was reminded of the Nightwings, and the tribe of the Fire-Mán. He recalled that skeleton and the words it etched before dying.

Those who seek my Mán
Coming from all eight directions,
Merge your blood with the flames,
At will,
Incinerate the Heavens.

When the blood moon rises,
Covering the land and skies.....

This is the time to ponder

Kindle the blood flame

Nine is the Utmost

One is the pathway
Nine bows towards the Fire-Mán
Thus is the path of fire worship

Su Ming muttered. The phrase had always been on his mind. All the while, he had been trying to figure out its meaning, but still could not fully comprehend it.

“The Mán sought after my way, I can understand this, it probably means something desired by the Mán, something bad. Who could the “I” refer to... Is it that skeleton... But it does not seem like it. Su Ming sat outside the tent in the wind. There was no difference between them, both had no warmth.

Fortunately, he was accompanied by the howling wind and bright moon outside.

“Who is the “I”... I do not know... The first to meld fire into blood. A single thought of mine can scorch the cosmos to its utmost... These words seem to depict a scene, as though if I could meld fire into my blood, I control it at will, and ignite space...’ Su Ming eyes shone as he watched the moon in the snowing night, pondering.

“If the blood moon appears, heaven and earth ponders in silence... Grandpa once said, the sun embodies yang, the moon embodies ying, theses words make sense. We feel warm in the day, while the night is usually cooler.

But fire moon, what is that... Fire is red, could it be referring to the red moon, the blood moon?" Su Ming furrowed his brows, unable to verify his doubts.

"The kindling of blood flame, nine is the utmost, the first is the method. Nine bows to the Mán-Flame, the way to worshipping fire... This phrase seems to be saying some kind of action... The way to worshipping fire..." Su Ming looked at the moon in the sky. A shock of realization struck him suddenly, and his eyes widened with understand.

"Could it be... The phrase is referring to a Mán-technique!" Su Ming's breathing hastened. Drawing a deep breath, he gave his idea another thought, and the stronger he feels that the words referred to a Mán-technique!

"All Mán under the heavens sought after my ways, as the first who melded flame into blood. A single thought of mine can scorch the cosmos to its utmost. This refers to the effect and power of the Mán-technique! Heaven and earth ponders in silence. The kindling of blood flame, nine is the utmost, the first is the method. Nine bows to the Mán-Flame. This phrase explains how the Mán-technique is cultivated! I shouldn't be wrong, this is the way. As for if the blood moon appears, heaven and earth ponders in silence, this line refers to the prerequisites to cultivate the Mán-technique!"

Su Ming became alert at once. He was immediately cheered by resolving this phrase which had bugged him for days. But an instant later, his brows furrowed again.

“This still isn’t correct. The prerequisite to cultivate this Mán-technique requires the appearance of the blood moon, but it isn’t today... Don’t tell me I need to wait until some years later, when the blood moon reappears before I can cultivate?” Su Ming pondered in silence, until the moon in the sky was gradually overwhelmed by the light of dawn. But he still did not figure out a way to cultivate.

Sighing lightly, Su Ming stood and moved his body. At dawn, the tribesmen begin to leave their home for a new day of work. However, Su Ming left the tribe.

“The fourth layer of blood condensation requires twenty-five blood veins, while I only have eleven now. I need to focus on cultivation. Also, the Mountain Spirit Pill, I wonder how its effect will be after refinement, hopefully it will aid in my cultivation.” Su Ming hurried across the jungle. Ever since he attained the third layer of blood condensation, he was much faster than he was back then

At noon, he arrived at Black Flame Peak. Leaping, he headed towards the direction of the cave. Halfway there, Su Ming smiled. He had heard Xiao Hong’s voice. Raising his head to look at the cave’s entrance, he saw a ball of red lying there at ease, munching the wild fruit it is holding while its eyes surveyed the surrounding.

The moment Su Ming looked at Xiao Hong, its gaze met his too. Xiao Hong’s eyes shone, and throwing away the half-eaten fruit, it leapt and ran in Su Ming direction. Climbing onto his back, it began to screech excitedly.

Su Ming let out a genuine smile and continued his climb. Soon, he reached the cave entrance. Breathing in a deep breath of mountain air, he and Xiao Hong tunneled inside.

And so, quietly time passed, Su Ming once more immersed himself in his lifestyle of cultivation and refining throughout the day, at night he looked up at the moon pondering the words of the blood moon.

In order for it to be more convenient for him to look at the moon, he even went ahead to carve some holes on the ceiling of the cave he was in, such that when he raised his head he would be able to see the moon from those small holes.

Frequently, some muffled complaints would escape the cave. As time passed, it became more infrequent until eventually Su Ming managed to successfully refine the Mountain Spirit Pill on the seventh day.

It was a deep blue medicinal pill with a mild aroma, but if you sniff it close, you will get the illusion of a strong mountain breeze, causing an indescribable feeling to circulate inside and outside.

“Mountain Spirit Pill.” Su Ming stepped out of the hole, looking towards the sun. Seeing the pill in his hand he thought about the difficulty of refining this pill, compared to the Enlightenment Pill he had failed many more times in the process.

Of the Cloud Sieved Leaves Su Ming bought, he had already used most of it and only managed to make two pills so far, as such Su

Ming felt slightly unwilling to use the pills to test out its effects.

“It should not be poisonous.....” Su Ming said while sniffing the pill, after observing it for a long time, night had already fallen. Su Ming finally stared at it decisively and put it into his mouth.

This pill was different compared to the enlightenment pill, upon entering his mouth, it did not melt. Causing Su Ming to furrow his brows as he chewed on the pill before swallowing it.

After awhile, his body did not feel the slightest bit different. Su Ming rubbed his tummy and waited and he even went back to the cave to continue cultivating yet everything was the same, nothing had changed.

“Strange.....” Su Ming’s sat in deep thought before eventually taking out an enlightenment pill from another vial before he swallowed it as well.

That Enlightenment pill instantly melted in his mouth and a warmth permeated his body. But, at this instant, from his body erupted a terrifying blaze.

Chapter 34 – The Fire Moon Emerges

The surge of fiery energy was extremely sudden, as if it was all along buried inside Su Ming's body, but was roused by the enlightening pill's effect. Su Ming's body shook and in that instant, he felt as though his body was on fire. He even thought of the man from Black Mountain Tribe who died under the blood scattering pill.

Su Ming did not panic, and his expression was one of calm even though he felt like his was burning. His cool enabled him to identify the difference, that the heat he felt was not due to his blood roiling. Instead, it was because the speed of its circulation had reached a terrifying degree.

Due to the overwhelming circulation, it gave him the feeling as if he was burning. He could even hear his heart palpitating even fast, as though it will explode any moment.

“What a powerful effect!” Su Ming's face was flushed, but the calm in his gaze did not lessen as he thought to himself. Closing his eyes, he immersed himself in the circulation of blood.

A large volume of sweat poured from his body, and his eleven blood veins surfaced, radiating a piercing red light. The red light that reflected off the cavern wall made the place seemed like the bloodiness of the underworld.

Following the circulation of blood and qi in him, the red light his body emitted became stronger. Numerous grey veins even began

surfacing all over his body, pulsating, making Su Ming look terrifying.

Quickly, two hours had passed. During this period, the leather jacket Su Ming wore became utterly drenched, and large volume of sweat dripped from it. The whole of Su Ming's body was red, and the eleven shimmering blood veins looked like wounds cut onto his flesh.

It was then when Su Ming's eyes suddenly opened, its entirety red. With a growl, his body emitted a thunderous roar, and the twelfth blood vein surfaced!

Almost instantly, the blood vein coalesced from an insubstantial state, causing Su Ming blood qi to increase.

It wasn't the end however. Following the appearance of the twelfth blood vein, although the redness of Su Ming's body somewhat subsided, he immediately gave a low growl again as the thirteenth blood vein appears!

With the emergence of the thirteenth blood vein, Su Ming's hair rustled as though there was wind. A powerful force exploded from the small frame of his.

His blood circulated rapidly, and at the moment he did not feel the past sensation of lacking in blood. Instead, it was too much such that if he did not form more blood veins, his flesh will collapse. Even after the appearance of two consecutive blood veins, the heat in his body still persisted.

Su Ming's features were distorted, the heat in his body seemingly unbearable. Raising his right hand, he tore apart his leather jacket. His bare upper torso revealed all thirteen blood veins. They were unevenly distributed along his chest, back and arms.

The bright red blood veins look as if they were dripping blood. When that red light reflected off Su Ming's body that was drenched in sweat, it gave him a certain sort of demonic allure.

Su Ming's eyes became even redder, there wasn't a trace of madness in them, but calm. He was still in control of the present situation. Feeling the blood qi within him, Su Ming circulated his blood according to the Mán-inheritance without hesitation. With every circulation, the blood became thicker in the process!

An hour later, Su Ming let out a heaven-rending roar. On his body, the fourteenth blood vein began to coalesce.

His roar resounded in the cave, causing unceasing echoes, as though many people were shouting.

"Come out, the fourteenth blood vein!!" Su Ming's body shuddered, the fearsome sensation on his body became even stronger. The fourteenth blood vein quickly coalesced, as if it would be fully formed in no time.

However, as time passed, the fourteenth blood vein was still struggling, as though it was lacking a final push for it to coalesce fully.

Su Ming could already feel the circulation of blood in his body slowing down, the heat dissipating. If it was to end like this, it will take another time for the fourteen blood vein to fully coalesce.

Su Ming's eyes flashed. Without further thinking, his right hand grabbed towards his side. Over there, was another Mountain Spirit Pill!

Holding the pill, Su Ming immediately placed it in his mouth, chewing it with a vengeance. After swallowing the pill, he retrieved another enlightening pill and swallowed it too. His body began to shudder violently, and the fading redness of his skin reversed, climbing to a shocking level in an instant.

The heat inside his body reached an insane level, surpassing the previous attempt such that even Su Ming began to find it unbearable.

“Come out, the fourteenth blood vein!!” Su Ming's innate ruthlessness surfaced. He wasn't aware of this, but it had been slowly accumulated by the experiences he had in life.

Following a deep growl, his body thundered once again. In an instant, the fourteenth blood vein had coalesced, emitting a demonic redness. With the appearance of the fourteenth blood vein, Su Ming did not choose to stop, but instead swallowed to more Mountain Spirit Pill in order to raise his cultivation level in one shot.

During the seven days he was refining, the unexpected appearance of Nightwings, and the anxiety behind Grandpa's smile were on Su Ming's mind. Even though Grandpa did not say, Su Ming was aware that the tribe was in a time of trouble.

Thinking of the Black Mountain's Mán-patriarch's cultivation breakthrough, and the traitor and danger in the tribe that Grandpa spoke of, Su Ming was worried. He wanted to help Grandpa, help the entire tribe. But what he could do was limited given his current cultivation.

He wanted to become strong, to make himself strong!

Following the fourteenth blood vein, Su Ming once again circulated his blood. Under that insane circulation, the fifteenth blood vein seemingly began to be forced out.

After some time, Su Ming's body shuddered, and a surge of pain followed. However, he did not hesitate. With the rapid circulation of his blood, he let out a cry. The fifteenth blood vein surfaced!!

The fifteen blood veins, on his bare torso, looked like fifteen streaks of scars. Radiating a red glow, they made Su Ming seem even more fearsome and strong.

But Su Ming wasn't satisfied with merely fifteen blood veins. Under his rapid circulation, time passed.

Finally, the sixteenth blood vein appeared!!

As of now, the heat in his body had largely dissipated, as if the process was about to end. However, Su Ming's eyes flashed, revealing a hint of coldness. Without a word, he raised his right hand and slapped towards his chest without restrain. Under this impact, a surge of great force entered his body, stimulating his pounding heart.

“Come out, seventeenth blood vein!”

With his heart stimulated by the external force, more blood erupted in his body, flowing. Following rapid circulation, at his heart, the seventeenth blood vein appears!

Following the appearance of the seventeenth blood vein, Su Ming's body was like an extinguished fire, not a trace of heat remained. Inside him, the sense of abundance he felt previously had disappeared in an instant, and his body felt empty. With this, he knew that the medicine's effect had passed.

At the same time, pulses of stabbing pain began to surface in his body. It was a sign that under that forceful cultivation, he had sustained some injuries.

“As a Mán-cultivator, pain and injuries does not matter!” Su Ming muttered. Feeling the power inside him that had increased greatly, a hint of resolute flashed in his eyes.

He did not rise, but instead retrieve a stalk of herb from his torn leather jacket at one side. That, is the Heaven Stone Grass!

Beside the pills, it was the most powerful herb he had. Other than sharing some of it with Lei Chen, he will not use it lightly. Presently however, he took it out without hesitation. He wanted to raise his cultivation level greatly in one shot.

Holding the herb, Su Ming kept a single leaf for future use, and swallowed the rest of it. He also consumed an enlightening pill to enhance the herb's effect.

A refreshing surge of energy erupted in his body, merging with the residual heat instantly. Traces of cold air floated off Su Ming, creating a contrast that made his seventeen blood veins seem even more apparent.

Under the cold air, Su Ming's body began to turn blue, but his blood circulation rapidly increased. Two hours, four hours had passed. When the sky outside began to turn white and Xiao Hong had returned from playing, Su Ming still remained in his cross-legged position, unmoving.

Xiao Hong knew that Su Ming was cultivating. Giving him a few glances, it then laid down aside and with a yawn, went to sleep.

Dawn gradually turned to noon, and noon turned to dawn. Soon, it was dark again. Only the moon was bright, and amidst the snowfall, it's moon-glow illuminated the lands.

On Su Ming's body, there was no longer seventeen blood veins, but nineteen!

The extra two had appeared on his arms, shimmering with a red light.

In the deep of the night, Su Ming's entire body gave off a red glow that brightened the whole cave. He exhaled a stale breath and slowly opened his eyes that released a compelling light. Seeing Xiao Hong who was snoring softly in its contented sleep, occasionally scratching itself, he broke into a smile.

Retracting his gaze from Xiao Hong, he subconsciously raised his head to look at the small holes on the cavern walls. From his location, he could look through the holes to see the time of the day outside. Su Ming then slowly shut his eyes again, circulating his blood to soothe the injuries caused by this bout of cultivation.

Just before his eyes were fully shut, suddenly they opened wide. He somehow felt that the moon that he saw through the small holes was unlike usual.

As he looked again, gradually, his eyes widened in shock!

The moon in the sky, has a trace of red!

Chapter 35 – Ridicule Of The Ancient

Su Ming was taken aback when he went to check again, the previously present red tint seemed to have been never there. Su Ming stared out those holes seriously thinking to himself, how could he have made a mistake in perception like that,

To Su Ming time seemed to pass slowly when he was not circulating his blood qi, slowly the blood red glow in the room faded away returning the room back to normal leaving Su Ming standing alone frowning.

“Perhaps I really imagined it.....” Sighed Su Ming, just as he was about to shut his eyes and return to going about his own business, his pupils suddenly contracted.

“No, that’s wrong!” Seemingly catching onto some faint passing thoughts Su Ming’s face became contorted.

“Red moon glow... ..red moon... ..red.....” mumbled Su Ming, lowering his head to observe his body as the remembering the moment he saw the red moon. It was when the medicinal pill in his body had run out and his blood qi circulating thus releasing the red glow which lit this cave.

His gaze clearing up as if he had suddenly figured out something, his mind constantly churning as he slowly understood. Without hesitation, his eyes opened as he circulated his blood qi, in an instant all nineteen blood veins appear on his body emitting a sharp blood glow which not only enveloped his body but also

flooded the entire cave crimson.

Su Ming's eyes stared at the numerous holes in the ceiling, under the bathe of this blood glow, taking a deep breathe he focused on the sights outside, gaining more understanding.

At this moment, the moon that he sees is indeed red.

The red however did not come from the moon, rather it was due to Su Ming's released red glow which gave him the illusion that the moon was red.

“Those who seek my Mán

Coming from all eight directions,

Merge your blood with the flames,

At will,

Incinerate the Heavens.

When the blood moon rises,

Covering the land and skies.....

This is the time to ponder

Kindle the blood flame

Nine is the Utmost

One is the pathway

Nine bows towards the Fire-Mán

Thus is the path of fire worship”

Su Ming muttered as he watched the red moon.

“Silently pondering when the time comes...silently pondering
..... the meaning behind these word should be when one sees the
blood moon, he should go and try and understand it, and try to
imagine..... only what do I have to imagine... ...Kindle the blood
flame, Nine is the Utmost, One is the pathway, Nine bows towards
the Fire-Mán, Thus is the path of fire worship”

..... that’s not right, this sentence should not have any like with
it, i think that it should be an action.” Su Ming stood there
frowning as he continued to circulate his blood qi, the red glow
becoming more intense which also made the moon seem even
redder.

“Imagine.....” Su Ming eyes flashed as a flash of inspiration
exploded in his mind.

“Could it be, this sentence should be read this way instead... ...
When the blood moon rises,

Covering the land and skies.....This is the time to ponder If it was so, then the meaning would greatly differ, what it referred to is not when the fire moon appears, but rather when you imagine the fire moon!” Su Ming’s body shook as he felt that he managed to grasp a key point!

He let out a breath as he silently imagined, the moon hanging in the sky turning crimson, this scene repeatedly playing out in his mind, until eventually his whole mind was encompassed by this scene even forgetting to continue his blood qi circulation, not noticing that the blood glow had already faded as everything returned to normal.

His head pointing upwards, as he continued staring at the moon through those small ceiling holes, the scene in his mind overlapping with reality.

“A red moon... .. a burning moon... ..” Mumbled Su Ming, in his eyes the moon was tinted red, but that red glow was becoming increasingly rich until eventually the moon had turned completely red.

In this instant, the pores on Su Ming’s body unconsciously all opened, he could faintly sense that from the red moon in his eyes red threads seemed to have descended, entering through the small holes in the ceiling, they floated down towards him, merging with him as they integrated themselves into his blood.

A cooling sensation appeared in his body, after having been

integrated into his blood, his blood qi started to circulate by itself, gently flowing. However, Su Ming was unaware of what was happening to him, currently he had already lost himself looking at the red moon which was only getting larger and clearer, everything else had already disappeared from his mind.

That red moon had a strange energy which melded into his body along with the red light.

Time slowly passed and even Xiao Hong had long since waken up, blankly staring at Su Ming from a distance. Confused by what Su Ming was doing, it too stared out at the moon through those small ceiling holes, to it the moon seemed the same as usual, scratching its head, it just could not figure out why Su Ming was standing there like that.

Without anyone's notice, currently in the WuShan's five peaks where the NightWings slept, there was a strange change occurring!

Especially in the depths of the HeiYan (Black Smoke) peak, in the smoke covered basin, inside the giant red tree trunk, there were numerous red streaks moving about, the Nightwing's faces were not grim or sorrowful, rather they seemed frenzied and excited.

It is not known what they were excited about, but from the way they were bolting about inside the tree trunk, it could be seen that they were excited, infact they were extremely excited.

As if, they were rushing to break free from within the tree trunk but were somehow held back by an invisible force.

Yet it also seemed like they felt something, something calling for them..... like worship... ..or perhaps they could feel the Mán that was lost to them tens of thousands of years ago.

The haze bellowing in the basis gradually settled down, the place in the ancient tribal grounds where the skeleton was was washed by magma. Yet everything in the tribal grounds remained the same, except for the place on the wall where Su Ming saw the ancient writing, now only a clean wall remained.

There was nothing there... .. it was not wiped away by someone, rather it seemed like it had never existed in the first place.

The skeleton by its side was just bones, but at this moment, it seemed to have a proud expression on its face.

Perhaps, he was not mocking the scene of his death, but rather what is to come after his passing.....

After the moon had completely disappeared from the sky, just as the morning sun appeared at the crack of dawn, in the WuShan forest, a figure completely shrouded in black robes was slowly walking into the distance.

This figure was the person who was in the HeiShan tribe that day. He walked slowly, but every step he took seemed illusory as he stepped through countless trees.

“It’s not here as well.....where on earth is it!!” Lamented the figure with a hoarse voice, slowly walking into the distance. When the sun appeared, he was already gone.

Chapter 36 – Xiao Hong's Revels

A night had passed. When the darkness was broken by the first light of dawn, as the moon faded from the sky, Su Ming who was in the cave suddenly shuddered. Then, he gradually lowered his head that he kept raised all the while.

His gaze was one of confusion, and had a trace of emptiness that is hard to express in words. When Xiao Hong who was aside saw him, the hair on its body immediately stood on its end and it retreated against the wall of the cave, a terrified expression on its face.

In Su Ming's eyes, a faint silhouette of the blood moon could be seen, fading.

After some time, when the blood moon silhouette had vanished from his eyes, he awoke from that confused state. Watching from aside, Xiao Hong was stunned, its expression doubtful.

Drawing a deep breath, the night that had passed somehow only felt like an instant to him. Recalling the scenes of the night, he was confused. However, after checking his body, shock replaced his confusion.

“My injuries... are all healed...” Su Ming muttered. By forcefully raising his cultivation earlier, he sustained some injuries in the process. Although the injuries are not serious, it will require a few days of meditation to recuperate. But now, in just one night, they are all healed.

After some time, Su Ming drew a deep breath. Raising his head, what he could see was only the daytime and sun outside.

“That is indeed a Mán-technique, a Mán-technique of the Fire-Mán Tribe! It has to be extremely powerful to be able to heal my injuries in one night...” Su Ming’s eyes flashed, circulating his blood qi, nineteen blood veins immediately surfaced on his body.

However, after the nineteenth blood vein appeared, Su Ming’s expression looked somewhat weird. He could vaguely feel that he still had some energy leftover. Keeping his focus, Su Ming once again circulated his blood. After the blood qi made a few more rounds in his body, suddenly, the twentieth blood vein coalesced on his chest!

Witnessing this, Su Ming’s eyes widened. Dissipating his blood qi, he felt truly awed by what had happened in the night.

His heart pounded, the extraordinary effectiveness of the Mountain Spirit Pill had already shocked him. But now, with the unbelievable Fire-Mán technique, to Su Ming, it was akin to paving a path for his future.

“Awakening! Perhaps I, Su Ming, can become an awakened cultivator in my life time, an awakened expert!” Su Ming drew a deep breath, suppressing the excitement in his heart. Xiao Hong who was not far away ran towards him and climbed onto his shoulder. Staring at his eyes, it revealed a look of incomprehension, and even raised its hands to snatch at Su Ming’s

eyes.

Su Ming laughed, pushing Xiao Hong. After playing awhile, Xiao Hong seemed to recall something, and screeched at Su Ming. Raising its right paw, it brought it to its nose and gave a sniff, revealing an enthralled expression on its face. It even gave it a few licks, and placed his right paw in front of Su Ming, wanting him to sniff it as well.

Su Ming was stunned. For the past months, he had often seen Xiao Hong repeating the same action, and although he could vaguely guess why, he felt that something was not right. Looking at the extended right paw, he hesitated, but looking at Xiao Hong whose eyes were filled with anticipation, he moved forward and gave it a sniff.

A stench of fishy odour wafted to his nose, causing Su Ming to push it away, not knowing to laugh or cry.

Xiao Hong's eyes immediately widened, as though it was displeased with Su Ming's reaction. Screeching at Su Ming, it then ran aside and sniffed it on its own. That mesmerised look, as though that right paw had caught something previously...

"It didn't use to do this..." Watching Xiao Hong's expression, Su Ming felt even more strange. Making up his mind, he decided to hatch a plan.

Soon, it was a few days later. Su Ming had immersed himself in the refining process. The enticing effects of the Mountain Spirit

Pill made him decided to make more of it.

It was just too unfortunate that the success rate of refining the mountain spirit pill was too low, after using up half of all his Sieved Cloud leaves he had only made two pills.

Other than spending his time refining, Su Ming would also cultivate in the day trying to stabilise his third level of blood condensation's cultivation. Now Su Ming's body is filled with a powerful energy, based on his calculations, he should be able to fight the HeiShan Tribe member he underhandedly killed head-on now.

When night falls, Su Ming would stop refining pills and sit in the cave watching the moon. Slowly visualising although it had not been as effective as the first time.

Even so, in these few days of cultivation, Su Ming manage to make further progress in his cultivation, as another blood vein appeared making a total of twenty two blood veins.

Tonight Su Ming was staring at the moon as usual, his mind visualising the crimson glow. Xiao Hong who had not left in many days suddenly climbed up, its eyes excited and intoxicated as it smelled its own paw while staring at Su Ming, only after making sure that Su Ming would not notice it leave did it quickly jump away.

The moment the red flash left the cave, Su Ming immediately opened his eyes and let out a smirk, quickly getting up he too left

the cave.

“I have to go and see what has this Xiao Hong been reveling about.” Su Ming is after all still a young man, after noticing Xiao Hong’s strange actions he could not help but become curious.

Given Su Ming’s current cultivation of twenty two blood veins, his speed and dexterity had already reached a very high level, while walking on snow if he willed it he could walk travel without leaving a single footprint.

While following Xiao Hong he made sure to be out of its detection range, Xiao Hong was moving considerably fast even in the night, very quickly it had ran down the mountain.

As Su Ming followed he had been smiling from start to end.

However, after an hour it slowly diminished, replaced with a strange confusion.

He saw Xiao Hong leap through the forest continuously seemingly very familiar with the route as it advanced to its goal. Finally it stopped in a hole within the jungle, all the vegetation split apart, giving off a messy look.

Xiao Hong walked around the hole slowly, checking his surroundings warily before quickly jumping in.

After seeing this sight, Su Ming could not help but frown. Based

on his foresting experience he could tell that a hole this large was most likely a cave where large beasts rest in.

At this point, a sudden roar came out from the cave followed by a small red flash running out. While running it proudly screeched tightly holding onto a mass of black hair in its paw.

“This is.....” Su Ming hesitated for awhile, before suddenly the earth started to shake and a huge bear-like beast came roaring out of the hole.

Its body was completely black, its fur long, its red eyes fuming with rage, but after Su Ming saw the beast his expression became even more puzzled.

Looking at the beast's lower body..... on a large portion of it was bare patches of skin with scattered bits of fur left. It would seem as if this was not the first time it had its fur pulled out, it has infact probably happened many times.....

After recalling the thing Xiao Hong held in its hand, Su Ming's eyes widened after he remembered that he had sniffed its paw after Xiao Hong instigated him a few days back

That beast roared frantically, wildly chasing Xiao Hong, but unfortunately it did not have the speed Xiao Hong had. Not long after it made a few more forlorn howls before dejectedly returning to its hole and letting out its frustration as loud bangs could be heard coming from its cave.

Su Ming's mind was blank, his expression confused. Turning around, he ran towards Xiao Hong, he was much faster than Xiao Hong so after a short while he could once again see Xiao Hong's figure in the distance.

Only to see Xiao Hong stop in a portion of the forest where there were many dead trees, after looking around it hurriedly rubbing the black fur it had obtained onto its crotch. It wore a delighted look on its face, as though it had become as "potent" as the bear. However, it made it seem obscene at the same time.

Su Ming was dazedly watching Xiao Hong finish his deed before it walked back into the forest contentedly, chirping all the way before suddenly.....

Su Ming saw a bunch of non-red female monkeys, all more petite than Xiao Hong, quickly jump out of the forest, surrounding Xiao Hong.

He saw those monkeys one by one go ahead and sniff Xiao Hong's paw, and with a shocked expression look down at his crotch..... before these female monkeys all went into the forest with Xiao Hong.

Su Ming bitterly laughed, before letting out a long sigh, he finally understood that Xiao Hong was using the scent of the bear to attract mates.

Accompanied with an indescribable feeling, Su Ming did not know whether to laugh or cry as he hurriedly left the area, telling

himself to forget the scene that Xiao Hong made him sniff its paw which he could still visualise just as clearly as the blood moon.

After rushing back to the cave, he once more sighed, feeling somewhat sympathetic towards the bear which had lost too much of its fur to Xiao Hong.

“No wonder when Xiao Hong goes out recently he always seems to return exhausted.....then after a few days when he has recovered he would run out again.....”

Su Ming rubbed his nose, reminding himself once more to never think about this thing again and return to his visualisation of the blood moon, immersing himself in the bath of crimson glow.

After many days passed, on this one night, Su Ming had been practicing as usual, visualising the moon while sitting crossed legged, but today he slowly opened his eyes. As the blood moon slowly appeared, the blood moon his left eye seemed to burn causing his body to jump.

In his mind a phrase subconsciously resurfaced.

“Kindle the blood flame

Nine is the Utmost

One is the pathway

Nine bows towards the Fire-Mán

Thus is the path of fire worship!”

Chapter 37 – Kindle The Blood Flame

“Kindle the blood flame

Nine is the Utmost

One is the pathway
Nine bows towards the Fire-Man
Thus is the path of fire worship!”

Su Ming unconsciously mumbled, this phrase kept surfacing in his mind, louder and louder each time until it resounded out in his mind like thunder constantly in his head.

In Su Ming’s eyes, the faint outline of the blood moon had grown clearer, shimmering with a demonic flair as though burning, sending pulses of pain in his eyes.

Initially, this sensation was mild, but as the moon rose in the sky with the passing of time, the pain gradually grew more intense. Eventually, Su Ming was left trembling from the pain, unable to bear with it.

He wanted to shut his eyes to stop looking at the moon, as though the source of his pain was not fire, but that moonlight. However, he could feel strongly that this transformation signifies a critical juncture in the cultivation of this strange Man-technique.

If he had shut his eyes, it was akin to giving up. In his mind, he could even forebode that if he chose to give up, he will not be able to pick up this technique in the future.

“Kindle the blood flame... How do I kindle it!!” Su Ming’s eyes were bloodshot, and the silhouette of the red moon had replaced his pupils, making the current him to look frightening.

Furthermore, the silhouette of the blood moon seemed to evaporate all moisture from his bloodshot eyes, causing it to begin to dry up. It wouldn't be long before they shrivel up completely.

Su Ming let out a huge shout at the heavens. His features were distorted, and no matter how hard he circulated the blood in his body, he could not slow the drying of his eyes, which instead became worse.

Gradually, Su Ming's vision of the moon became blurry.

If there were people present with Su Ming at this moment, they will clearly be able to see red flames spouting out of Su Ming's eyes. The flames looked like blood, and burned ferociously.

“How to kindle!! What do I need to do to kindle the blood flame!!” In his struggle, Su Ming was unable to figure out the nuance behind those words of the Man-technique. With most of his vision blurred, he gradually wanted to close his eyes. He knew that if he did not, his eyes may never see light again.

Just when his eyes had narrowed into a fine line, a strange image flashed in Su Ming's mind. The scene was that of the tribe deep in the cave, before he rescued Bai Ling, the Nightwings on the red tree.

Those Nightwings were repeating a movement, biting their claws and wiping it on their eyes.

Su Ming gave a jerk, as though he recalled something. Before his eyes were fully shut, he forced them open in a sudden. At the same time, he raised his right hand and bit at it hard.

Fresh blood flowed from the fingertip at once, soaking the other fingers red. Raising that hand, he wiped at his eyes with that blood-drenched finger.

A streak of fresh blood was wiped across his eyes. The instant the fresh blood was painted upon, a vibration emanated from in between his brows, and a wave of coolness surfaced in his eyes. Moreover, the entire Black Flame Peak seemed to shudder, but not a single snowflake moved, as if it wasn't the physical mountain that trembled, but its soul.

At the same time, an aura invisible to the eye roused from the depths of Black Flame Peak, rushing madly toward where Su Ming was sitting cross-legged.

Su Ming didn't know what it was, but he could feel that traces of aura was merging with his eyes. It was as if his eyes were a whirlpool, absorbing these aura.

This surge of aura was like a drizzle that extinguished fire. As they approached, the blurriness of Su Ming's sight quickly disappeared and became clear again. However, there was a film of blood light in his gaze, such that the world before him had turned blood red!

Furthermore, the scorching sensation within his eyes transformed into a surge of coolness and disappeared. At the same time, the pain in his body also dissipated!

After the traces of aura had merged with Su Ming's eyes, they diffused into his body from the eyes, and blended with his blood, circulating throughout the entire body.

On Su Ming, twenty blood veins surfaced all over his body. Suddenly, the twenty-first blood vein appeared!

Following the twenty-first blood vein's formation, Su Ming's eyes flashed, and the twenty-second blood vein appeared!!

Quickly, the twenty-third blood vein appeared!

And so did the twenty-fourth, on Su Ming's back!

Some time later, as the sky became lit and the moon was replaced by the rising sun, Su Ming stood up suddenly. Rushing towards the exit, he quickly appeared outside. The mountain wind was blowing, and his long hair danced in the air. On his body, the twenty-four bizarre-looking blood veins gave Su Ming a demonic look.

As he stood there, watching the fading moon, he suddenly drew a deep breath.

It was then when Su Ming saw the moon seemingly jerk, and a

strand of red moonlight descended from it. Landing on his eyes, it vanished.

Su Ming's body shuddered, and on his neck, the twenty-fifth blood vein appears!

The fourth layer of Blood Condensation!!

Within most small tribes, the fourth layer of blood condensation is highly regarded. For tribesmen to reach the fourth layer, it means that they can become part of the hunting team. It also means that they are now part of the primary battle strength of their tribe.

Also, the fourth layer represents the peak of early blood condensation stage. One step away, the fifth layer, they can become a middle blood condensation stage cultivator! More importantly, reaching the middle blood condensation stage will mean that Su Ming can utilise a new Man-technique.

Su Ming can feel an unprecedented strength within him. His expression calm, he gazed at the fading moon and the dawning sky. Circulating the blood in his body, traces of cold aura rushed towards his eyes, even drawing a large volume of aura in the surrounding towards him.

He had the strange feeling, as though he can... control moonlight!

Immersed in the mysterious sensation, Su Ming slowly raised his hand. Just before the moon disappeared, he waved gently.

Chapter 38 – I Want To Become Strong!

The instant Su Ming waved his right hand, the crescent moon in the sky that was about to fade away suddenly shone brightly. This silver radiance was invisible to others, only Su Ming could see it clearly.

Following the movement of Su Ming's hand, the silver light descended from the sky. The view in front of Su Ming became distorted, and the light from the moon flashed. With a boom, a gigantic boulder that was in front of Su Ming shattered into numerous fragments, scattering all over. Some fell off the mountain slope, causing a resounding echo in the region.

Su Ming's eyes widened and he drew a deep breath. It was some time later when he recovered from staring at his right hand dumbly. Raising his head to look at the sky, the moon had disappeared while the sun had peeked over the horizon, enveloping the lands in daylight.

“Th...this is the Fire-Mán technique... It is related to the moon, and not fire, but why...” Su Ming mumbled, his heart pounding inside him. The might of his right hand under the moonlight's influence made him ponder in wonder. However, the potency of that strike made him desire for it.

Clenching his right fist, he struck another boulder beside him in the blink of an eye. Circulating his blood, the twenty-five blood veins surfaced. The instant his fist met the boulder, a muffled boom sounded. With a cracking sound, numerous fractures crept along the boulder. At the same time, a reactive force surged

towards Su Ming's right hand, but was neutralised by the circulation of his blood qi.

Su Ming retreated a step, watching the numerous cracks on the boulder, his eyes revealing excitement.

“With the strength of my fourth layer of blood condensation, I can only create cracks on this boulder. If I utilise the soul-absorbing Mán-Technique on a suitable beast, I might be able to crush the boulder entirely... But this is already my full power, compared to the trace of moonlight, it is obviously lacking.”

“A trace of moonlight had such power, if there's more...” Su Ming drew a deep breath and smiled, looking happy. He could feel his transformation and the power within his body. More importantly, he anticipated the coming of night.

“It's a pity the power of moonlight can only be executed in the night.” Su Ming thought in silence before turning around to return to the cave.

Never did Su Ming had such a strong anticipation for night to fall. Observing through the small holes, he found the day to pass exceptionally slow. Gradually, when the sky darkened, and moonlight shone upon the land, Su Ming suppressed his excitement. Looking at the moon, he exhaled a long breath, his eyes shining.

From the Mán-Totem inheritance, Su Ming was aware that once he reached the fifth layer of blood condensation or higher, he will

be able to utilise two powerful techniques that were passed from the medium-sized WuShan Tribe hundreds of years back.

Wu Blood Dust and Triple Vanquishing Strike!

For Wu Blood Dust, a single drop of Mán-Blood is coalesced from the user, allowing his power to magnify in an instant. As for Triple Vanquishing Strike, it made Su Ming thrilled just thinking of it.

To utilise Wu Blood Dust, more than fifty blood veins are required. Triple Vanquishing Strike is even more demanding, requiring two hundred blood veins to be able to execute the first strike!

The fifth layer of blood condensation required fifty-three blood veins. To become a Mán-Cultivator of the sixth layer, it require one hundred and nine blood veins! As for the seventh layer, the requirement is two hundred and forty-three blood veins!

The peak of the middle stage of blood condensation, the eighth layer, requires three hundred and ninety-nine blood veins!

The ninth layer and above is deemed the late stage of blood condensation, with the eleventh layer being the maximum number of blood veins ordinary cultivators could attain, seven hundred and eighty-one. If one is able to raise their number of blood veins, not only do they become stronger, but their chances of attaining the awakening stage also increase!

Su Ming's eyes shone. Watching the moon in the sky, the anticipation in his eyes got stronger. In his mind, he imagined the moon to be red, and gradually, it became a red moon to him. The burning sensation surfaced once more.

This time, Su Ming did not hesitate. Biting his finger, he wiped fresh blood across his eyes. His entire body resounded, and the strange phenomena that gripped Black Flame Peak the previous night occurred again.

“I want to become strong!” Su Ming muttered, the twenty-five blood veins surfaced on his body. His body flashed with red light as he unceasingly absorbed the surrounding aura. At the same time, the blood moon in his eyes flashed. Raising his right hand, he wiped his eyes once again.

Those who seek my Mán
Coming from all eight directions,
Merge your blood with the flames,
At will,
Incinerate the Heavens.

When the blood moon rises,
Covering the land and skies.....

This is the time to ponder

Kindle the blood flame

Nine is the Utmost

One is the pathway

Nine bows towards the Fire-Mán

Thus is the path of fire worship

Nine is the utmost! Nine is the utmost!! The meaning of this phrase should be to kindle my blood nine times!” Following his second wipe, he whole body shuddered. Even the entire Black Flame Peak seemed to shake, but this movement was undetectable by outsiders.

An even more majestic aura washed over him which was then also absorbed by Su Ming making him feel as if he was about to explode. On his body the twenty five blood veins shone majestically and started twisting as if they were alive.

At this instant, on Su Ming’s body the twenty-sixth blood vein started to appear, without stopping the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth ... all the way until the thirty third blood vein appeared!!

Su Ming panted as his heart rate accelerated, the powerful feeling of strength permeated his entire existence. Not wanting to wake up from this statem his eyes flashed with the image of the blood moon as he raised his right hand and bit his middle finger.

The fresh blood on the finer had a strange kind of power, as Su Ming saw the fresh blood slowly fill his vision he wanted to kindle his his blood for the third time.

He was almost certain that if he could kindle his blood thrice it would greatly benefit his cultivation! The intensity of this feeling made his body shake as he stared at his finger, tightly pressing it against his right eye he made a light sweeping motion, with this light swipe, the entire Wu Shan seemed to tremble.

Not only was the black flame peak trembling, the other four mountain peaks were also shaking, countless birds were terrified stiff as they dared not even move, but in the eyes of any other person, the mountain seemed the same as ever, as if nothing had even changed.

Wu Long Tribe felt nothing, and neither than the Wu Shan Tribe, only Bi Tu who was currently in the Hei Shan Tribe refining the NightWing blood he absorb as he was trying to breakthrough the Awakened stage suddenly felt his mind rumble as his eyes flashed open in dismay, instantly running out of his house to gaze the the sky.

But that momentary feeling had already disappeared, despite his efforts he could not find its origin.

Other than that, when Su Ming was trying to kindle his blood the for the third time, inside the five mountain peaks where the NightWings resided in, all the NightWings could be seen excited and practically going crazy as they seemingly wanted to fly out of their mysterious tree trunk to find their king.

But only they seemed to have been trapped by a mysterious force preventing them from doing so.

Similarly, the giant red tree in the Wu Shan was trembling, except it is unknown whether it was out of excitement or fear.

In the cave, after Su Ming wiped his bloody finger in his eye, his body trembled non-stop, the boundless qi that appeared on Wu Shan seemed to enter his body at a crazy rate, transforming into blood veins on his body at a rate that even terrified Su Ming as his cultivation soared.

Thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six.....forty-two, forty-four..... all the way until forty-seven!!

Su Ming could no longer continue, the feeling of his body on the verge of exploding became increasingly clear. At this moment, he felt as if he could hear the cries of the many NightWings in the entire Wu Shan.

He raised his right arm as he stabilised his breathing, taking deep breaths, his body was drenched in sweat. At this moment in time, the majestic aura of Wu Shan had already disappeared, the qi pouring into him had also stopped, the cries of the NightWings in his ears had also vanished, everything had returned to normal.

But Su Ming could clearly tell that nothing was back to normal.

“Was a powerful Mán-Technique!! After just three kindles I can already feel the growth in my blood veins! This is also just the third kindle, if I were to be able to do it all nine times.....” Su Ming gasped, a small fear arising within him.

“This is also nine time specifically, from what I understand, after kindling of the blood flames nine times, I have to offer my respects to the blood moon..... and then after nine times, the fire would open the path to the heavens!” Su Ming muttered, as he felt the unbelievable majestic power coming from his own body, slowly raising his head, his eyes flashed with a hint of determination.

With his fists clenched tightly he thought “With the combination of medicinal pills and cultivation technique... .. I can become an awakened cultivator!”

Chapter 39 – Hostility

Day by day time passed while Su Ming continued refining his pills. After many days while Su Ming was cultivating, Xiao Hong returned back to the cave looking tired and disheveled.

Although it looked tired, he had a joyful expression about him, frequently sniffing its right paw sitting there giggling sillily.

When Xiao Hong came back, Su Ming opened his eyes and took a glance at Xiao Hong and his expression turned unnatural as he was unable to help but recall the sight he witnessed a few days back.

Xiao Hong also felt Su Ming's gaze and turned to look at him before running over and stretched out its right paw at Su Ming, looking very proud with itself as he wanted Su Ming to sniff it as if it was something amazing.

Unsure whether to laugh or cry, Su Ming paid no further heed to Xiao Hong as he once more returned to his cultivation.

Adding those days that passed, a month had quickly passed, and the day that he was going to visit the Feng Zhen Tribe with Grandpa drew closer and closer.

In this short period of time, Su Ming had used up all his Sieved Cloud Leaves but still only managed to refine one more Mountain Spirit Pill, and the failure rate of the pill quickly became something that depressed Su Ming.

Other than with the refining of the Mountain Spirit Pill, his cultivation progressed smoothly. During this period he had stabilized his cultivation in the fourth level of blood condensation and had even managed to create two more blood veins, reaching a total of forty nine now as he also slowly understood the strange technique of the Fire-Mán.

As he progressed, it became much harder to condense the next blood vein, and in the recent days, no matter how hard to cultivated he seemed to be unable to condense any more blood veins. He understands that this should probably be because he is unable to perform the third kindling of his blood flame.

In addition, when night falls, Su Ming would go according to his feelings and try to manipulate the moonlight although the effect was not obvious, he was able to control a shred of moonlight and nothing more.

Although it was only that one shred of moonlight, in Su Ming's hands, it can become incredibly sharp, even more so than the bone axe, and the most shocking thing which is also the most important fact is that this shred of moonlight could not be seen by Xiao Hong, which according to Su Ming's analysis would imply that other than himself, no one else would be able to see it.

Early in the morning, Su Ming got up from his cross-legged position and looked around the cave a little. After some time contemplating, he went to put away his cauldron and started to prepare for his trip, after all, he had no idea how long this trip to the Feng Zhen Tribe would be.

On the cave walls were many slash marks densely packed, all caused by Su Ming as he practiced controlling the single shred of moonlight.

After arranging his things, Su Ming walked out of the cave. Xiao Hong who too had long since awoken, chased after Su Ming as he saw that Su Ming was leaving, after leaving the cave it quickly maneuvered its way onto Su Ming's shoulders seeming too lazy to climb down by itself.

“It is a pity the Mountain Spirit Pill is too hard to refine... .. on the second door, under the diagram for the Mountain Spirit Pill there were eight holes, to think I would actually have to give up eight of them... .. I really don't know when I will be able to make eight of those Mountain Spirit Pills.....

Whats more, on the second door, there is still the other thing called the Southerner's Pill i have to make..... and the herbs that it require is something that I had never even seen before, thankfully they were briefly touched on in the diagram Grandpa gave me.” Su Ming stood outside the cave, looking at the sunrise in the distance, he mumbled to himself, while breathing in the cool air.

“Only after I have prepared enough of these two pills will I be able to open the second door..... thankfully the Spirit Seizing Pill is something that is not required for me to make, but this should mean that that pill is even more valuable than the other two!” Su Ming pondered as Xiao Hong who sat on his shoulders got impatient and started pulling on his hair and shrieking.

Su Ming patted the head of his monkey before jumping towards the base of the mountain, the wind whistling past him as his clothes and hair danced in the gust, resulting in Xiao Hong even more tightly holding onto his hair as it shrieked non-stop.

Su Ming's laughter resounded as he grabbed onto a stone ledge as he descended, steadying himself, he continues downwards, given his current cultivation it barely took anytime before he once more reached the base of this Black Smoke Peak.

The snow in the mountain's forest was as soft as ever, compacting it as he ran, Su Ming ran into the distance intending to return back to his tribe. However, when he ran into a fork in the road, he slightly hesitated as his stride stalled.

From the start Xiao Hong had been sitting comfortably on Su Ming's shoulders, constantly intoxicating itself in the scent on its right paw, but seeing Su Ming stop it became slightly surprised.

The path on the right was the route towards the tribe, and the path on the left... .. as Su Ming gazed at it, he remembered that this was the path to the Wu Shan Tribe.

"Going to take a look should be fine too..... Xiao Hong, have you seen Bai Ling before? Oh, thats right you should not have seen her before. Want me to bring you to have a look?" Su Ming softly uttered.

Xiao Hong's eyes widened yet it did not utter any words as it sat there scratching its face.

“Fine then, since you want to see her, I’ll bring you out further this time to have a look.” Su Ming came up with an excuse to justify his journey as he smilingly patted Xiao Hong’s head. As Xiao Hong was showing its displeasure Su Ming dashed towards the road on the left.

As dusk fell, the sun in the distance released a bright red glow as it descended into the horizon, Su Ming had arrived at the place where he had last part ways with Bai Ling. Squatting there he could see the outline of the Wu Long Tribe, he could see the people moving about in the tribe, yet he was unable to spot that certain white outline.

After some time, Su Ming quietly thought to himself, he did not know what his heart felt, all he knew was that he felt that Bai Ling was very pretty, from the time he was small till he grew up she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen and he just wanted to have a few more glances at her.

Deliberating slightly, he silently sat there without rashly acting, looking at the quickly darkening skyline and the fading sunlight, his eyes flashed as he took a few quick steps forwards, quickly advancing without lowering his guard, he approached the Wu Long Tribe, only he did not dare get too close, after all this was not his Wu Shan tribal grounds, if he were to be detected, things could get dangerous.

Although his Wu Shan Tribe and the Wu Long Tribe did not have enmity between them like with the Hei Shan Tribe, their relations were not exactly peaceful either, if their members were to run into

each other outside, they would still be hostile, not to mention if Su Ming were spotted wandering so close to the Wu Long Tribe.

“Sigh, I should not be doing this.” Su Ming sighed, as he quietly advanced, stopping only about a thousand Zhang away from the tribe. For the Su Ming who grew up in his tribe and had been wandering about the Wu Shan gathering herbs, he had run into many Hei Shan Tribe members and as such developed a sense of caution and alertness as he grew up which became somewhat instinctual to him.

(A Zhang is a measure of distance which is equivalent to about 3.33m)

He had seen a lot of bloodshed, although it was mostly from the hunters in his Tribe, as a child, he had already gotten used to seeing bloodshed, in fact he had even killed people before.

On this front, even Lei Chen was inexperienced.

Therefore although his heart wanted him to be able to catch a peek at Bai Ling, his subconscious instinct made him choose to only approach when it was dark and only advance so far.

Squatting there, his eyes searched through the Wu Long Tribe grounds in front of him, eventually a decisiveness appeared in his eyes, without hesitation, he turned around and quickly distanced himself from the Wu Long Tribe grounds.

But as he started running, Su Ming felt his hairs stand as he felt that he had been noticed by someone even stronger than the two brutes he had previously run into.

As he ran, he fiercely turned as he covered his head with his hands, his body like a ball as he held Xiao Hong in his embrace as he leapt into the air.

In this instant, a piercing roar resounded in the sky as a huge three Zhang spear flew out over the Wu Long Tribe fence, flashing past Su Ming, it landed on the ground beside him with a bang, sending all the soft snow nearby in the air.

The powerful blow sent shock waves in all directions, thankfully Su Ming's alertness allowed him to avoid the attack, using the momentum from the blast, his body lunged forwards full speed.

“Thinking of escaping?” A cold humph came from the distance, as a youth in hemp cloths and long hair chased over with a sharp gaze.

As Su Ming looked back, a flash of terror filled his eyes.

Chapter 40 – Si Kong

That young man looked to be only in his teens, but his body was well built, comparable to Lei Chen, his hand wielding a long spear, that spear was only half a Zhang long but it's entire body was black, and had a terrifying cold emitting from it, yet within was also a small golden luster.

(TLN: 1 Zhang is about 3.33m)

More importantly, the spear did not seem to be made of stone, rather it was made of some material Su Ming had never before seen, as he laid eyes on the spear in the distance, he felt his heartbeat race.

Familiar, a very familiar feeling.

But he did not know where this familiarity came from, and within this familiarity was a sense of danger, instinctively Su Ming cleared his mind leaving only his instinctual calm.

“This person is not wearing hide but rather hemp clothes, people who wear these kind of clothes..... should not have a low status in the Wu Long Tribe!”

“I don't regret going near this Wu Long Tribe!” Su Ming's eyes flashed, a answer arising in his heart.

“I did not go closer than a thousand Zhang, under normal tribal

procedures, for less than three people standing further than a thousand Zhang, it could not be considered to be an act of aggression! I do not have any ill will, my friend is a member of your tribe and I only wish to come visit.” Su Ming ran full speed ahead, using the power of his fourth level of blood condensation he ran on the surface of the snow not leaving a trace as he spoke.

“Oh? If that is so, you are not an enemy so you don’t have to run, why not stop and return to the tribe with me, after investigation the Man-Elder will decide.” A flash of coldness appeared in the youth’s eyes as he spoke, his speed not showing the slightest bit of slowing rather accelerating towards Su Ming, waiting for Su Ming to hesitate.

“I am an outsider, how could I so easily step into your tribe’s grounds.” Su Ming not showing any signs of slowing as he smilingly spoke.

“That makes sense too, but what about this friend of yours, what’s his name?” That youth’s expression was as usual, but his eyes narrowed as he asked while chasing.

“I don’t know her name, I only know that she wears a white dress and is very pretty.” As Su Ming spoke those words while he ran, he turned his head around to take a look.

He saw that after that youth heard his words, his gaze flashed with killing intent, he suddenly understood, initially given his cultivation base and his distance from the tribe, they would not throw that horrifying spear at him, let alone get the attention of the tribe.

All these had to have an explanation, in addition to the fact that the person chasing after him seemed to be of a high status, made Su Ming take a guess in his heart.

“It is indeed him!” That young man reply to Su Ming was a cold humph, seeing his strides widen and his right hand raised as a large amount of black qi coagulate, as it appeared, it actually started to gather on that young man’s spear circling it several times. The spear’s movements was actually being controlled by the black qi which appeared from this youth’s forehead.

Su Ming’s eyes widened, this is a Man-Technique!

From the blood qi being released by that youth, the strength of his cultivation could be clearly felt, and it was even slightly higher than Su Ming’s cultivation, and should be somewhere around the fifth level of blood condensation, only he should have entered that level not long ago and had only a few more blood veins than Su Ming. But compared to him he had a Man-Tool which Su Ming did not own.

“See you in the next life.” That youth was seven hundred or so Zhang away from Su Ming, the two had been running non-stop and the distance from the Wu Long Tribe was already quite far yet the only pursuer was this young man.

As the black qi floated around the spear, the feeling of danger grew within Su Ming. In accordance to the young man’s words and his killing intent, he pointed his right arm at Su Ming and the

spear shrouded with black qi whistled towards Su Ming in the air.

As it was advancing, that golden light on the spear flashed as if shattering an illusion, managed to in the blink of an eye appear no more than three hundred Zhang from Su Ming.

“Man Tool!!” Su Ming’s eyes constricted as he recognised the object. The forty-nine blood veins in his body appearing, instantly circulating in Su Ming’s body resulting in Su Ming’s speed and agility rising to his peak, just as the spear was about to hit him, Su Ming quickly ducked as the spear missed his head by seven inches as it landed on the ground with a bang.

This strike, when compared to the previous attack from the tribe was of a completely different level.

If it was another cultivator of the fourth level of blood condensation, they would have found it extremely difficult to dodge, but Su Ming’s forte happened to be his speed and agility. After dodging the attack, without taking another glance at the spear, he hurriedly continued running as a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

For that spear, Su Ming did not think too much about leaving it there, according to the ancient records, only awakened cultivators will be able to make a Man-tool their own, below that level it was impossible.

But for the opponent to so easily throw it at him, making it so easy for him to snatch was really strange, unless there was

something strange about the spear.

Currently, it was not far from nighttime.....

Very quickly that young man had reached the spear, his gaze cold as he frowned with a humph.

As the son of the Wu Long Tribe Patriarch, Si Kong could be considered the elite among those of the younger generation, in addition to the fact that he had the cultivation of a fifth level blood condensation and that he had a Man-Tool, killing a fourth layer of blood condensation practitioner was easy for him.

But today, being avoided by the opponent made him slightly more vigilant, as he could feel the other party's caution.

“Pity, if he had the notion of snatching my Man-tool, he would have died on the spot.” Si Kong hesitated slightly, forgetting what he was thinking of, he picked up his long spear and continued his pursuit.

In the forest, Su Ming ran like the wind, his speed increasing as he escaped but the Si Kong behind him too chased relentlessly. The spear that kept flying at him made it even harder for Su Ming to open up his lead, barely keeping his hundred Zhang or so lead, they entered the forest.

But in reality, if Su Ming really wanted to escape, given his knowledge of the terrain and speed, it was not an extremely

difficult task. Only, he did not have the intention to increase the distance between them, this was the second time he had ever seen a Man-Tool, and through his own first-hand experience he had a large impulse to obtain that thing.

While escaping, he constantly took note of the time, as he saw the skies darken and the moon gradually appear, Su Ming's eyes flashed.

“Man-tools are extraordinary objects, the way he had been using it is too simplistic, there must be some other move he is withholding. After not being able to catch up for so long, if I were him, I would too consider increasing the strength in the Man-tool..... But seeing his careful expression, I am guessing this other move must come with some heavy cost. Only, I just don't know the true strength of his Man-tool.” Su Ming judged.

As Si Kong chased, a sense of irritation did gradually surface, he had never expected that this opponent would be so energetic, seeing the skies turn dark and the fact that he had come a good distance from the tribe without telling anyone prior, going back too late would be troublesome to explain, he clenched his teeth as his right hand formed a claw. For the first time, the whole spear in his hands became shrouded by a black qi.

It was at this point, Su Ming who was a hundred Zhang ahead suddenly spoke.

“Since you have been chasing me so fiercely, you must really want to kill me! But there should not be any enmity between us, if you really want to kill me, can't you at least give me a reason.”

“Cut the crap, you have trespassed in my Wu Long Tribe! You don’t belong here so I will kill you! Even if your Wu Shan Tribe investigates there will be nothing they can do since it’s all your own fault!” Si Kong coldly laughed, tightly gripping onto his spear as he chased, slowly a chilling sensation flowed into his arm.

Si Kong gloomily harrumphed, as he raised his arm holding the spear, instantly it felt as if strange voices were screaming throughout the jungle as large amounts of black qi rushed out from the spear, seemingly transforming the spear into a black Wu Dragon.

(TL: It is a 黑色的乌龙 which literally meant black coloured black dragon, so I left the Wu (乌) as is, just like with the tribe names for the Wu Shan (乌山) Tribe and the Hei Shan (黑山) Tribe which would both translate as Black Mountain Tribe.)

That Wu Dragon had many claws and a long beard, making it look terrifying.

“Regardless of your identity, today you must die!” Si Kong sneered, his expression slightly pale. Since he was displaying the power of the spear, the strain on his body was definitely not small. Just as he was about to throw the spear at Su Ming, Su Ming spoke.

“It is because i rescued Bai Ling!” Su Ming hurriedly uttered.

Hearing that name, Si Kong suddenly shook as the person escaping actually suddenly stopped and turned to look at him with

his right hand raised, waving towards him.

A sense of danger he had never felt before suddenly appeared in Si Kong's eyes, his eyes contracted as his complexion instantly paled, just as he was about to throw the spear, his body trembled as if a cold gust of air blew over him. Standing there looking at Su Ming's eyes he felt as if he could see the reflection of the Blood Moon in them.

This image of the Blood Moon became all that he could see as his body suddenly hurt, spurting out mouthfuls of blood, his eyes were filled with confusion, bewilderment and shock as his body trembled and he fell headfirst into the snow.

As he fell, the spear in his hands no longer had the image of a Wu Dragon and the black qi faded away, turning back into a seemingly ordinary object as it fell to his side.

On his whole body, fresh blood spewed forth soaking the snow around him, you could see his body entangled by a faint silver wire biting deep into his flesh, just a little more and his whole body would have probably fragmented.

However, he was not actually dead, he was still breathing, only the sudden pain knocked him out.

Su Ming's heart pounded, fearfully he looked at the spear, the previous display by the other person made Su Ming fear for his life.

“When fighting with someone, you cannot let yourself be distracted, you must never hesitate, and kill the opponent in the fastest way possible. You cannot keep your strongest moves till the end like this.” Su Ming muttered, trying to drill this thought into his memories.

“He had a Man-tool, but this fight, I am lucky to have won it!” Crouching down by the unconscious body, Su Ming hesitated awhile before helping bandage his wounds. He did not want the person to die after all, he did not want to cause trouble for his tribe, and based on his judgement this person was going to wake up soon anyway.

Accompanying his gaze was fanaticism as he looked at the spear, after careful inspection did he notice that on the spear were many hard to see fine spines.

After sometime, Su Ming carefully grabbed a section without spines and hurriedly left.

Chapter 41 – O\$P\$

Not long after Su Ming left, he actually decided to hurry back, standing by the unconscious Si Kong, he hesitated a while before he looked to the sky as the moon glow washed over the earth.

“If I were to take away such a precious Mán-Tool like this is still somewhat not right, without properly handling it, the Wu Long Tribe might ask for it back again anytime and perhaps with some more compensation..... To kill or not to kill.....” Su Ming sighed as he looked at Si Kong, finally making up his mind.

He took a few herbs out before mashing them and smearing the juice my Si Kong’s mouth, afterwards he squatted by Si Kong’s side, smacking his head non-stop as if trying to wake him up.

Not long after, his body jolted as his eyes flashed open. When he opened his eyes, they were slightly blurry but in the blur he could still see Su Ming’s smiling face.

Si Kong was stunned as he widened his eyes and his pupils contracted, his head was blank, what he saw before and after the fainted just didn’t quite make sense, confusing him greatly.

Just as he was about to move, Su Ming’s right hand holding on the black spear flashed and landed about three inches from his throat. With a little force, Si Kong’s throat would be pierced and that would be the end of him.

“Don’t move.”

The little golden glow emitted from the spear felt like the light at the end of the tunnel for Si Kong. Making his body tremble slightly as he looked at Su Ming with fear and shock in his eyes.

“You.....what are you trying to do! I am the son of the Wu Long Tribe Patriarch, if you kill me, the Wu Long Tribe will not let you off, I know you are from the Wu Shan Tribe, if you kill me, even the Wu Shan Tribe will not be able to help you!” Till now, he still did not know how he had lost, he only remembered that with a wave of his hand his opponent was able to knock him unconscious with pain. The mysterious smile on this young boy’s face made him just so much more mysterious to him, which turned to fear, especially since there was that spear by his throat, subconsciously he moved back slightly.

Just as he was retreating, he felt a bitter sensation by his mouth. Subconsciously he licked his lips only to find out the bitter taste worsened, leaving him completely pale as a terrible premonition came up within him. Frightened, he wiped his mouth with his hands only to see them covered with some strange brown juice.

“You!! What did you feed me!!”

“Nothing much, just some normal herbs, which may be slightly poisonous.” Su Ming mysteriously smiled as he said jokingly.

Hearing this, Si Kong felt despair welling up, his body trembling even more, as he felt the bitter taste in his mouth, even making him imagine that his tongue was turning numb.

“I don’t believe that you dare to kill me!” Si Kong lifted his head as he stared at Su Ming.

“Whether you believe it or not it’s your problem, even if you don’t think so, there is nothing I can do about it. But, I have the antidote. So you are actually the son of the Wu Long Tribe Patriarch, what is your name?” Su Ming was actually feeling slightly guilty, but even though he felt bad he did not leak out any sense of it, as he laughingly spoke.

“You..... I I am Si Kong, you can’t kill me, it will only bring about trouble for your tribe, you.....” Si Kong mournfully spoke, but he was actually extremely nervous, he could feel his tongue was numb and the pain in his chest was turning dull, in addition to him not being able to read Su Ming’s expression at all, it made him feel all the more scared.

“Si Kong is it? How about we discuss some things?” Su Ming lifted his head to gaze at the moon as he slowly spoke.

Si Kong’s face turned paler while the panic in his eyes became increasingly hard to conceal, immediately he nodded his head.

“I have taken some interest in this broken spear of yours, how about this, why don’t you sell it to me? I’ll buy it for five thousand Stone Coins.” Su Ming blinked with anticipation as he looked at Si Kong.

Si Kong paused, seeing the spear clutched tightly in Su Ming’s

hand pointing at his throat, he did not dare disagree..... Especially since he had that bitter taste in his mouth, in addition to the fact that he had tried to kill the opponent, he was certain that Su Ming definitely fed him some poisonous herbs earlier.

Even though he felt like gambling if the person in front of him dared to kill him, especially since he had such a background, if he were to die there would definitely be conflict between the two tribes.

Other than that, even though this spear would be taken from him, but for a treasure like this, he had multiple ways of getting his father to help him retrieve it.

But at this point, the bitter taste in his mouth made him slightly afraid of this gamble, he was afraid that what if... .. what if.....

Especially since his head had already been beaten till it hurt really badly by this person, although Si Kong hesitated, he quickly nodded his head.

A large grin appeared on Su Ming's face as he teared a large portion of cloth from Si Kong's body, this sudden act made Si Kong's heart thump as his face paled.

“Since it is a business transaction, then we should write it down, we should write it like this, ‘I Si Kong lacked money so i sold this spear for five thousand stone coins’.....” As Su Ming said these words, he thought a little before shaking his head.

“That’s no good no good, it should be written like this, ‘As the son of the Wu Long Tribe Patriarch I guarantee that, because of a sudden issue, I had to borrow five thousand coins from the Wu Shan tribe, for ten years I will hand over this Mán-tool as insurance, ten years later I will repay them with 10 thousand stone coins and collect my spear. I will not demand for it back in advance, if I were to turn back on my words, let me be punished by the Mán-Totem!’” As Su Ming said this he looked at Si Kong.

Hearing these words, especially the last sentence, his expression turned miserable as he hesitated, only to see Su Ming take out a bag of medicinal herbs as he whispered by his ear.

“This is the antidote.”

Si Kong stared at that bag of herbs, with a fierce bite he bit his finger and wrote on the cloth with his blood, very quickly finishing the earlier passage.

Su Ming looked at the cloth, after carefully reading it, delight appeared on his face as he carefully blowed on it a few times, waiting until the blood is dry before he rolled it up and put it away, looking smilingly at Si Kong.

“Si Kong, you must remember to pay the debt you owe, I will wait ten years for you!” A cunning flashed in Su Ming’s eyes as he put the herbs down before he ran away in a flash.

Lying on the snowy floor, Si Kong’s face was bitter, soon after he retrieved the bag of herbs, with some hesitation, he did not dare

consume them, rather he rushed back towards his tribe.

After he left, on this quiet snowy floor, a gloomy old woman suddenly appeared, in her hands was a huge bone staff, on the top of this staff was actually a human skull which emitted bursts of light.

“Is he the baby from back them..... what Mán-Technique did he use, even I cannot tell.....or even seen it before.” This old woman looked in the direction Su Ming left in, a light flashing in her eyes as she deeply thought as if meditating, only after some time did she turn towards the Wu Long tribe and disappear from the snowy ground.

Su Ming ran in the forest, occasionally giggling as he looked at the spear in his hands, even Xiao Hong who was sitting on his shoulder constantly eyes that spear and shrieked, it could feel that in the spear was an extremely powerful force.

“I’ll see if you dare stop me from seeing Bai Ling again, from his expression, I am guessing he likes Bai Ling too. I guess that the incident of me rescuing Bai Ling should have become known to quite a few people in the tribe by this point... ..” Su Ming’s strides paused as he thought.

“I wonder how much of the incident did Bai Ling tell them about... .. if she told them everything, then my refining cave would not be safe any longer.....” Su Ming suddenly realised, furrowing his brows he thought about this for sometime before heading further in the jungle.

Xiao Hong's eyes blinked as it saw Su Ming's troubled expression, its eyes rolled as it seemed to suddenly think of something, before suddenly jumping off his shoulder and bound towards the forest depths.

“Remember to not return to the Black Smoke Peak, don't go back to that cave!” Su Ming shouted after it.

This forest was Xiao Hong's home, so he was not worried that it would run into trouble, he was not far from his tribe as well, on the remainder of the journey back Su Ming did not allow himself to think much more about the matter, rather he perked himself up as he ran back towards his tribe.

As night progressed, the moon hanging beautifully in the skies, Su Ming reached the boundary of the forest where he could see the bonfires burning brightly from within the tribe. Just as he was about to step out, something seemed to call for him from within the forests, turning around, he saw Xiao Hong excitedly running towards him

In its hand was a clump of black fur, after catching up to Su Ming, it forcefully handed over the clump of fur over to the Su Ming who had a strange expression before taking a few steps back, pointing at the black fur and then back at its lower abdomen, consecutively making some weird movements, as if trying to teach Su Ming how to use this thing.....

Then patting its own chests, proudly shrieking as if trying to tell

Su Ming how effective this thing is.....

Su Ming gazed at Xiao Hong, slowly smiling once more, Xiao Hong seeing Su Ming no longer frowning, too happily laughed, thinking that it must have guessed right and that Su Ming was frustrated over such a matter.

“Xiao Hong.” Su Ming knelt down as he beckoned towards the monkey who immediately rushed over.

Su Ming glanced at Xiao Hong gently patting it a few times as a warm feeling arose within him.

“In the time I am away, don’t go back to the Black Smoke Peak or that cave, go to some other place, wait till I am back, I will go and look for you. More importantly, the pills that I have given you, make sure to eat one of them daily, don’t throw them away just because they taste bad. Also remember the herbs that I shown you previously, if you find them, make sure to eat them.” Su Ming smilingly spoke, with one last glance at Xiao Hong, he turned and walked back towards his tribe.

Chapter 42 – The Teachings

On the third morning after Su Ming returned to the tribe, he walked alone to Grandpa's abode. In the center of the tribe where they gather for the man awakening, Grandpa as usual was wearing his coarse clothes, his head of white hair fully braided and seemed to be in good spirits. His gaze swept across and landed on Bei Ling, Lei Chen Su Ming and another girl who looked about as old as Su Ming.

This girl is called Wu La, she was determined to have a Man-body after the Man-awakening, since many months have passed, she has already reached the second level of blood condensation. What's More, she is on the verge of condensing her eleventh blood vein to breakthrough into the third level of blood condensation.

Behind Grandpa stood two other people, one of them was the tribe's marksman who was also Bei Ling's father. His body was extremely sturdy like a steel pagoda, yet he was bright eyes revealing some gentleness.

The other person had a cold expression, silent and unsmiling was the leader of the hunting team Shan Hen. His figure was covered by animal hide draped over him, making him seem even fiercer. He had never spoke much but had the respect of most of the tribe. In addition to the fact that his hunting party is the ones in charge of protecting the tribe and provided food for the tribe, thus his position in the tribe was high.

“My WuShan Tribe is small and can't be compared to the Feng Zhen Tribe so every few years we will have to make some offerings

to them to show our respect. In the past few years I have not personally went down so it would be good for me to go along this year. Other than our Wu Shan Tribe, the Wu Long tribe and the Hei Shan tribe as well as a few other small tribe will be there in four weeks.

As such, to you all this is also a test, having to face other tribesman from your generation. Whether you all can come out ahead and whether you can live up to the name of the Wu Shan Tribe is also all up to you.

This time the few of you who were chosen were because you have to most potential in this generation, exposing yourselves now will also be of great help to your future.

Amongst you now, Bei Ling had participated twice, so if you all can ask him for details if you wish.” Grandpa slowly spoke as his husky voice echoed about.

Bei Ling softly acknowledge as his gaze swept towards Lei Chen, then towards the girl called Wu La and finally towards Su Ming where he frowned.

“Grandpa, will it be the previous two times? Will there be the... Grand Test?” Bei Ling hesitated slightly and respectfully asked Grandpa, seeing Grandpa nod, Bei Ling’s eyes flashed as he pointed at Su Min.

“Grandpa, I suggest that Su Ming does not go, he is not a Man-Cultivator, so even if he goes he is of no help, why not let someone

else go instead?”

Bei Ling's words made Lei Chen who was standing by the side angry, immediately walking up, he growled.

“Can't go if he is not a Man-cultivator? Bei Ling what do you mean by that!”

The girl called Wu La had a calm expression, her gaze resting on the Su Ming who was in deep thought, although there was some contempt she did not get involved in the exchange of words.

“Grandpa, every time we visit them, we can only bring four of us juniors, and in the Grand Test every year, only I managed to get into the top fifty, this year with Lei Chen around, perhaps he can make it too, then there is Wu La whose cultivation is not high but during the Man-awakening the totem flashed nine times so maybe she can make it to the top hundred as well.

Such results are indeed better than the previous years but wouldn't it be better if the last person were to be able to enter the top hundred as well? This Su Ming going would be a complete waste of a spot.”

“Su Ming will not enter the Grand Test, me bringing him along has its own reasons.” Grandpa slowly spoke.

Bei Ling wanted to speak more but the Marksman standing behind Grandpa was already glaring daggers at him, making Bei

Ling swallow the words he wanted to say. After all, his father was somebody he was afraid of since he was small.

“That’s enough, we do not have much time so let us be on our way.” Grandpa raised his right hand making a grasping action towards the clear skies. Instantly came the roaring of thunder as many white clouds appeared which also then quickly blackened.

At the same time, on Grandpa’s face a Man-tattoo could be clearly seen formed by his blood veins, it was precisely one of a black python. After the Man-tattoo surfaced, the black clouds in the skies seemed to be shaped by an invisible hand. Coiling together, it transformed into a long and vicious looking black python spanning tens of feet.

(TLN: Although I translated it as a black python it is specifically a 乌(Wu)蟒. I am not sure if this 乌(Wu) refers to its color or its species of python.)

This sight shocked Lei Chen and the Wu Long tribesmen who stood there stunned. As for Bei Ling, he still managed to barely maintain his cool as he coldly stood there.

Su Ming on the other hand stared at the giant black python, taking deep breaths his expression revealed a sense of great yearning.

The Marksman standing behind Grandpa revealed a sense of respect as he looked at the giant python. As for Shan Hen, as he looked at the giant python, a trace of fanaticism seemed to flash in

his eyes.

After this python was formed even the individual scales could be clearly seen. A relatively strong aura could be felt from its huge bulk. With a flick of its head, its menacing red eyes were revealed, however it only lasted for an instant before fading away and transforming into a soft gaze as it descended from the skies, with its head bowed while lying submissively by Grandpa.

Grandpa moved his feet and stepped onto its head.

“All of you come up.”

Bei Ling was the first to start moving and got onto the giant python's back and sat there cross-legged, Lei Chen, Wu La also climbed onto the python before finally Su Ming after hesitating slightly climbed up as well. Just as he was intending to take a few steps towards the back to sit with Lei Chen, Grandpa's voice came from the front.

“Su Ming come to my side!” Grandpa's voice was harsh, bitterly Su Ming got to Grandpa's side and sat down seeing Grandpa staring at him.

“Grandpa..... I was wrong..... I really understand I was wrong.....” Su Ming hurriedly spoke.

Grandpa ignored him, only waiting for the Marksman and Shan Hen to get on the python before waving his right hand. Instantly

the black python roared as it flew towards the skies into the clouds.

The tribe below them quickly shrank in their sights until it finally turned into just a small dot. As the black python soared, the wind whistled like thunder beside them making Su Ming immediately turn pale.

Lei Chen and company were in the same situation, but at this time the Marksman and the Hunting Party leader each stood at the waist and midsection of the python respectively to shield the Bei Ling trio.

As for Su Ming, in this fierce gale even breathing was difficult, but quickly he felt a warm power envelop over him as Grandpa exuded his powers, allowing Su Ming to withstand this discomfort.

“You know you were wrong? How were you wrong, obviously that La Su from the Wu Long tribe borrowed five thousand coins from you and mortgaged his spear.” Although the winds were howling by his side, Grandpa’s words could clearly be heard by Su Ming. Under the control of Grandpa’s blood qi only the two of them could hear this conversation.

“This... ..” Su Ming’s face was filled with awkwardness. When he had originally returned to the tribe, he had excitedly ran up to Grandpa to tell him about it, only after Grandpa found out about it his face instantly fell. After scolding him he took away the spear sent Su Ming back to his home sighing non-stop, not knowing what exactly he did wrong.

“Grandpa, I know it’s my fault..... I should not have went and taken Si Kong’s Man-tool, I should not have been greedy.....” Su Ming bitterly spoke as he watched Grandpa’s expression, carefully choosing his words.

“More importantly I also should not have made him write that blood contract, ai Grandpa, I know it was my mistake.” Su Ming helplessly looked at Grandpa.

“Oh? Is that all? Is there nothing else, you keep thinking until you know what you did wrong.” Grandpa looked at Su Ming as he slowly spoke.

Su Ming was stunned as he subconsciously scratched his head, pondering about Grandpa’s words, trying to see the meaning behind them, other than these things he did were there actually even more mistakes?

Su Ming frowned as he seriously thought about it in his mind, suddenly his eyes flashed as he raised his head.

“Grandpa, I got it, i should have killed him and disposed of his body then take his Man-tool!”

Hearing Su Ming’s words, Grandpa’s pupils could be clearly seen to have contracted. Staring at Su Ming, but his gaze contained a meaning unknown to Su Ming.

“Oh? Why do you think that that was a mistake, and you even want to kill him now?” Grandpa gazed at Su Ming and slowly spoke.

“Because he wanted to kill me, Grandpa you may not know this be he was really trying to kill me, if I had been slightly less cautious you would not have seen me again. But..... but I also could not bare to kill him, I felt that if I did, it would bring trouble to the tribe.....” Su Ming thought of the event a few days back, with some fear still lingering in his heart as he hesitatingly spoke.

“That is right.....Su Ming, you must remember this, in the future if you run into people who want to kill you, you must exterminate the threat from its roots!” Grandpa shut his eyes, until after some time passed before opening them and looking at Su Ming once more, this time with kindness in his eyes.

“However, the mistake I was referring to was not this, keep thinking, what did you overlook? To kill someone is simple, however after killing someone, how do you maintain your own safety? How can you escape from a dangerous dead end onto a new path of safety?” Grandpa softly spoke as he looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming scratched his head, he was after all still a youth, although he may not look like one, in the end he was nothing more than a teenager. As for Grandpa’s words, he did understand some of it, however there was even more which left him confused.

“Just think about it, you don’t have to rush to give me an answer, just tell me after you understood it. You need to learn to think and learn to meditate.” said Grandpa before he shut his eyes once

more.

Regarding things like this, as Su Ming was growing Up, Grandpa would occasionally do something like this. As Su Ming grew up, Grandpa's teaching eventually played a major role in his life.

Su Ming's was in deep thought as he recalled the happenings of that day, as he was outside the Wu Long tribe and got bombarded by that spear, then gotten chased by Si Kong until finally.....

As time slowly trickled away, an hour had already passed, and over half the distance to the Feng Zhen tribe had been covered, as the fierce winds blew this black python's body trembled slightly causing its passengers to all tremble as well. As Su Ming's body shook, a thought flashed in his mind like lightning.

“Grandpa.....I got it.....” Su Ming muttered as he felt his back burst out with a cold sweat.

TLN: There were a few contradictions in this chapter regarding Wu La's (乌拉) name which is sometimes written as 乌龙 (Wu Long) in the raws.....I just used Wu La since she was introduced as such... and since some Chinese forums refer to her as such.

Chapter 43 – Mo Sang

“Oh? What did you get?” Grandpa opened his eyes and turned towards Su Ming

“I cannot kill that Si Kong! Given his identity, even if it was the Wu Long Tribe Patriarch’s son, would not be able to activate the power of the spear, and most importantly, he could not possibly hide the fact that he had used it while he came out to kill me from his whole tribe!” The more Su Ming spoke the more worried he became as his back broke out in cold sweat.

“Although it may have seemed like he had come alone, but actually.....” Su Ming’s pupils constricted as he spoke

“Actually, when he came out to chase after me, the Wu Long Tribe Man-Elder and Patriarch should have already known! Only, they did not stop him and let things developed on their own!”

“Also..... they could have even been following behind him, and personally observing the fight between Si Kong and I!” Su Ming let out a gasp, he was more worried that his moonlight powers have been seen than anything, and based on his guesses so far only served to unravel more fear.

But soon after, Su Ming started to frown while deep in thought.

“I just don’t understand, since the Wu Long Tribe Man-Elder or Patriarch was following you, why would they let you so easily take the spear away?” Grandpa calmly spoke, voicing out the greatest

question in Su Ming's heart.

Su Ming did not speak but consider to think, after some time, while looking at the vast skies around him, he slowly started to speak.

“The person following us should not have been the Wu Long Tribe Patriarch, otherwise, when he saw Si Kong get hurt, he would have stepped in.

I am guessing that, the person following should have been the Wu Long Tribe's Man-Elder! But I still don't understand, why would this Man-Elder would let me just take away the Man-Spear like that.”

“That's right! The person following behind you was indeed the Wu Long Tribe Man-Elder Lei Su!” Grandpa's eyes revealing a hint of praise.

“Your guess was correct, if it were the Wu Long Tribe Patriarch following, he wouldn't just idly sit by as you bullied his son. As to your doubt, Grandpa will tell you why.

Although it looked like they were trying to kill you, the Wu Long Tribe would not have really killed you! After All you rescued Bai Ling for them,if they were to repay kindness with vengeance, they are worried that they would anger out Wu Shan tribe, especially during such a crucial time, this is something they would not do!” Grandpa's eyes flashed with wisdom as he helped enlighten Su Ming.

“They were trying to scare me away?” Su Ming’s eyes flashed with understanding before quickly transforming into more confusion.

“Haha, precisely to scare you, since you are eyeing a lady from their tribe, they want to scare you away so that you will never go back near the Wu Long Tribe again!

Si Kong didn’t know this, him wanting to kill you was real, probably because he too has some intentions towards this Bai Ling person, after being instigated by the Man-Elder Lei Su, he probably saw you as an enemy, after hurting you a little, she would probably secretly make her move and let you feel like you had a narrow escape.

You are still too young and unable to fully discern the situation, if it was Grandpa in your place. I wouldn’t even run, I would openly walk up to the Wu Long tribe and directly go and find that girl you like, you are her savior and also my child, do you think they would so easily hurt you?” Grandpa laughingly said as he patted Su Ming’s head.

Su Ming was stunned as remorse filled his face.

“This could also be considered a test the Wu Long Tribe had for you, after all that girl that you like is Lei Su’s granddaughter.” said Grandpa as he smilingly gazed at Su Ming.

“Grandpa, that Wu Long Tribe’s Man-Elder is just too cunning!”

Su Ming bitterly spoke, after hearing Grandpa's words he finally understood the situation.

“Don't lose heart, other than not seeing their motives, you did pretty well. I think that Lei Su probably did not expect that not only was Si Kong unable to defeat you, you even actually defeated Si Kong!

As for the reason why you were able to take away the Man-tool.....” Grandpa's eyes flashed

“Since she did not manage to scare you away, she intentionally let you take it away so she could use it as an excuse to tell Old Fu, about the incident where you saved Bai Ling and use the spear to settle it! The Wu Long tribe is different from us, especially that Lei Su, her skills with Man-Techniques is not that good, what she specialises at is making Man-Tools, not true Man-Tools but rather imitations.

For example the spear you obtained, is one of those Imitation Man-Tools, it was made in accordance to one of the three great Man-Tools of the Wu Shan Tribe, the Blood-Scale Spear.” Grandpa raised his right arm and tapped Su Ming's wrist, making him feel a cold sensation enter him, quickly a black line started to form on his right arm.

“This spear, Grandpa has already personalised it for you, I made some modifications so that the black dragon it materialises is now a black eagle. You can now keep it in your body, and when you need to use it, just will for it to appear.” Grandpa retracted his arm as he smilingly spoke.

(TLN: The black dragon in chinese is 乌龙 (Wu Long) which also happens to be the name of the Wu Long Tribe which is why Grandpa changed it since it represents the other tribe.)

Su Ming looked at the black line on his arm, hesitating for a while, as he wanted to speak.

“Grandpa knows what you wanted to say, let me ask you, were you thinking that taking this Man-Tool from the Wu Long Tribe breaks-even with you saving Bai Ling?”

That you can either take spear back to trade for the chance to see that lass again, or to keep the spear and never see her again?” Grandpa spoke while laughing.

Su Ming pondered awhile before laughing as well.

“This spear was mortgaged by Si Kong for five thousand coins so I naturally can’t return it like that, as for Bai Ling..... well I am the person who saved her life.” Su Ming spoke while blinking his eyes.

Grandpa heartily laughed while patting Su Ming’s head, his eyes full of praise.

Bei Ling who was sat at the mid-section of the black python looked at Grandpa and Su Ming’s figure, although he could not hear what they were saying, seeing Grandpa’s laughing face as while as Su Ming’s smiles, he lowered his head.

In his eyes, jealousy flashed.

“Su Ming, if you were also a Man-Cultivator then it’s another matter, but since the Man-Awakening we all know you don’t have a Man-Body, you are just an ordinary person, yet why does Ah Xin like you, more importantly why does Grandpa treat you so well, you are just some kid he picked up!!

You are not even blood related, I am the only hope for the tribe’s future, but towards me, Grandpa has not even smiled at me..... father is the same, always lamenting about you having the potential to be the next Marksman!

Su Ming, if not for you, whether it’s Chen Xin, or whether its father or even Grandpa, they would not treat me like this, Assuming, you have always thought I was cold to you because of Chen Xin, always wanting to explain to me, but do you know? I don’t want your explanation!! A kid picked up from the streets, someone who is not a member of the Wu Shan Tribe, someone who cannot even become a Man-Cultivator, what qualifications do you have to come and try to explain things to me, what qualifications do you think you have to waste my time listening to your explaining!!” Bei Ling breathing became haggard, only after quite a while did it settle down, only then did he raise his head once more, everything returning to normal, as cold as ever, as lonely as ever.

(TLN: The Ah Xin referred to is Chen Xin, just a more affectionate way of addressing her)

Bei Ling's father who was also the tribe's Marksmen stood nearby, his brows furrowing as he looked at Bei Ling then towards Su Ming before sighing.

On the tail of the black python, Shan Hen who was standing by Lei Chen's side had a strange light flash in his eyes, no one knew what he was thinking about, even back in the tribe he was silent, very few people could read what he was thinking.

Time quickly passed, from the Wu Shan Tribe to the Feng Zhen Tribe, if Su Ming had to travel on foot, he would have taken about two days, but now on Grandpa's black python, in less than two hours, they could already see the relatively majestic looking tribe in the distance.

In the center of the tribe was a large chlorite city, from the skies it did not seem extremely large, but as the black python descended, the city was clearly revealed to Su Ming.

This majestic looking chlorite city had many houses while still being very well organised, giving it a very clean and neat look. Although it was still incomparable to the ancient Fire Man Tribe, it was still much much bigger than the Wu Shan Tribe he was from.

Just this one city alone had things that could not be obtained in the Wu Shan Tribe.

The city walls were several feet high, standing below it and looking up at it gave off a daunting feel which even Su Ming who was in mid-air could feel. Together with him, Lei Chen too was

lying on the black python as he looked downwards, his eyes filled with admiration and surprise.

That Wu La was the same, dazedly staring at that huge chlorite city, this was something she had never seen before. Only Lei Chen's expression was somewhat calm.

(TLN: The name of the girl is really confusing, it had been written in the raws as Wu La and Wu Long changing constantly that it's driving me insane.)

This huge chlorite city would be able to accommodate thousands of people and still have more vacant space, in the center of the city was a completely black pentagonal tall altar. This altar was over ten feet high, with some bird carvings on it, giving off a primitive feel and was the most distinct thing about this city.

If it was just this chlorite city, it was not enough to become the overlord of the area commanding and receiving offerings from the numerous smaller tribes. As such a powerful tribe, surrounding this chlorite city were six other tribes as impressive as the Wu Shan Tribe.

These six tribes were all directly under the Feng Zhen Tribe, and could as be considered to be part of the Feng Zhen Tribe.

Su Ming stared at the huge tribe on the ground, the might of this Feng Zhen tribe far exceeded his imagination, to him, a tribe like this could be akin to the heavens themselves able to completely destroy any enemy.

As the black python approached, Su Ming could see many of the tribesmen of the Feng Zhen tribe raise their heads to look at them, perhaps he was wrong but Su Ming thought that he could feel a was a sense of pride from these people's expressions.

“This is the Feng Zhen Tribe!” Grandpa voice echoed from the back of this black python,

“Originally an auxiliary tribe of our Wu Shan tribe, now..... they are the strongest tribe in the area!”

“Grandpa, our Wu Shan Tribe used to be as big as the Feng Zhen tribe?” The one who asked was the girl called Wu La.

Grandpa did not speak, a dimness appearing in his eyes.

At this time, suddenly from the Feng Zhen Tribe came a gentle laughter.

“Mo Sang, it must be hard for you to have come to my Feng Zhen Tribe!”

Chapter 44 – You Are Su Ming?

Standing on the pentagonal altar was a man dressed in a purple robe, his face lightly smiling as he looked towards them.

Originally Su Ming was quite a distance away from where that middle aged man was, but for some unknown reason, once he heard that person's voice, that person's appearance suddenly appeared in his eyes as if he was observing him at a close distance.

This strange scene made Su Ming jump, but at the same time the voice spoke, he could feel the blood qi in his body start to circulate not under his control, it was as if the person's gaze was sufficient to make all the blood burst forth from his body instantly killing him.

Not only did Su Ming feel this way, Lei Chen, Wu La and even Bei Ling felt the say way. Lei Chen's body trembled as disbelief filled his eyes.

That Wu La's body trembled even more greatly, as if within that middle-aged man's gaze was an immeasurable power.

Even Bei Ling's father the Wu Shan Tribe's Marksman's body was trembling, slowly lowering his head towards that middle-aged man currently walking towards them in the air.

Other than the marksman, Shan Hen the leader of the hunting party's breathing too hastened, his eyes shining with fanaticism and yearning, which was something that was rarely seen from

him.

“Awakened cultivator!!” Su Ming said inwardly, as these two words surfaced from his mind.

(TLN: It was 3 words in the RAWs but in english it was 2 so I used 2 for coherence)

“Awakened walks on air,
Mán-Tattoos like the skies,
Mán-Blood stirred by words,
Qi vast as heaven”

In the writings that described the awakened cultivators were these sixteen words.

(TLN: I tried my best to keep to 4 lines of 4 words while keeping the meaning, poems are such a pain in the butt. If you have any better translations feel free to comment, 开尘踏空, 蛩纹于天, 言动蛩血, 气破彼苍)

Su Ming dazedly looked towards the purple gowned man slowly walking towards them in the air, that person looked only about forty or so years old and was slightly skinny but appeared extremely handsome. On his body were few traces of the Mán-Tribes, only the bone rings on his ears revealing it.

That purple robe was the prettiest robe Su Ming had ever seen, it

was something that the coarse linen clothes they wear could never compare to, even more so incomparable to the animal hide clothes they were wearing now.

As he approached, the Feng Zhen tribe behind him seem to be distorted, as if in this instant the skies have lost its colour, other than him nothing else existed.

It was in this instant that the sounds of wind had halted, the ever-changing clouds too having stopped in place.

That middle-aged man's long hair waved freely as he smilingly approached, his smile akin to the spring breeze, causing Su Ming and company's blood qi to calm down. But, as the middle-aged man approached, he brought with him a suffocating feel as they felt breathing became difficult.

Especially his gaze which seemed to encompass the sky, once seen by others, their minds would just go blank as if all their secrets were in plain view of him.

That black python was also currently paused in mid-air not daring to move at all, which also shows that middle-aged man's frightening might. Grandpa slowly stood up, instantly hiding the complicated look in his eyes.

“Mo Sang, pays his respects to the Feng Zhen Shang-Mán.” spoke Grandpa as he bowed towards him after standing up.

(TLN: I used the Shang-Mán which was something similar that was used in Stellar Transformations, it literally means Upper-Mán and I believe here is just meaning to refer to someone of a higher realm than one-self, if you all prefer it be translated as Senior-Mán or Upper-Mán or Superior-Mán then just leave some comments as feedback.)

“Mo Sang, these things are unnecessary between us.” That middle-aged man spoke amiably yet not stopping Grandpa’s bow, after Grandpa bowed did he raise his right hand as if wanting to help Grandpa up.

Only to see Grandpa’s body pause as he did not raise, rather he seemed to with great difficulty bow once more! After this bow, the force surrounding Grandpa seemed to shatter before grandpa straightened his body.

That purple robed man deeply eyes Grandpa, his face revealing another smile as he pointed at Grandpa while shaking his head.

“You, your temperament hasn’t changed, it’s been so many years, what makes you finally decide to come visit me?”

“The request Shang-Mán made previously, Mo Sang had thought about it till now before I finally decided.” Grandpa’s expression was the same as usual as he slowly spoke

After hearing those words, the purple robed man’s gaze instantly hardened.

Su Ming and company had long since stood up and stood respectfully by the side, being the nearest to Grandpa, Su Ming could tell Grandpa's feelings while meeting his old friend of his, and also understand why Grandpa had never come to the Feng Zhen Tribe.

Seeing Grandpa's aged expression and the tension filled gaze towards that purple robed man, in Su Ming's mind the words Grandpa spoke to him previously surfaced.

“That Mán-Elder of the Feng Zhen tribe, when he was twenty he was not my match, when he was thirty-four he could barely fight with me, your Grandpa's name back then was something that everyone knew about in these areas!”

In Su Ming's heart everything seemed to patch together, just as he was about to withdraw his gaze, that purple robed man smilingly looked at him, and in this single glance, Su Ming could feel his mind roar, he could clearly feel that the cover Grandpa had put on him was instantly seen through.

Just as Su Ming felt he could take no more as his body started to tremble, that middle-aged man retracted his gaze to look at Bei Ling, Lei Chen, Wu La as well as the Marksmen and the Hunting Party Leader.

“I pay my respects to the Feng Zhen Shang-Mán.” Shan Hen was the first to bow before the rest followed suit.

Lei Chen's heart was pounding as his face paled from his

nervousness, Wu La was the same, even Bei Ling did not have a shred of calm, only respect.

“You, I remember you, you are Bei Ling right?” That middle-aged man pointed at Bei Ling.

Bei Ling was momentarily stunned before his eyes revealed joy, with a trembling voice he respectfully said.

“Shang.....Shang-Mán, I am Bei Ling.”

The purple robed man smilingly nodded as he turned back to Grandpa, just as he was about to speak his expression suddenly changed and he turned to the distance. Grandpa had stood there silently from start till end, feeling the same sudden feeling he turned to look towards the same direction that middle-aged man did.

From the skies in the distance was a howling wind as a huge black line streaked over, after a short while as the black line approached, you could clearly see that it was a over ten Zhang long Wu Long.

(TLN: Wu Long = Black Dragon, but since it is representation of the tribe, and I did not translate the tribe names to english, I am leaving this as is as well.)

That Wu Long had over a hundred legs, looking very monstrous as it was surrounded by a black smoke, on top of it were six people.

Su Ming looked at the approaching Wu Long, and seeing a white robed figure in the group of six, a smile appeared on his face.

The person in the front was a silver haired old lady who wore a black robe, although she looked aged it could still be told that she was a beautiful youth, only her expression was cold such that she was someone no one could hope to have obtained.

Su Ming could feel Grandpa's gaze towards the old Wu Long tribe lady was slightly different.

Behind that lady was a large man built like an iron pagoda, this person was extremely tall and similarly cold, his qi was strong, seemingly even slightly stronger than Shan Hen and the Marksman.

By her side was a white dressed young lady, that lady's eyes were bewitching while she was also extremely beautiful, only a strong sense of sadness seemed to linger in her eyes, which somehow seemed to vanish the instant she saw Su Ming, instead it was replaced with surprise and joy as she blinked towards Su Ming.

As for the remaining three, Su Ming was also slightly familiar with, one of them was Si Kong who stood on the Wu Long's back viciously staring at Su Ming spewing out enmity.

The age of the remaining two seemed fairly close to Su Ming, one male one female who looked like siblings. The sibling duo was quiet but the female looked extremely sturdy and built yet was still

beautiful to look at.

After the Wu Long approached, other than the old lady, the rest of them bowed towards that purple robed man, their expression filled with respect, even the Wu Long they stood on trembled as if fearful of that purple robed man.

That purple robed man smilingly nodded towards the Wu Long tribe members as another figure rushed forth from the Feng Zhen Tribe below, that person's foot was shrouded with a purple haze as he appeared in the air, too respectfully bowing towards that purple robed man.

He was a white-robed old man, who was also the person who took away Su Ming's medicinal pill, Shi Hai."

"Shi Hai, go welcome these guests." After the purple robed man spoke, Shi Hai replied and looked towards the Wu Shan Tribe's Grandpa Mo Sang.

"Mo Sang, I have some mulberry cloud leaves which I know is your favourite back in the days. I have been waiting for you to come visit so we can enjoy them together."

The Wu Shan Tribe Grandpa lightly nodded his head before turning around and giving the Marksman some instructions. Afterwards, to Su Ming's surprise he too turned and walked towards the purple robed man in the air and floated down together towards that chlorite city.

Seeing the back of the purple robed man, Su Ming could not help but think.

“The awakened realm..... I wonder when will I be able to step into that realm!”

As Su Ming secretly hopped, Shi Hai smilingly looked towards the group.

Other than these juniors, you all are my old friends, you have come early, the other tribes have not yet arrived. So let old me receive you all into Feng Zhen City!” Although there were some other things in Shi Hai’s heart, he smilingly put it aside before courteously guiding the group into that chlorite city.

During which Lei Chen had appeared by Su Ming’s side, after running into Bai Ling, he recalled the incident in the bazaar and felt guilty, standing by Su Ming’s side perhaps everything could be handled by Su Ming.

Su Ming occasionally stole glances at Bai Ling, while Bai Ling too smilingly met Su Ming’s gaze, as their gazes locked, Su Ming could practically feel his own heartbeat race.

Very quickly, the people from both tribe entered into Feng Zhen City, landing on the huge square, the Wu Long quickly faded back into black smoke and entered the old lady of the Wu Long Tribe.

As for the black python, it transformed back into a white cloud in

the skies before disappearing without a trace.

On this large square were already members of the Feng Zhen Tribe waiting for these guests, under Shi Hai's arrangements people came up courteously to give directions to their designated abodes.

Only this courtesy was just skin-deep, inside was still their usual haughty attitudes.

Under Shan Hen and the Marksman's lead Su Ming and company was about to leave, but at this moment from within the Wu Long tribe came a voice.

“You are Su Ming?”

Su Ming's footsteps stopped as he turned around, noticing that the old lady of the Wu Long Tribe was gloomily looking at him

Chapter 45 – This Year I Am Sixteen

Su Ming felt nervous, this reason for this nervousness was not just due to the fact that the person he was facing was the Man-Elder of the Wu Long Tribe, but also because that person was Bai Ling's senior.

At the same time, it was also due to the guesswork and discussion he had with Grandpa on the way to the Feng Zhen Tribe.

“Junior Su Ming pays his respect to the Man-Elder of the Wu Long tribe.” Su Ming took a deep breath as he respectfully bowed towards that old woman.

That old woman's expression was gloomy as he stared at Su Ming, unsure of what she was thinking about. The people surrounding them all quietened down, including the people of the Feng Zhen Tribe all started to look at Su Ming. Shi Hai who was intending to leave also stopped as he turned to look over surprised.

To him, Su Ming seemed to be a normal child, on his body was not the slightest shred of blood qi, only taking a quick glance at him before looking away and not bothering himself with these two tribe's private matters. In his heart, he had been thinking about the evil man practitioner who managed to refine the strange medicinal pills for a very long time. However, he has been unable to find any clues on him, recently the Man-Elder even asked him about it, only Shi Hai had no idea where to find him.

“Don't tell me that Evil-Man Practitioner had already left.....

Sigh, if that is so where on earth will I be able to find him.

Lei Chen who was standing by Su Ming's side stared at that old woman looking at Su Ming, although he respected the Feng Zhen Tribe Man-Elder, towards this old lady he did not feel any sense of respect for.

Bei Ling frowned as his gaze landed on Su Ming, a hint of displeasure flashing in his eyes, he could not imagine how Su Ming managed to offend this Wu Long Tribe.

"It has been so many years, you have already grown so big....." That old woman stared at Su Ming for sometime before she slowly spoke those words which sounded neither joyous nor sad.

Su Ming got even more nervous, standing there at a loss of words. He could currently feel the gazes of all the surrounding people fall on him, which was an uncomfortable new feeling.

Bai Ling stood pale-faced behind the old woman, her hands subconsciously tightly clutching onto the hem of her clothes, while Si Kong stood proud as he continued to furiously stare at Su Ming.

"It's a pity....." That old lady staring at Su Ming continued to slowly speak: "Your Grandpa only brought you up and he failed to teach you common sense, resulting in you not having a sense of propriety, and understand just what little identity you have!" This woman did not speak much, but her sarcastic words seemed very unbecoming of her identity as a Man-Elder.

Su Ming's face was pale, his weakest spot in his heart was this, in front of so many people, SU Ming could only silently bite his lips.

“Grandma!!” Bai Ling seeing Su Ming's pale expression instantly felt her heart hurt, immediately angrily staring at that old lady as she spoke.

(TLN: Actually she called her Grandpa as in the term they use to refer to their Man-Elder, but since she was a lady i used Grandma instead, not to be confused with grandma/grandmother (No uppercase).)

Lei Chen's eyes immediately flared, regardless of whoever the other person was, seeing Su Ming being humiliated made his blood boil and resulted in him stepping forward.

Just as he made his move, that old lady shot him a strange gaze and Lei Chen's body instantly shuddered. At this time, the Wu Shan Tribe Marksman stepped forward with a frown.

With this single step, the Marksman's aura seemed completely different, on his body a thick qi emerged, spreading to his surroundings. From Lei Chen's body, muffled bangs could be heard as the pale-faced Lei Chen staggered backwards.

“Great Man-Elder, towards the children of my Wu Shan Tribe, is there a need for you to act as such.” The Marksman slowly said as his expression sunk.

Practically at the same time he stepped forward, the brute standing behind the old woman raised his head and similarly took a step forward. As a qi even stronger than the Marksman exploded forth.

Closely following, that silent Shan Hen eyes flashed like a poisonous cobra as he stared at the Wu Long Tribe brute.

Swords drawn and bows flexed.

Standing not far away, Shi Hai mockingly smiled at this sight. To him, these two tribes were initially like family a few hundred years back, however currently..... silently pondering he did not stop them, only excitedly watching.

Su Ming lowered his head, while Lei Chen's rage still did not subside, although he was afraid he still wanted to speak, only to see Su Ming's right arm to hold onto his wrist.

Startling Lei Chen as Su Ming raised his head, his pale expression and frail-looking body seemed to be like a La Su who could never grow up. His immature face, one which had not experienced the vicissitudes of life, one who had never experienced the storms of desolation, he was still just a child.

(TLN: La Su is like a term for the non-man cultivators which was introduced early on, (incase you all forgot))

His eyes were still so very clear, so very pure, so very

transparent, so uncontaminated. Biting his lips, he let go of Lei Chen's hands as he walked forward towards the old woman of the Wu Long Tribe.

The current him was still being stared at by the many surrounding people, but he paid them no heed. He just walked forward step-by-step, walking past Lei Chen, walking past the Marksman, walking forwards until he was only a Zhang away from that old woman.

Standing there quietly watching the old woman staring at him.

"I don't know this proprietary thing, I don't have a father nor a mother, in your eyes I don't have any identity..... but, my Grandpa once told me this, of the rain which falls from the sky, you will only see a small portion of it, even after the rain stops, you will never know just how much there was....."

For that muddy puddle of water on the ground, you can only see its surface, and not how deep it flows..... this year, I am sixteen years old....." Su Ming lowered his head as he softly spoke, after he was done, he had simply turned around and walked away.

Lei Chen followed behind Su Ming, after he turned to stare at that old lady with a humph

The Marksman and Shan Hen who saw that that old woman spoke no more, too slowly stepped back, bringing Bei Ling and Wu La into the distance, under the lead of the Feng Zhen Tribesman.

That old woman stared at Su Ming's shrinking silhouette as she

frowned. With some perturbed flashed in her eyes, she turned around.

“Bai ling, come with me.” Bai Ling stood here, watching Su Ming’s shrinking silhouette, her heart in utter chaos, hearing grandma’s words from her side, she silently followed her in deep thought.

Every time the tribes come to give their homage, they would be invited into the clay city and stay in allocated living residences until the event was over. The Wu Shan Tribe was allocated a residence in the southern district, which was made up of nine smaller houses linked to form a manor, surrounded by fences, making it seem like its own separate division in the city.

Currently, inside one of the houses, all of them who had come from the WU Shan tribe had gathered together to listen to the Markman’s words.

“The number of tribesman in the Feng Zhen Tribe greatly exceeds our Wu Shan Tribe, as a result the number of Man-Cultivators they had too greatly exceeds ours, in addition to the fact that the Fang Zhen Tribe rules over the tribes in the area and receives many offerings every year, they Feng Zhen tribe practically controls all the herbs in this area.

The even have several Man-totems!” the Marksman’s gaze swept passed the group as he spoke those words softly.

“A medium sized tribe is something that our Wu Shan Tribe

cannot compare to, even though we do not know the exact number of Man-Cultivators they have, they must at least have several hundreds of them!

Amongst these Man-Cultivators, they have enough herbs to share and many different Man-totems to use, it really is something a small tribe cannot compare to, the speed of their cultivation is also definitely going to be faster than ours. Having better conditions, the chances of a genius appearing is much higher than our own Wu Shan Tribe.

During this period, Shan Hen and I will not restrict your movements, bringing you all here was to let you experience the strength of a medium sized tribe and let you test yourselves against other strong people your age anyway.

I hope that during your time here you all will be able to make some friends, regardless of whether they are from the Feng Zhen Tribe or the other tribes. Other than our enemy the Hei Shan Tribe, you should get to know the people of all the other tribes.” As the Marksman spoke these words, his gaze ended up on the completely silent Su Ming since the earlier incident.

“At the same time, I hope you all take note of the other prodigies of the generation and find a target for yourself..... but you all must remember, in the Feng Zhen Tribe, you must not engage in private conflicts!

Don't worry, this point does not only apply to us, the other tribes all know this as well. Additionally, this time you all will be staying here at the Feng Zhen Tribe slightly longer. Every few years during

this homage period, the Feng Zhen Tribe will have a test, if you are able to obtain a good tanking, it would benefit you as well.

Bei Ling, since you have already come a few times, you should be familiar with this place, why not you come and talk about this Feng Zhen Tribe and other strong people amongst your generation.”

Bei Ling who was sitting at the side wordlessly nodded.

“In this Feng Zhen Tribe there are many strong people, even in our generation, there are seven people we have to take note of..... Firstly is this person called Ye Wang, he is.....”

As Bei Ling was making introductions, Su Ming continued to sit in the corner deep in thought, that old lady’s words made him feel terrible. Even though he is now sitting here, in his mind that scene was replaying itself, making him shut his eyes and clench his fists.

“Su Ming!” A cold voice came from beside Su Ming, turning around he saw the leader of the tribe’s hunting party Shan Hen sitting behind him.

“That Wu Long Tribe Man-Elder, why did she say those words to you?” Shan Hen calmly looked at Su Ming as he softly spoke.

“There was not much reason.” Su Ming thought for a moment before saying as he shook his head.

Shan Hen's brows furrowed as a strange glint flashed in his eyes, just as he was about to speak, he suddenly raised his head to look outside. At the same time, the Marksman too looked outside curiously.

They saw a thirty or so year old Feng Zhen Tribe member hurry over.

“Who is Su Ming, Man-Elder calls for you, please come with me now!”

Su Ming was stunned briefly before he stood up, taking a glance at the Marksman who nodded towards him, he quickly left the house and stood before that Feng Zhen Tribesman.

“I am Su Ming.” said Su Ming calmly.

Taking a few glances at Su Ming, he quickly turned around and left. After slightly hesitating, Su Ming followed after him, as he left Bei Ling's voice came behind him.

“This year's test should have about a hundred participants, but the first fifty participants should be mostly the Feng Zhen Tribe's own tribesman..... especially the top top spots, to my understanding, in the past fifty years there had never been an outsider's name appearing even once..... this year's test will probably be the same, you all must remember to work with me to enter the top fifty places!

As long as I can make it into the first fifty places, even if it was the fiftieth place, it would be great merit for our tribe!”

Chapter 46 – Grandpa’s Secret

Su Ming quietly walked into the chlorite city of the Feng Zhen Tribe, ahead of him was that lone tribesman leading the way, his pridefulness could even be felt clearly from his back.

“He certainly has the qualifications to be proud of.....” Su Ming looked at the city in front of him, seeing those chlorite houses, he could not help but think about his own tribe’s skin huts, in comparison..... more like, they cannot even be compared to.

Especially as he was travelling now, Su Ming saw many Feng Zhen Tribesman, in the past sixteen years of his life, he had never seen so many Mán-Cultivators together, the town was extremely lively, as even the men and women in the crowd wearing hide, had clothes many times better than his.

In the crowd, there were also many people wearing coarse linen clothes like Grandpa, and each of those people, without exception were Mán-Cultivators who had strong blood qi emanating from their bodies.

“Medium sized tribe.....” Su Ming looked at all the things he had just saw before looking towards the huge city walls in the distance, he recalled the sight he saw mid-air as they were approaching, the six tribes the size of their own surrounding this city who were not eligible to even stay in this city and could only remain outside.

Along the way, Su Ming saw many shops selling goods, although the crowds here was smaller, every single person walking in or out

those houses was enough to make Su Ming's heart tremble.

The ground was not covered with mud, rather adorned with many stones which were cut with some unknown technique, making the ground extremely solid and even, resulting in Su Ming who was used to the soft mud feeling uncomfortable.

On the chlorite walls in the distance, Su Ming could see many large bows over ten Zhang wide, completely black and giving off a chilling feeling.

“Have you seen enough?” A piercing voice interrupted Su Ming's gaze, it was the voice of the Feng Zhen Tribesman leading the way who had turned around.

In his smile was a haughty pride, his words of ridicule were not truly targeted towards Su Ming himself, but rather every single person who came from a small tribe had that same surprise.

“Don't bother with it for now, since you will be staying here for awhile, you will have your chance to look, especially at night, I recommend you not stay inside and come out for a walk, the sights here at the Feng Zhen Tribe at night is definitely superior to your Wu Shan Tribe.

For now just hurry after me, don't let the Mán-Elder wait too long.” That Feng Zhen Tribesman patted Su Ming's shoulder as he turned around and sped ahead.

Su Ming quietly followed after him.

In the chlorite city, in the center was that pentagonal platform, inside were three privater chambers, within one of them, the Feng Zhen Tribe's Mán-elder, that Awakened purple-robed cultivator was currently sitting crossed-legged as he faced the Wu Shan Tribe Mán-Elder Mo Sang.

Between the two of them was a set of chess pieces, where the pieces were individually carved from animal bones, while the chessboard was cut out from a large piece of stone.

Other than that chess set, in each their hands was a stone cup, inside which was a warm liquid which released a strong aroma filling the room.

“Mo Sang, back then after you came back, you brought me this chess set and taught me how to play chess. Come to think of it, should be because you were lonely then, and wanted someone to help you break those monotonous days.” That purple-robed man picked up a bone chess piece, after moving it he lifted his head and smiled.

“This chess set was from the Taie Tribe, it is said that the Mán-Ancestors of the Tribe copied it from some faraway land..... it's a pity, i haven't played it in so many years that I am no longer a match for you.” Picking up and putting a chess piece aside, Grandpa lightly spoke.

“Mo Sang, I actually really envy you.” That purple-robed man

sighed lightly, seeing the aged Mo Sang, memories of their youth replayed in his mind, the man in his memories was so high-spirited, confident of taking on the world..... amongst those of their generation, none didn't know them..... however now, who would have thought the man favoured by the heavens would be an aged old man now."

"You should not have been born in the Wu Shan Tribe..... If you had agreed to Grandpa and become his Mán-Child, then the current Mán-Elder of the Feng Zhen Tribe would not be me, but rather you.....

Furthermore, you would not have as much difficulty with cultivation and advance much faster than me to step into the Awakened realm..... Grandpa back then also said this before, throughout his life, you were the person he thought had the highest chance of entering the bone sacrifice realm" As he spoke the two words bone sacrifice, the purple-robed man's eyes flash with a certain desire.

"Bone sacrifice.....bone sacrifice..... sacrifice of the thirteen spinal bones, unsealing one's' fate, while sacrificing the spinal bones to form a true Mán-Bone!" That purple robed man spoke, as his gaze dimmed.

"I couldn't do it....."

Mo Sang was quiet as he heard the words bone sacrifice, his face bitter with memories.

“If you had accepted Grandpa’s request, married Wen Yan and joined the Feng Zhen Tribe, Grandpa would have used the power of the whole tribe to help you with the bone sacrifice! Once you reached the bone sacrifice realm, then how could the Feng Zhen Tribe still stay hidden here.....” That purple-robed man bitterly laughed.

“Jing Nan, it’s all in the past.” Mo Sang slowly said.

“Ah, yeah, it’s all in the past.....” That purple robed man shook his head while sighing after finally hearing Mo Sang call his name.

“For you to finally be willing to come visit this old friend, it should be for that kid who was standing beside you right..... He was the child you brought back the other time, isn’t he?” The Feng Zhen Tribe Mán-Elder Jing Nan slowly spoke as he gazed at Mo Sang.

“He is one of the reasons.” Mo Sang picked up the stone cup, lightly blowing at it before taking a sip.

“I could feel that the previous blood moon seemed to have some relation with that Hei Shan Tribe..... that Bi Tu from the Hei Shan Tribe may have gotten some benefits from it.....” Grandpa gently rested the cup.

“I don’t want to hide the truth from you but, he should be able to enter the Awakened realm anytime! Mo Sang, if you want to request for me to strike him down, that is.....” Jing Nan hesitated slightly before shaking his head.

“That is something I cannot do, if he truly entered the Awakened realm, the benefits it brings to my Feng Zhen Tribe is huge, even if you agreed to my request back then, this is something I cannot do.”

“No matter.” Grandpa lightly smiled, he had long since expected this, this Jing Nan is not as good a friend as it may seem on the surface anyway, the disputes they had between them were clearly understood by them.

“You have your own difficulties, this I understand. The matter between him and I, will eventually have to be settled! Coming here this time is actually to make a deal with you!”

“Oh? What is it.” The Feng Zhen Tribe Mán-Elder Jing Nan’s eyes flashed with surprise as he slowly spoke.

Grandpa softly whispered, such that only Jing Nan could hear his words. After hearing them, he expressionlessly closed his eyes as he fell into deep thought.

Grandpa did not pressure him further, only picking up the stone cup once more as he slowly enjoyed his drink.

Time slowly passed within the room, only after a long time was the silence broken as a respectful voice echoed from outside the room.

“Respected Man-Elder, Su Ming has been brought over.”

“Let him in.” spoke Jing Nan while his eyes were still shut.

The sound of footsteps in this silent room gradually approached, Su Ming was very nervous as he approached. The lights were dimly lit, leaving quite some darkness, as he walked forward, he eventually caught the sight of his Grandpa and that purple-robed man.

Seeing Grandpa, Su Ming managed to calm down slightly.

Su Ming, come to my side.” Grandpa’s face revealed a faint smile as he beckoned towards Su Ming, quickly Su Ming arrived by Grandpa’s side with his head lowed.

“Speak your second request.”he slowly spoke after a short while as Jing Nan opened his eyes, seriously starting at Mo Sang.

“I want a drop of your Mán-Blood!” Grandpa similarly stared at Jing Nan as he spoke.

Jing Nan’s brows furrowed, all Mán-Practitioners had Mán-blood, but he was an Awakened cultivator whose Mán-Blood was more precious, each time he were to condense a single drop, he would need quite some time of cultivation to recover. Even for his own tribe-members, even for those extremely talented geniuses, he would rarely bestow them a single drop of Mán-Blood.

While sighing, Jing Nan's gaze swept past Mo Sang and onto Su Ming.

Su Ming immediately lowered his head, but he could still feel that purple robed man's gaze piercing into him like acupuncture needles.

"For him? His talent is very ordinary, it would be difficult for him to fully absorb the Mán-Blood so it would be a waste. Why not change your request." Jing Nan retracted his gaze as he calmly spoke.

"My two requests will not be changed, the ancient Mán-Technique and the true Mán-Tool methods, if you agree I will give them to you immediately!" Grandpa Mo Sang handed over the stone cup to Su Ming, gesturing him to drink from it.

After taking it over, he did not hesitate and drank it immediately, instantly a very comfortable warmth filled his body.

Jing Nan frowned as he once more thought about the conditions, staring at Mo San, he suddenly spoke once more.

"Okay, I can agree to your two requests, but this matter involving the Mán-Blood, you should already know that during the three tests during the event, the top three members will all receive Mán-Blood, in order to prevent wastage, I will add an additional condition, if Su Ming is able to reach the top forty positions in any one of the three tests, I will give him the Mán-Blood!

However, if Su Ming fails, you will have to change your request!”

Grandpa silently considered the proposition, feeling that the other party was purposely trying to make things difficult for him, he pondered for a long time before finally nodding his head, thinking to himself that if he had to change his request, he would still have to make it beneficial to Su Ming.

Hearing these words, Su Ming Gazed at Grandpa’s head of white hair and wrinkled face, thinking back towards that old Wu Long Tribe lady’s words and Bei Ling’s coldness. He thought back towards his inner loneliness since he was small, as he watched the night skies alone, all these filled Su Ming’s mind, transforming into a never before seen determination.

This determination was even more firm that when he was undergoing the Mán-Awakening.

Grandpa stood up and motioned for Su Ming to follow him, as he wanted to leave, the cross-legged Jing Nan who was doubtfully starting at Mo Sang opened his mouth.

“Mo Sang, I have a question that has been plaguing me for over ten years before I am finally asking you..... as such, today since you made your way to my Feng Zhen Tribe, I hope you will be able to answer me!”

Grandpa did not stop walking as Su Ming followed behind, still able to hear that purple robed man’s words.

“You are obviously only at the ninth level of the Blood Condensation Stage, but why is that that even now I am unable to feel a shred of weakness, but rather the aura of an Awakened cultivator!!” That purple robed man hurriedly spoke, he did not completely voice out his inner questions, which was the fact that from this other person’s aura, there seemed to be something that could make him feel fearful.

From back then till now, it was the same!

Chapter 47 – Six Numbers!

Hearing those words stunned Su Ming, he slowly understood Grandpa and that Feng Zhen Tribe's Man-Elder's relationship. It definitely did not seem as he initially thought, the two of them definitely were hiding some past disputes.

It was also precisely due to this that Grandpa had not been willing to come to the Feng Zhen Tribe all these years. Today's matters also showed that that Feng Zhen Tribe Man-Elder had some apprehension in his heart, which is why he had been so extremely courteous to Grandpa who was only at the Blood Condensation stage.

Memories of when he was on the Black Python surfaced in Su Ming's mind, thinking of the fact that Grandpa and that purple robed man both walked away on air, his heart uncontrollably started to race.

"You will understand eventually." Grandpa did not answer the question, he had only left this one sentence as his reply. Bringing Su Ming along, he left that pentagonal altar.

Within that pentagonal altar, Jing Nan silently pondered, looking towards where Mo Sang walked towards his gaze gradually darkened. After some time, he pulled out a small vial from his robes, this vial was a beautiful purple, making the object inside seem very precious to him for him to use such an exquisite vial.

As he opened the vial, a fragrant aroma wafted out, inside was

actually a medicinal pill!!

Awakening Pill!

“It’s a pity, there is only one..... A single one would not have much effect on me, if there were maybe eight more.....” Jing Nan spoke as his eyes revealed a sense of longing.

“I must find that Evil-Man who is able to refine this pill! Regardless of the price I must find him..... I have already sent people out in all the nearby areas, that person will definitely not be able to escape!

I can feel him nearby, he must be nearby, very nearby.....”

Currently, it was already evening, the chlorite city was soon to be enveloped by moonlight, but the city was as bustling as ever, many bonfires began sprouting out around the city, these bonfires were actually set up in a strange Man-Tool, enabling them to magically float mid air, bathing the city in its light.

Grandpa walked in-front while Su Ming followed behind, the two of them walking ahead in silence.

“Seven days later will be when the Feng Zhen Tribe’s Test will take place, this test is hosted by the Feng Zhen Tribe and all the Tribes paying homage will have to participate, it’s some kind of festival for you of the junior generation.

Grandpa hopes you will participate in it, don't worry about being exposed, with Grandpa's arrangement, you just hold onto this and other than that Jing Nan, the other people will not realise it is you.

Su Ming, Grandpa can only help you so much, for the rest..... you will have to rely on yourself.” Grandpa patted Su Ming's head as he gently spoke. With a wave of his right hand, a weak blood qi emanated from Grandpa, as a black straw hat instantaneously appeared in Grandpa's hands/

“This is something that Grandpa obtained in the past from a large tribe, it can also be considered to be a Man-Tool i guess. After being absorbed into your blood, it is able to change your physique and appearance. Although the change might not feel like much, it is more than enough to appear to be a different person, it is something that Grandpa enjoyed playing around with in his younger days.

This thing has accompanied me for many years, it is really no longer of much use to Grandpa now, so let me gift this to you.” Grandpa held that black straw hat and thrust it towards Su Ming's body, Su Ming felt his body tremble as a chill penetrated his body, instantly the black straw hat had vanished within him

Although it had disappeared, Su Ming could feel that that object seemed to have merged with his bloodstream and had been assimilated into his body, shortly after, the method on how to use this black straw hat to change his was taught to him by Grandpa.

“During the test days, you just remain in the residence first, after we leave change your appearance, I will arrange for someone to

bring you there to secretly join the rest.” said Grandpa with a laugh.

Su Ming wanted to speak, but after some hesitation, he decided not to, however he was determined, determined that no matter if he had to stake everything, he could not disappoint Grandpa!

“Top forty..... top forty!!” Su Ming tightly grit his teeth.

“Su Ming, since young Grandpa had taught you to think more, to contemplate by yourself, this will benefit you greatly in the future..... Let Grandpa suggest you a question, and lets see if my little La Su can think of an answer.....” Grandpa kindly gazed at Su Ming, blinking his eyes, his smiled.

“Listen well, Su Ming, Grandpa will only tell you once, Thirty-two, seventy-nine, two hundred and forty-eight, three hundred and seventy-one, five hundred and sixty-three, seven hundred and eighty-one.”

(TLN: 32 79 248 371 563 781)

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, murmuring those six numbers, but unable to figure out what the meant, seeing Grandpa’s smiling silently, Su Ming memorised these six numbers as he pondered.

Moonlight fell unto their bodies, their shadows elongating as Su Ming remained in deep thought, the two of them walking further

and further.....

In a flash, it was already the night six days later. The Feng Zhen Tribe festival was about to start in the following morning.....

In these six days, Su Ming had remained within the house arranged for the Wu Shan Tribe by the Feng Zhen Tribe, spending all his time cautiously circling his blood qi, feeling like there was someone observing him, but was unable to find anyone nearby.

Under the presence of this gaze, Su Ming's cultivation was frequently interrupted. Every Time that feeling of being watched reached its peak, he would stop cultivating and lie on his bed, pondering on those six numbers which left him baffled.

On the fifth day, that feeling of him being watched had finally disappeared, which made Su Ming feel even more nervous, he had frequently tried to guess who was watching him, a few figures frequently popping up in his mind, but in the end he could still not be sure.

In these few days, Lei Chen had visited Su Ming several times, with the rest of his time mostly spent with Wu La. Under Grandpa's advice, they carried out their final bit of cultivation before the test. However, given his character, after cultivating a bit, he would try to drag Su Ming out for a walk, the times Su Ming did not go, Lei Chen would just walk about himself, coming back with a mysterious expression on his face.

That expression somehow felt vaguely familiar to Su Ming.....

“Su Ming, did you know, in this city that kind of place exists..... in my whole life, I have not seen so many women together.....”

“Su Ming, in this place there is a drink, they call it wine, the taste is..... do you want to try it?”

“Su Ming, guess what I saw today, I saw the Hei Shan Tribe arrive, they came over on a black cloud, however their Man-Elder did not seem to come, rather it was their Tribe Patriarch that came over.”

“Su Ming, get up already, listen to me, today at the place they sell wine, I ran into a Hei Shan Tribesman, he was about our age but super arrogant, if fighting was allowed there I would have beaten him up a little!”

“Su Ming, I saw Bai Ling today! Don’t you think its strange? I think she might have really been tricked by us, she did not ask me about the coin incident anymore, however after seeing me, she did ask about you.”

“Su Ming, I think I found a girl I like..... remember I told you I ran into Bai Ling yesterday? Beside her was this girl, also from the Wu Long Tribe. She really has an amazing figure and is even prettier than that Bai Ling.....”

“Su Ming, I finally found out her name, she is called Bai Fang, what a nice name.....”

These few days, Lei Chen would practically come by and confide in Su Ming, especially the last few days, all he spoke about was this girl called Bai Fang.

As for Bei Ling, he too spent most of his time out of the house, even when he was in, most of the time he would be accompanied by youths from the other tribes, seeming like they were all good friends.

Only late at night on the sixth night did Su Ming leave the house, while gazing at the moon in the sky, he noticed Bei Ling being dragged out by some Feng Zhen Tribes people unwillingly.

“Today I really don’t feel like going.....” By the main doors, Bei Ling hesitated before he softly spoke.

“Not coming? That’s fine as well, but Bei Ling, you must remember, you have been personally nominated by Wu Sen to join our ceremony, if you don’t want to participate, you can forget about getting our Feng Zhen Tribe’s Man-Elder’s Man-Blood!

Don’t forget the reason you entered the top fifty positions previously.” the Feng Zhen Tribesman dragging Bei Ling along was a eighteen year old youth, smiling as he slowly spoke.

Beside them were two other people, whose contemptuous gazes were also resting on Lei Chen’s body.

Bei Ling thought for awhile before slowly nodding, disappearing into the night alongside these three other people.

Seeing this scene from a distance, Su Ming's brows furrowed as he gazed at the moon, after thinking for a while, he slowly walked out the doors.

“Wu Sen.....” Su Ming could vaguely remember Bei Ling mention this name before, it was supposedly one of the three strongest juniors in the Feng Zhen Tribe. This year, he had even been predicted to obtain a top three spot in all three tests.

As for matters involving this person, Bei Ling only gave a simple introduction, before quickly moving onto the next one.

As he walked along the dimly lit city, Su Ming's body gradually transformed, shortly after, he became seven inches taller and much bulkier, even his hair had gotten significantly longer, transforming into a more simple looking man, emanating a sturdy feeling. Completely different from the normally weak looking Su Ming.

Even the clothing he was wearing could transform, it truly was bizarre.

After stretching a little, Su Ming realised that he felt comfortable as usual, as his blood qi circulated, his forty-nine blood veins did not surface on his body, but a powerful qi still emerged from his body.

“Under the moonlight..... even those of the fifth level of Blood Condensation are not my match..... now that I also have that Blood Scale Spear..... Even someone of the sixth level of Blood Condensation would have to be wary of me!” Su Ming’s gaze flashed as he raised his head to glance at the moon before he continued onward.

“Bei Ling’s cultivation should have just recently stepped into the sixth level of Blood Condensation, his father the Marksman and the hunting party’s leader are at the eighth level of Blood Condensation, among my generation, to be able to reach the eighth level of Blood Condensation should be very rare, they will definitely be able to surpass all their peers. This Wu Sen and his companions should definitely not be at the eighth level of Blood Condensation!” Su Ming’s steps were not fast but rather very stealthy, he only walked in the dark areas as he stalked the four people walking in the distance.

“Those three people seemed to only be at the fifth level of Blood Condensation, but seeing Bei Ling’s expression, the Wu Sen’s cultivation should be somewhere between the upper stages of the sixth level of the Blood Condensation stage but lower than the eighth level of Blood Condensation. I am eighty percent certain that his Wu Sen must be at the seventh level of Blood Condensation.”

“Seventh level of Blood Condensation, I might not be able to defeat him, but under the moonlight, if I were to fight with him, he can forget about trying to keep me behind.” Su Ming was extremely confident in his own speed.

The reason he followed behind was not purely out of curiosity, but rather also because of Bei Ling's unwilling expression, which reminded him of his childhood where he called Bei Ling 'Big Brother', with a complex mix of feelings, he slowly followed behind them.

Time slowly passed and the moon hung high in the sky as Bei Ling's four man group disappear into a strange looking house located in a remote section of this chlorite city.....

Chapter 48 – Thunderous Strike!

Outside the house, Su Ming's footsteps stopped, standing in the dark like a hunter. After staring at the house for awhile, he gradually frowned. As if realising something, he reached the side of the door in a flash, stepping inside he found out that there was actually no one inside.

“Interesting.” Su Ming mumbled, lowering his head and looking about, he found out that at the end of the house was a hole.

After hesitating slightly, he inspected the hole, touching the surface of the hole with his hand, he realised it was made up of really dry mud, signifying that this hole had already been there for a long time.

A light flashed in his eyes as he lowered himself into the hole, without making a single sound Su Ming sped into the tunnel, as he proceeded he approximated that this tunnel seemed to be leading outdoors, past the base of the city walls.

On the tunnel floor, messy footsteps could be seen, lowering his body, Su Ming inspected and counted these footsteps.

“It seems like there are about seven or eight people.” Su Ming thought to himself as he took out his bone axe, as he walked, he effortlessly dug out a deep hole in the soft muddy ground.

At some places, Su Ming could see supporting pillars to prevent the tunnel from collapsing, as he noticed them, the edges of his lips

turned upwards.

Soon, Su Ming had walked several thousand Zhang, but suddenly he stopped, in the distance, he could see a shred of moonlight illuminating the cave, meaning that must be the exit.

Vaguely he could make out some sounds of people outside.

The voice sounded as if it was singing, barely audible as if it was fairly far away. Su Ming paused at the base of the exit before quickly taking a step back after looking upwards.

As he looked up, he saw someone meditating cross-legged by the exit guarding the hole.

“There is only one guard, from his blood qi it seems like he is only of the fourth level of blood condensation.” Remaining calm, Su Ming jumped out of the cave, shocking that cross-legged youth whose eyes fly open.

Just as he was being surprised, Su Ming’s right hand lightly waved, and that young man’s body was wracked with pain, as a red light seemed to spread in his eyes piercing him like numerous needles causing him to cough out fresh blood. While wanting to call for help, a powerful cold hand extended from behind him, viciously covering his mouth, preventing him from crying out, leaving him struggling in pain.

Soon, his body convulsed as he fainted.

Standing behind him was the calm looking Su Ming, after gently putting his body down Su Ming squatted down and inspected his surroundings. It was currently late at night and the surroundings were extremely quiet, in the distance the outline of the chlorite city could be seen, as well as the bonfires flashing in the surrounding tribes.

In the opposite direction Su Ming could also see a campfire, only the colour of the flames were not red, it was actually green! That green light emanate a strange feeling, under the cover of the moonlight it was hidden in the dark.

That singing voice could once more be heard coming in the direction of that strange green bonfire.

While frowning, Su Ming approached the darkness in the forest, squatting down nearby he saw a mind startling sight.

That bonfire releasing the green flames was vigorously burning atop a large quantity of dry twigs and leaves, however, within them Su Ming could actually see some corpses. Those corpses apparently had been dead for a long time and as they burned in the pile, the constantly released strange popping noises.

Surrounding the flames were seven people sitting cross-legged, of which one was sitting directly in-front of the flames, while the other six were sitting by the side in two rows of three, Bei Ling was one of them.

The person sitting alone was a bald youth in black robes, he looked extremely handsome, however under the glow of the flame, he looked diabolical.

Su Ming remained silent as he attentively watched them, eventually he picked up some information, from the six people beside the fire a shred of qi could be seen exiting their orifices, making them turn pale as their bodies started trembling.

Not long after, one of the six people stood up and walked towards that bald headed youth, kneeling down on one knee, he strongly patted his chest with both arms, the trembling of his body growing more and more intense, on his forehead, a drop of green blood slowly materialised and flew towards that bald youth. At the same time, by the bald youth's forehead, a fingernail sized agglomeration of blood materialised and merged with the other youth's blood sacrifice.

After fusing with that green drop of blood, on that bald youth's body numerous blood veins appeared, however within those blood veins, a shred of green could be clearly seen.

An extremely powerful blood qi erupted forth from that bald youth's body causing Su Ming's eyes to narrow, he realised that he had made a mistake, that person was not at the eighth level of blood condensation, neither was he at the seventh level of blood condensation, he was actually at the sixth level.

However he was at the peak of the sixth level of blood condensation, and seemed like he was on the verge of breaking through the seventh level.

“It would appear that I have overestimated the people of the Feng Zhen Tribe.” Su Ming remained unmoving as his gaze moved onto Bei Ling, other than Bei Ling, the rest of them had already stood up to sacrifice a drop of blood from their foreheads before returning to their original position.

“Wu Sen..... the past few days I have already given you ten over drops of blood, and have been greatly weakened, in the morning will be the day of the test, let me just give you one drop today okay?” softly speaking, Bei Ling’s eyes opened as he gazed at that bald youth.

“En?” That bald youth was precisely Wu Sen, his stared at Bei Ling with his eyes filled with contempt.

“You want to go back on your words? Didn’t we agree that you will help me breakthrough to the seventh level of blood-condensation and if then I manage to obtain the Man-Elder’s Man-Blood, I will share a small portion with you just like the previous years. At most you can skip out on the first two tests, and for the last test I will give you some Man-Blood to help you easily reach the top fifty.”

“This.....” Bei Ling was hesitating but soon after, he grit his teeth and walked forward, kneeling in front of Wu Sen, he hit his chest with both palms, causing his body to tremble and a drop of green blood flew out from forehead.

But as this drop of blood was flying out, Bei Ling became tired

and sluggish. As he was standing up Wu Sen eyes flashed as he stuck out his right hand, directly tapping the defenseless Bei Ling's forehead.

“You!!” Bei Ling body shook, just as he was about to counter attack, that finger landed. A slip appearing on his forehead as drops of blood flew out!

“Don't worry, we are friends, I won't kill you, I am just helping to prevent you from going back on your words, just one sacrifice will be enough for the whole night.....” Wu Sen smiled and withdrew his finger, intending to absorb the blood he forced out of Bei Ling into his body.

But at this moment, Bei Ling's body trembled as his eyes widened, before he could even absorb the drops of, he stumbled back a few steps and fell into the bonfire.

He could only see a black flash of light, as a black spear whistles in the wind, soaring forward like a black dragon over the crowd, streaking past Bei Ling flying straight towards that bald youth.

That fire pile burst apart with a loud bang as a large amount of green flames burst out to the surroundings, a powerful looking figure suddenly appearing in front of Bei Ling in a flash, grasping with his right hand, he managed to obtain both Bei Ling's blood and the blot clot of Wu Sen.

That burly man with an unusual appearance was precisely the transformed Su Ming.

“This blood is not bad, I will be taking it.” His voice sounded hoarse as he waved his left arm, the black spear embedded in the ground turned into a black smoke and reappeared in his hands.

Su Ming slowly spoke as he gazed at the rapidly retreating Wu Sen, Wu Sen’s gaze was solemn with a hint of cruelty.

“You are seeking death!” Wu Sen shouted, a large amount of green qi surging out of his body instantly surrounding his body, impressively turning him into a three zhang tall figure, that green coloured figure gave a silent roar as it raised its arms jumping towards Su Ming like a zombie.

(TLN: A chinese zombie specifically, google it if you don’t know how it looks like)

At the same time, the other people all reacted as their blood qis circulated, this time not to sacrifice their blood, they who are currently weaken wanted to strike Su Ming, only to see him stab his spear into the ground.

His blood qi flowing into the spear, a large amount of black qi bursting forth. The instant the spear penetrated the earth with a bang, the ground started to shake as air waves surged out with Su Ming in the center, knocking back each of those weakened individuals.

Immediately after, Su Ming’s body flashed as he rushed towards Wu Sen with great speed, at the same time his left hand wielding

the spear, black qi bursting forth transforming into a black hawk, spreading open its wings and creating a gale as it rushed towards that ferocious zombie figure.

At the same time, the moonlight condensed without anyone's notice and integrated with the black eagle to concurrently attack that green figure.

After a loud thunder like bang, Su Ming's body rolled backwards, after staggering slightly he quickly retreated back towards the hole and jumped in.

As he retreated, an angry roar followed behind coming from the collapsed green figure, from within the forest Wu Sen had a grim expression as fresh blood spew forth from a wound on his chest.

"You actually dare hurt me!!" His eyes filled with contempt as he rushed forward.

Two people, one in-front of another quickly disappeared into the tunnel, the remaining people, including Bei Ling, were filled with dismay as they stayed back, too afraid to pursue.

Shortly after, a muffled roar came from the earth, it would seem that the underground passageway had collapsed, which was followed by more angry roars. After some more time, Wu Sen re-emerged from the hole, looking extremely distressed, releasing another monstrous roar, unable to hide his rage from the rest.

“I managed to snatch my corpse qi back, but we won’t be cultivating anymore tonight, you all better find that guy for me, you must find him, he is not from the Feng Zhen Tribe! After finding him, I will personally break his neck!!”

Chapter 49 – Three Methods

It was a dark night

Inside Feng Zhen city the winds howling in the darkness, lifting vast amounts of the earth's dust into the skies, making even the moon in the skies look fuzzy.

Several figures seemed to be fumbling in the chlorite city, seemingly seeking something to no avail. Only as a whiteness appeared along the horizon did these figures start to disperse.

Bai Ling brought his exhausted and pale-white face back to the Wu Shan Tribe abode, in this one night he had lost a large amount of his vital blood. His body's weakness seemingly reached its peak after he witnessed that short but terrifying exchange.

That roaring spear, that intense earth's tremble as well as Wu Sen's crazy roar seemed to echo themselves in Bei Ling's ears. In Bei Ling's eyes, Wu Sen is the genius child of the Feng Zhen Tribe, even though they may both be at the same sixth level of blood condensation, he knew that he could not beat Wu Sen, more accurately..... he would not even dare fight with him.

That person's Man-Cultivation technique was not the simple one, it had come from an ancient Man-Totem, one which was known as the most secretive in the Feng Zhen Tribe, it required Corpse Qi, by using Man-blood to transform into a corpse body, if successful it would form an immortal body.

“The person who fought with Wu Sen, who could it be..... I can't see through his cultivation, but to be able to force Wu Sen to that

extent, he must also be fairly illustrious, could he be from the Hei Shan Tribe.....” Bei Ling’s face was bleak, he might be considered the best amongst his generation in the Wu Shan Tribe, but he understood, after he left the Wu Shan Tribe, he was nobody.

With his complex emotions, he returned back home on the morning of the competition. Walking back to his room, he pushed open his room’s door, as he stepped into his room, Bei Ling’s entire body shook and his eyes contracted, his pores all contracted, taking in a deep breath, his face revealed a sense of disbelief.

On the table in his room, floated a clump of fresh blood, that blood emanating a faint green glow, strangely twinkling. This fresh blood was precisely the blood forced out of his forehead by Wu Sen containing his essence and vitality.

After being stunned for a while, he slowly turned around, only to see darkness as he was surrounded by silence, his heartbeat started to race. Only after sometime did he walk into the room, staring at fresh blood on the table his expression transformed.

“He..... who is he..... Why did he help me.....” After a long time, Bei Ling finally grabbed that fresh blood. The instant he grabbed hold of the blood, it had immediately entered his body transforming into a surge of heat, sitting down, Lei Chen hurriedly circulated the blood.

At the same time, in the same Wu Shan Tribe house, in another room, Su Ming sat cross-legged in his room, his face pale with some blood by his lips.

But his eyes were glowing, seeing the clump of fresh green blood in his hands, a sneer appeared on his face.

“This favoured child of the Feng Zhen Tribe who thinks so highly of himself, oppresing everyone else! But he is only so, if I can complete the third kindling of my blood, using the spear, even if I cannot kill him, severely injuring him would not be a problem!” Wiping away the blood on his face, his eyes flashed sharply.

“This is only a light injury, if I circulate my blood qi I should be able to quickly recover. But the Mán-Cultivation technique is really strange.” In Su Ming’s mind the image of the corpses stacked in a green bonfire surfaced.

“If I have the change, I really want to go and test out all the favoured children! However, seeing that Wu Sen’s crazed expression, this thing should be fairly important to him!” Su Ming glanced at the green clump of blood before putting it into a small bottle. With a thought and wave of his hand, a ray of moonlight suddenly appeared and surrounded that small vial before disappearing.

Putting that vial away, he closed his eyes as he circulated his blood qi all the way until morning arrived.

Time flowed on and quickly the skies outside was no longer dark, along with the rising light by the horizon, morning quickly arrived.

This morning was different from the rest, after all, today was the day that the Feng Zhen Tribe hosted the festival for the many people from the nearby tribes.

This festival, other than for testing the aptitudes of the younger generation, was also a chance for the many tribes to showcase their talent and the future of the tribes, which will also determine the Feng Zhen Tribe's attitude to these other tribes.

When morning arrived, Lei Chen, Wu La, Bei Ling, Grandpa, the Marksman and Shan Hen were brought along by the Feng Zhen Tribesmen away from the house.

Su Ming stood outside the house, watching the people leave. He could see Lei Chen confidently waving at him. As usual he could see Wu La's face of disdain as she looked at him. And Bei Ling who did not even give him a glance.

Grandpa smilingly nodded towards Su Ming there was also the Marksman who looked back with a trace of pity, finally Su Ming save the silent Shan Hen walking ahead, his gaze swept across Su Ming seemingly amused.

All the way until these figures faded in the distance and could not be seen any longer Su Ming remained standing there. Only His figure slowly started to transform, his face also changing, in a short while, the person standing where Su Ming was is not a strong looking youth, slightly tanned and looking sturdy, looking very similar to an ordinary Mán-Cultivator.

Only this transformed Su Ming was different from yesterday's transformed Su Ming, that black straw hat given to him by Grandpa was indeed mysterious.

Standing there, Su Ming was not the slightest bit rushed, he only remained there watching the sky, calmly waiting. He knew that today was very important to him, and also to Grandpa.

Today, perhaps he, Su Ming, could soar to the skies, or perhaps..... he might get washed up.

Su Ming did not know if there was some superior being controlling people's fate, as he watched the skies, the blue skies, the blue was endless with no end in sight.

“All lives on this earth, who is able to see the ends of the skies.....” This sentence was the first few words in the bound leather book, previously when Su Ming read it, it felt extremely profound and obscure.

“People frequently use the two words ‘beneath heaven’, this ‘beneath heavens’ refers to everything underneath the skies! If heaven has a will, it is one of oppression! To oppress the Mán, and subject us to degradation. ” In Su Ming's mind a short verse surfaced.

He sometimes felt that, there truly was a god in the heavens, but this god was too cold. Why is it that of the people Su Ming saw there are those favoured by heavens and those extremely normal, how someone as exquisite as Grandpa ended up aged, how that

purple robed man preside over the masses as an awakened cultivator!

Why was Bei Ling so conflicted, how Wu Sen seized people's cultivations.....

“The authority of heaven is unseen, but compels us submit in servility... Else defy it?” ? ” This phrase, was the last section of the opening words in the old leather book.

Su Ming had not understood it at all, but now Su Ming at least understood slightly, he had once asked Grandpa, but Grandpa had only told him to figure it out by himself!

“This phrase is very simple yet also extremely complex, its meaning was simple, the heavens created pressure which forced us Mán to either servile and advance against it..... but the last section was a question.

Under Grandpa's understanding, perhaps there is another way other than retreating..... when you grow up perhaps you will be able to more deeply understand, maybe one day you can reach the realm spoken in these words, perhaps you will be able to figure out the third method other than advancing or retreating.

Afterall, this leather book is the last place Grandpa visited, in Grandpa's entire life, it was the most majestic world for the Mán!

That place is called Da Yu..... this leather book's owner is that Da

Yu's Mán-Elder.....”

Su Ming silently pondered as he stared at the vast blue skies, after some time, the sound of footsteps approached as someone came close, Su Ming retracted his gaze from the skies and looked towards the sound.

Dressed in white robes, with a head of white hair, his face aged and experienced, it was precisely Shi Hai!

Shi Hai glanced at Su Ming, seeing this stranger's appearance, he did not understand why the Mán-Elder Shi Hai arranged for him to handle the matter, to have him bring a single person to secretly join the tests.

“Follow me.” On Su Ming's body Shi Hai could not see a shred of mystery, after speaking his words, he turned and walked away.

Su Ming's expression was calm as ever as he followed.

Immediately after walking out the main doors, Su Ming saw Shi Hai flick his sleeves and a mist instantly diffused from his body, enveloping Su Ming within. SU Ming was shocked but didn't retreat, letting the mist roll around him, lifting him and Shi Hai into the air before they shot into the distance in a rainbow.

This was the second time Su Ming saw the earth from the skies, naturally he was still nervous, this nervousness was ignored by Shi Hai as he continued to bring him forward at high speeds, very

quickly he had brought Su Ming past the Feng Zhen Tribe towards a large plains north of the Feng Zhen Tribe.

Su Ming gazed at the plains in front of him, from the skies, it looked like a piece of ocean. Shortly after, Su Ming felt his body tremble as the fog seemed to collide with an invisible membrane, penetrating into it he could see ripples form in surroundings like ripples forming in a clear river. From his side Shi Hai's cold voice came.

“We are here!”

This was not a simple plains, rather there was a mountain just in front of him!

Su Ming had never seen such a majestic mountain before! It was countless times higher than the Wu Mountain, Compared to this, the Wu Mountain was like a child while this mountain was a burly strong brute!

It had pierced the clouds making the peaks obscure, what he could see was only half the mountain, the rest were all covered by the clouds.

Such a huge mountain was just unbelievable!

On that mountain, Su Ming could see numerous small paths spreading to the peaks, disappearing into the clouds.

At the foot of the mountains was a huge circular plaza, surrounding the plaza was nine majestic statues, each one exuding the aura of the ancient Mán, and were quite hideous

At the moment, on the large plaza there was already hundred of people all spread out chatting about.

Su Ming's arrival attracted over a hundred people's gaze, but after one glance they retracted their gazes, and continued their discussions.

Chapter 50 – Little Bro, We Are Fated For Each Other!

Amongst the people who turned to look at him, Su Ming did not see Grandpa and company, of the Mán-Tribesman here, most of them are from the Feng Zhen Tribe, and although he had left after Grandpa, he had clearly arrived before them.

After putting Su Ming down, Shi Hai gave Su Ming a black tablet, without saying much more, he immediately transformed back into the a white mist and left.

Standing there along, Su Ming took a look at his surroundings, only to not find a single familiar face. Silently, he looked at the black tablet which had the numbers 109 written on it in Mán-Numbers.

(TLN: Just treat it as another number writing system)

That black tablet looked extremely normal, seemingly carved out of stone, yet when it was being held in his hand, it felt strangely cold.

“This times event has one of the most numbers of participants ever, there are actually over one hundred of them!”

“Over a hundred people, but this is only the first test. There must be quite some people who don’t think they are strong enough to participate in the second and third test and are here just to

experience the ambience.”

“You are mistaken in saying that, of the three tests, the first one is actually the hardest! Just for your information, the second test is speed and the third one is combat, both of which will require a certain standard, and even some luck. But this first test has no minimum requirement because it is a test of willpower and your potential!

This kind of test can be extremely brutal! Regardless of your cultivation, performing badly on this test will mean that you have little potential and or will power, these people will become disregarded in their tribes.”

Su Ming fiddled around with the black table in his hands as he heard the conversations of the people around him.

“But if I must say, for every test so far, the top fifty people are usually the Mán-Cultivators of our Feng Zhen Tribe, the other Tribes are just here to fill up the spots. It is said that there had never been any outsiders taking the top ten spots here before.”

“Thats for sure, it will be the same this time round, anyway for the top forty slots we already know who will be getting them, as for the top ten, other than those terrific juniors, there is no one else that can fight for it anyway.”

Su Ming listened to all these people’s discussions and came to understand that of all the people here today, most of them are not participating in the first test and are only here to watch the

excitement.

As he listened, he was still thinking about the six numbers that Grandpa told him about. Suddenly, Su Ming noticed that there was an old man quietly closing onto him. Noticing Su Ming's gaze as well, the old man revealed a smile as he even more quickly approached Su Ming.

This old man was dressed in animal hide, on his ears were several bone earrings, from the looks of which was not a member of the Feng Zhen Tribe.

“This little bro, this old man saw the tablet in this little bro's hand and understands that we are both participants in this first test so I have come to give my greetings, I have no other ill intentions.” The old man looked comical with his mouth stuck out and has a chin like an ape's, his facial features all moving as he laughs, easily leaving an impression on a person.

Su Ming remained expressionless as he listened to the old man's words, nodding slightly at the end.

“Little bro, don't mind this old man's words, although my cultivation is not very high but I have lived a long time and trained my eyes. From what I see..... your qualifications is..... Very unusual.” Spoke the old man as he blinked his eyes at Su Ming.

“This old man comes around to this test every time to have a look, given this little bro's qualifications it would be rather hard to get into the top fifty places, in fact I estimate you will be in the

hundredth or so position..... however.....” That old man walked closer to Su Ming as he sneakily looked around making sure no one was watching him before he continued speaking even more softly.

“However, little bro running into me can be considered your good luck, I have a special herb that can explode forth your potential for a short duration, such that when you take the first test, you will be able to definitely get into the top fifty spots! If you buy more and consume it at the same time, getting into the top ten spots is not impossible as well.” That old man softly spoke, opening his robe, quickly exposing some of the herbs he had on him before covering them up again, a mysterious look flashing on his face as if he was afraid people know his secret.

(TLN: The old man is a flasher! Well kinda..... First we have a horny monkey, then we have a old man flasher... I wonder if there are more weird people in this novel)

Su Ming was momentarily stunned as he stared at the old man while at a loss for words.

“You don’t believe me?” That old man seeing Su Ming’s expression quickly added: “Little bro, you are still young, this kind of things, even if they are false you should still at least try it once, after all if you actually managed to get your name up there, the people in your tribe will also treat you better, from your looks it seems like you are the kind that is frustrated in your own tribe.”

“Okay, if your medicine really works, then why is it that every year the top fifty spots still go to the Feng Zhen Tribesmen and especially the top ten spots where no outside has ever gotten it. I

am not buying it, you should hurry and try to sell it to someone else instead.” Su Ming frowned as he took a few steps back.

That old man’s eyes widened as he raised his right arm towards Su Ming, rapidly praising him as he gave a thumbs up.

“Skilled, this little bro is really smart, so quickly and you are already able to see this point, it seems that I have made a mistake, your qualifications is indeed poor but at least you are rather smart.

However little bro, you are mistaken, one of the top ten spots had been taken by an outsider before, fifty years ago there was a person who had consecutively gotten first place for several years, this person you should also have heard of him before, he is the Wu Shan Tribe Mán-Elder Mo Sang! Did you know why he managed to do so? That’s because he always bought the herbs from me.

There was also that year that, Hei Shan person also bought my herbs and managed to get into the forty something position, the so and so from that Wu Long Tribe as well.

Hey, don’t walk away like that, the previous test there was this Bei Ling boy as well who managed to enter the top fifty as well because he bought my herbs.....” That old man hurriedly spoke as he saw Su Ming frowning as he walked backwards.

“Little bro, we are fated for each other, that’s the only reason I

am selling it to you, if it were any other person I wouldn't sell it to them even if they begged me, I am selling to for ten coins per stalk but for you I will only charge you three a stalk, how is that? Just three coins and you can have it, what a good deal right? Ah, such a cheap herb, if I were to shout that I was selling it, I would be surrounded by people immediately, since I feel that we have karma between us, I'll give it to you one for one, I....." This old man spoke with a flurry of words, clapping as he spoke seemingly getting excited as he spoke, making Su Ming even more stunned than before as he subconsciously retreated even further.

This old man was going to continue talking, until there was an uproar in the crowd as the sky seemed to distort as a black python appeared while carrying several people on its back, it was exactly Grandpa and gang.

"It's the Wu Shan Tribe!"

"The Wu Shan Tribe Mán-Elder is said to have a very powerful cultivation, but it's too bad the whole tribe has no competent descendant, but I think I heard that there was some guy called Bei Ling who got the forty-ninth spot in the previous test.

The black python dispersed as Grandpa and gang landed in a corner of the square, taking a quick glance at Su Ming before turning away. Bei Ling stood there aloof and indifferent.

Lei Chen and Wu La were excitedly looking around the plaza.

"Did you see that old man that the stone-faced boy, they are the

people i told you about previously, the Wu Shan Tribe Mán-Elder Mo Sang and the boy Bei Ling.” Su Ming took a glance at the old man who quickly spoke.

As he was speaking, the people got even more excited than before as a group of people walked in from a corner of the plaza, the group of five was lead by a bald black robe male who also happened to be the blad youth Wu Sen Su Ming ran into the previous night. His expression was gloomy, as his face carried a faint trace of anger, obviously the incident that happened last night was a huge humiliation to him. Especially the matter about his dark green glob of blood..... made him all the more anxious, however on his face none of that anxiety could be seen.

The four people standing behind him here equally gloomy as they silently walked into the plaza behind Wu Sen.

“Wu Sen!”

“He is one of the candidates expected to reach the top three spots in our Feng Zhen Tribe, it is said that is cultivation technique is rather strange though.....”

“Shhh keep your voice down, he is quite temperamental.....”

“All of you shut up!” As Wu Sen advanced, he hurriedly growled, immediately silencing the crowd near him. Wu Sen’s face was overcast as he walked past Su Ming, the instant he passed Su Ming, he took a double take as he coldly stared at Su Ming, a hint of suspicion arising on his face.

But after observing further, he realised that it was not the person he previously encountered and continued walking on with a harumph, before sitting down cross legged in the distance with his four companions surrounding him like his body-guards.

Su Ming glanced at Wu Sen before turning to look at Bei Ling.

“This Wu Sen cultivates some vampiric corpse qi, and worships one of the Feng Zhen Tribe’s Evil Totems, his body is filled with hostility and has a bad personality, definitely not a good thing!” The old man by Su Ming angrily spoke, yet also softly speaking still seeming afraid of the other person’s notice.

“I say, little bro, you should not mess with this person..... but even if you did it is no matter, I have another herb here, after you eat this one, your strength will grow boundlessly.....” That old man squinted his eyes before excitedly speaking again.

Su Ming frowned again, thinking to himself, this old man’s long windedness greatly surpasses Lei Chen, when compared to Lei Chen, Lei Chen can practically be described as taciturn.

This old man constantly advised, as if not intending to stop unless you buy a herb from him.

At this moment, the plaza’s air seemed to distort once more, as this time, over a dozen people came in, these people all laughing and joking as they revolved around this one person in the middle. He was not very tall and slightly chubbier, laughing along as he

chatted with the people around him, raising his arm gesturing.

His body giving of an indescribable pressure which was extremely obvious drawing people's attention all onto him.

“Chen Chong!” Wu Sen in the distance opened his eyes as he stared at the fatty with narrowed eyes.

Su Ming's gaze too fell onto that person, clearly able to feel the pressure that person was exuding, which was not blood qi, rather an indescribable feeling.

“Chen Chong, this is somebody that everyone in my Feng Zhen Tribe knows about, his character is much better and even stronger than that Wu Sen guy.” The old man hurriedly spoke.

“Let me tell you a secret, don't tell anyone else, but this Chen Chong is also one of my customers who frequently buys my herbs.”

Chapter 51 – Border

Shortly after, many other tribe's people started to arrive, these people either came alone or as a group

Slowly, the number of people in the plaza got more and more, the buzzing of people's voices made the plaza seem extremely lively.

After all, an event of this scale only takes place once a few years, what's more the number of participants this year is more than the previous ones.

Taking the opportunity of the growing crowd, Su Ming hurriedly took a few steps into the crowd to try and shake off that old man whose torrential speeches was giving Su Ming a headache. After navigating through the crowd, he saw the old man looking about in the crowd as such he lowered his body and tried to avoid his sight.

Although the crowd was large, Su Ming barely recognised anybody, standing in the crowd extremely ordinarily, there was also hardly anybody who would take note of him.

The crowd was filled with non Feng Zhen Tribesman, many of which came to participate in this grand test, there were also many who came here for the first time as well.

“See, that is Wu Sen! I heard he is the genius of his generation in the Feng Zhen Tribe.”

“Isn’t that Chen Chong, his name is so famous, I have heard of him previously but this the is first time I seen him. I didn’t expect him to actually look like this, but he is really imposing eh?”

“That is the Wu Shan Tribe’s Bei Ling right, he is also quite something, the previous test he managed to get into the top fifty, it would be good for us to make friends with him as well, that way we can make those people back at the tribe green with envy.”

Around Su Ming were many people who had come for the first time as well who were excitedly discussing with each other.

“This time might be our chance, if we manage to catch the eyes of Wu Sen or Chen Chong and become their followers, our position in the tribe might change.”

“Sigh, the people thinking like this is not few, can’t you see the people gathering around them for greetings, should we go too? This brother over here, seeing you stand here alone, this must be your first time as well?” By Su Ming’s side a simple and honest looking youth smiled towards Su Ming.

Su Ming returned the gesture as he courteously exchanged a few words with this youth.

“Brother, it seems that not everyone is here yet, but I am sure the first test will be starting soon, how about we go over to Chen Chong and exchange some greetings? You all want to come? It’s better to go together, if we go alone he will most probably ignore

us.” That youth hurriedly spoke to Su Ming as the people nearby.

“You all see that Wu Sen’s gloomy expression, he must not be too happy, so it is better for us to avoid him, this Chen Chong seems so much more amiable, he should be much easier to get along with.” Under this youth’s persuasion, the surrounding people were moved and at last about seven or eight people started heading towards Chen Chong.

Su Ming was initially unwilling to go, but after getting pulled along by that youth, he followed this group of people ahead.

Just as they were moving forward, the sky above the plaza once more distorted, attracting people’s attention, only to see five people approach of which the leader was a tall well built man wearing a coarse linen shirt, and exuding a powerful blood qi.

On his face was an obvious scar, from his left eyebrow all the way till the right side of his mouth, making this person seem extremely hideous.

“The Hei Shan Tribe, this person..... should be the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch, I heard the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch had a scar on his face.”

“Yea, I heard that the Hei Shan Tribe Mán-Elder did not come this time round, rather their patriarch came.”

The four man behind him slowly walked towards the plaza,

seeming extremely normal at first glance, however if you look closely, three were young men while the fourth was another powerfully built man.

But strangely, the youth behind this burly man and the other two youths seemed to be escorting this other youth, their steps never exceeding that youth's.

This youth was wearing a black hide shirt and had long hair, seeming to be only about nineteen years old. However his face cannot be clearly seen because his collars were very high covering everything below his eye level, what's more his face was relatively lowered making it even harder to see his face.

This person was silent all the way, as if the surrounding gazes did not faze him at all, following the patriarch, they settled down in a corner far away from the Wu Shan Tribe.

From their sitting positions, their relative statuses could also be seen, that youth was sitting alone by the side away from his other tribesman, only taking a glance at the Wu Shan Tribe, watching them scornfully.

Su Ming and the people nearby all had their gazes fall on this group of Hei Shan Tribesman, especially the patriarch and the solidarity youth who caught Su Ming's attention as well.

Su Ming was not surprised by the strength of the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch, but that solidarity youth actually gave Su Ming a dangerous premonition, making him make the judgement that

that person was extraordinary.

But in his heart, he disliked this kind of haughty behaviors, in comparison Su Ming felt that Wu Sen was better on this front compared to this youth, at the very least he did not make such a contrived mysterious front.

The arrival of the Hei Shan Tribe triggered many discussions, which arrived on the consensus that more people still favored the geniuses of the Feng Zhen Tribe whose fame and popularity could not be compared to in this area.

While surrounded by the warm youths, Su Ming proceeded towards Chen Chong who was surrounded by many people. Standing among so many people, he seemed so ordinary that no one would take note of him.

“Let me tell you, I don’t go to those kind of places in the tribe, even if I were to go, it’s just to have a look, don’t you believe me?”

(TLN: The I used here is 老子 which is kinda like a more arrogant way of saying I)

After approaching, Su Ming saw the gestures Chen Chong were making as he talked to the people around him, all of them laughing, except that the laughter was filled with flattery.

The other strangers surrounding were also laughing, as if trying to get themselves integrated into this group through their

laughter.

The group around Su Ming were doing the same, as they laughed non-stop. Su Ming stood there calmly, smiling as he thought of Chen Chong's identity which he could not compare to.

The people around him constantly laughed their way into the group, as they tried to find an opportunity to introduce themselves.

The Wu Long Tribe started walking towards the plaza from outside, however not stirring up much discussion as the Wu Long Tribe was not as famous as the Hei Shan Tribe after all.

But at this moment, when the Wu Long Tribe appeared, that laughing Chen Chong and the silently meditating Wu Sen both turned to look at them.

Together, many people's gazes fell on them, even the mysterious Hei Shan Tribe's youth and those surrounding him turned to look.

What they were looking at was a person in the Wu Long Tribe's group, a person in a white dress, an extremely beautiful girl! The crystal on her forehead shining under the sunlight, her beauty somehow exuded a sense of wildness which was enough to make people's heart throb.

She was Bai Ling.

Seeing so many people's gaze, Bai Ling's face revealed a blush yet

she did not shy her head. Rather her gaze swept across the crowd looking for where the Wu Shan Tribe was before revealing a sense of joy only to fade away when she could not find Su Ming.

Lowering her head, Bei Ling followed behind the Mán-Elder of the Wu Long Tribe as they walked towards the plaza.

The current her did not notice that in the distance in the crowd was a very normal looking youth, that was silently watching her.

She also did not realise that in the Hei Shan Tribe's group, the mysterious black robed youth revealed a sense of desire and greed after seeing her.

Wu Sen took a glance at Bai Ling before closing his eyes once more, although Bai Ling was exquisite, Wu Sen was unmoved as his heart was preoccupied by other things, the current him was unable to pay heed to such things at the moment.

Su Ming gazed at that beautiful face, silently standing there, feeling that he was so very far from Bai Ling, very far, very far indeed.

“Bai Ling!” A smiling voice came from nearby Su Ming, the voice was not very loud but still managed to make its way to Bai Ling's ears.

“Brother Chen Chong.” Bai Ling raised her head as she looked at Chen Chong's group, revealing a smile, which was hiding her bleak

emotions.

Chen Chong laughed as the group parted aside for him, however Su Ming stood there unmoving, watching Chen Chong walk from his side towards Bai Ling.

Watching, Su Ming closed his eyes, unsure of what he was feeling right now, only knowing that he was surprisingly calm.

His eyes were closed ignoring everything around him until his hand was grabbed as he was excitedly shaken.

“Ye Wang!! It’s Ye Wang!!”

“Look look, that is Ye Wang, the number one genius in the Feng Zhen Tribe Ye Wang!!”

“Obtaining first for all three tests consecutively for two years, the most talented person in the area, it is said that amongst the people of this generation he was the most likely to be able to reach the awakened cultivator realm, especially since he received the full support of the Feng Zhen Tribe!! The future Mán-Elder of the Feng Zhen Tribe!!”

Su Ming opened his eyes, looking at the distance, as a single person walked forwards.

He was wearing a red robe, without the gloominess of Wu Sen, neither was he surrounded by people like Chen Chong, nor was he

acting mysterious like the Hei Shan Tribe youth. He was just a single person, walking step by step forward alone.

Chapter 52 – Open! The Feng Zhen Mountain

Fiery red gown!

On his body there was a formless flame which seemed to burn the eyes of anyone looking at him, making them all can't help but lower their gazes.

His looks were actually fairly ordinary, not especially handsome, nor was he exceptionally built, but as he walked forward an indescribably feeling arose in all the observing people's hearts.

His long black hair resting on his shoulders as Ye Wang slowly walked forwards.

He did not have the gloomy look of Wu Sen, rather he had a calm demeanor which was actually even more terrifying. He also did not have the same entourage as Chen Chong, yet just him coming alone gave off an even greater pressure.

He too did not have the mysteriousness of that Hei Shan Tribe youth, but as he walked his own strength and his name was enough to give him an aura far more mysterious than that Hei Shan Tribe youth.

He was mysterious because he was Ye Wang, he was the most outstanding person in this generation of the entire of the Feng Zhen Tribe. In the surrounding areas, he is also probably the most outstanding youth, after all, he was hailed as the most likely person to reach the awakened realm.

Calmly walking ahead like an emperor, without having to approach others, there were already many people who had abandoned Wu Sen, abandoned Chen Chong, those in front of him parting ways to let him pass.

There was no longer the sounds of discussion, after he had arrived the people's voices seemed to have come to a halt, even until he had walked up to the center of the plaza and sat down cross-legged, this silence was still not broken.

Only after a long time did people start talking again, as if having awoken from slumber.

"Hey did you see that majestic person, to be able to see Ye Wang, this trip here can already be considered worth it." The youth beside Su Ming spoke with eyes filled with respect and satisfaction.

Su Ming silently pondered before eventually nodding his head.

After Ye Wang, there were still people constantly arriving for the next hour until everyone had finally arrived. At this point the skies had already turned dark.

The clouds started to rumble, as thunderous claps resounded in the skies shaking the entire atmosphere, giving the people present a huge shock. As the people watched the skies, they realised that the clouds started to rapidly condensed together forming an impressive looking human.

On that cloud figure's head sat a certain purple robed man, this person was precisely the Feng Zhen Tribe Man-Elder Jing Nan.

He sat there, his gaze not looking downwards but rather towards the tall mountain in the distance, watching the peak which had pierced into the clouds.

“This mountain is the treasure of my Feng Zhen Tribe!”

“This is what was left behind from the Ancient Man, this is the roots of my Feng Zhen Tribe, without this mountain there would perhaps not be this Feng Zhen Tribe today! This mountain you see before you is not the whole mountain, but only a small peak..... the true Feng Zhen Mountain Peak!”

“On the peak of this mountain, a demonic beast is sealed, it had been lying asleep since the ancient years, always asleep..... perhaps it would never awaken.....The mountain posses a force, which exerted a pressure enveloping the entire peak. As one ascend, the stronger the pressure becomes!

On this mountain are exactly two-hundred and eighteen paths, this is also today's first test!”

“The rules are the same as before, with no time limit, anyone who who had a medal can seek the path to the top of the mountain with the number of steps reached used for determining your ranking.

There are people among you who have come here for the first time, for the purpose of fairness, I can tell you that at night, the mountains pressure is at its highest.

Currently, I am going to open this mountain's seal, you all hurry up and enter!" Jing Nan who was sitting on top of that cloud person waved his right hand towards the mountain as he spoke.

Under this wave, the cloud person released a terrifying roar, striding towards the mountain with large strides, two hands raising up making a tearing action as if trying to tear apart the world.

With this tear, the skies seemed to tremble as a huge cracked seemed to appear between the heavens and the earth expanding towards the sides, as if there was an invisible curtain in front of the mountain being split apart, exposing the real scene inside.

As before, the mountain was extremely tall, but this mountain was not the same one Su Ming saw before, it was actually one covered with a thick black blanket of darkness, filled with a gloomy black fog, giving of a terrifying feeling.

At this moment, there was an even harder to describe pressure, bursting forth from within the tear, like a frenzied wind, it swept up the people's hair, even making some of the tribesmen turn pale and take a few steps back, it was as if within the tear was not a mountain but rather a great demonic beast.

As the fracture was opened, in the skies above the cloud person, there were several vague figures condensing before eventually transforming into eight people.

Ba Shi Hai was one of the eight people appearing, each and every single one of them possessed a terrifying level of cultivation. After they appeared, they all bit their tongues and spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, this fresh blood melded together to form a complex formation which constantly flashed red as it flew towards the giant fracture pressing itself onto the mountain's fog.

The mountain which was covered by a fog instant roared, as the dense fog rolled towards its peak, revealing the base of the mountain and a single ancient path.

“After entering the mountain, the tablets that you have will disappear when they leave your body, if they disappear, you will also lose the right of participation as well and be automatically removed from the mountain. This is also the method you all can use if you cannot withstand it anymore and choose to immediately leave the mountain. At the same time, the tablet will also record the number of steps that you all have reached and will be used as proof at the end.

Now, what are you all still waiting for!!” The person speaking was Shi Hai, who growled towards the people below him

A figure shot forth, transforming into a red flash as it entered the crack, that person was precisely Ye Wang who was dressed in a red gown! After him, Wu Sen was the second person to shoot forth, closely followed by Chen Chong, before slowly the rest of the

participants of the first test advanced into the fracture.

Bei Ling, Lei Chen, Wu La, Si Kong and also Bai Ling all entered the fracture, each one of them searched for an un-walked path and disappeared within.

The instant a path had been taken, a fog will roll down and cover that path once more.

Su Ming did not advance alone, as he chose to follow a large group into the crack, the instant he step inside he could feel that it was different from the outside, inside existed a formless pressure like a pair of invisible hands pressing onto him, making it feel extremely uncomfortable.

Ahead were many small paths already shrouded by the fog, indicating that people have already taken them. Su Ming did not mind it as he headed into the distance, people who did this were also not few as they were all still searching for a path for themselves.

As such an unspoken rule had been established, although some paths seemed to have some missing sections, whenever a path had been found the first person who stepped onto it will own the path.

Su Mind did not join them, rather he walked towards the distance where there were actually still several paths, standing there pondering. Just as he was about to advance, his caught sight of something on his right which made his pupils shrink.

He had caught sight of the black robed Hei Shan Tribesman, the youngster who had been acting all mysterious, whose face was obscured as usual who coldly walked forwards, not even giving Su Ming a glance as he walked up one of the paths.

Su Ming gazed at the person's body disappear within the pathway, covered by the mountain's fog before he finally set foot on an extremely normal path. The instant he stepped onto the path, he could feel that the mountain seemed to shake, and at the same time the token by his chest seemed to exude a strange warmth which did not enter Su Ming's body but rather shrouding him within it.

Shortly after, he was surrounded by large amounts of dense fog, preventing him from being able to see anything beside him or even behind him, all he could see was a winding stairway in front of him as well as the dim sun in the skies.

His surroundings was extremely quiet, giving off the impression that he was actually the only person on this mountain peak.

Su Ming took a deep breath and rather than advancing, he spent his time experiencing the pressure surrounding him, waiting to get used to it before stepping forwards, advancing with a determined gaze.

At the moment, he did not know that after entering the crack, the crack outside had slowly closed, the eight people floating outside had landed in all eight corners of the plaza, meditating cross-legged.

The Feng Zhen Tribe Man-Elder Jing Nan had too dispersed that cloud giant, landing on the plaza, going towards Grandpa Mo Sang's side, an invisible air wave surrounding the two of them preventing others from spying on them

The plaza still had hundreds of people waiting, their gazes constantly resting on the nine huge statues.

On these nine huge statues, gradually lines of words started to appear.

In first place, Ye Wang, Ninety-seventh step.

In second place, Wu Sen, Fifty-first step.

In third place, Chen Chong, Forty-seventh Step

In fifth place, Bi Su, Forty-sixth step

..... In hundred and third place, Mo Su, sixth-step. Everyone who had entered this first test due to their tablets recording their progression, had their progress clearly displayed for the people outside.

“First place indeed belongs to Ye Wang, ninety-seven steps, he surpassed the second place by so much..... look it changed again, he is already at the hundred and fifteenth step, how long has it

been, it is just too fast!”

“Who is this Bi Su? We have never heard of him before, he should not be from my Feng Zhen Tribe, but to actually be ranked so highly so early! I heard that previously Ye Wang had managed to reach the eight hundred and third step, this time I wonder where he would reach, the higher you go the harder it gets. According to the legends, no one had ever gotten past the nine hundred and third step!”

Feng Zhen Tribe Man-Elder Jing Nan too gazed towards one of the statues along with Mo Sang, his face smiling as his gaze fell upon the name Mo Su.

“Mo Sang, that should be Su Ming right, looking at his rank, wanting to reach the top forty would seem too hard, how about this, I can relax the requirements a little, as long as he enters the top sixty it can be considered as him passing.”

Grandpa Mo Sang did not open his mouth to speak, he just gazed at the name Mo Su on the statues, silently staring. In his gaze hid a deep sense of anticipation.

Chapter 53 – The Secret Of The Six Numbers

The hundreds of people on the plaza stood staring at the nine statues, on each and every single one of them the rankings were the same, as they watched, the plaza buzzed with the voices of their discussion.

Occasionally there would be people's names which shot up to everyone's excitement, then there were also people's names which fell which earned them the crowd's pity.

The festival in the Feng Zhen Tribe can already be sidelined by this test, where most people's attention lied. The hundreds of people here were not necessarily just the people of the Feng Zhen Tribe, there were also many people of the other tribes, in fact it can be said that the visiting people of the nearby tribes were all gathered here.

They would also bring the rankings of these three tests back to their own tribes to let everyone know about them.

This practice had been the same for all the previous years as well.

As time passed, the first placed Ye Wang had already reached the three hundred and forty-fifth step, as he gradually started to slow down.

Following behind was Chen Chong who managed to walk up to the hundred and eighty-ninth step, while Wu Sen who many expected to do extremely well somehow ended up at the ninth

position, only able to reach the hundred and twenty-seventh step so far.

Rather the person called Bi Su gotten the attention of the crowd as he somehow had managed to get third place at the hundred and eighty-eighth position.

“Who on earth is this Bi Su, he is so talented!! This is the first time in this test yet is already blazing ahead!!”

“This is really going to be interesting, it has been such a long time since an outsider reached the top ten positions, in fact it has also been a long time since an outsider even reached the top thirty.”

Under the crowd's discussion, the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch stared at the rankings of the nearby statue, revealing a content smile, before sweeping his gaze towards the Wu Shan Tribesman.

At the Wu Shan Tribe's area, Shan Hen sat cross-legged, his eyes closed as if he was not interested in the rankings at all, while the Marksman's brows were furrowed with anxiety.

He gazed at the rankings on the statues, seeing the ranked fifty-seventh Bei Ling, and the ranked seventy-third Lei Chen as well as the ranked ninety-first Wu La.

The Wu Long Tribe's old lady as well as a few other tribesmen were also watching attentively, their expression not changing

much, as the tribal leaders they were all able to hide their emotions well. Unless there was too huge an upset, their emotions will rarely be shaken. As for the Wu Shan Tribe's Marksman, if it was not for Bei Ling, his expression would not be that anxious.

In contrast to the atmosphere at the plaza, the people currently on the many small paths participation in this test all felt as if they were alone on this mountain.

That thick mist constantly obscuring their vision, and the vision of the people outside, even the Feng Zhen Tribe Mán-Elder would not be able to see through this sealing mist, to the incidents happening inside, he is unable to make any proper judgement.

But this test was also not filled with danger, after all, such a test had already been carried out many times.

Bai Ling bit her lower lip as sweat rolled down her forehead, as she progressed upwards, the steps in front of her continued onward with no end in sight, making the person walking on it lose track of their perception, in addition to the growing pressure made them all feel rejected as if there were countless voices telling them to give up.

Not far from Bai Ling, Lei Chen was constantly growling, his hide shirt ripped up revealing his strong muscular upper body which was covered with beads of sweat, making his tired expression all the more ferocious as he advanced step by step looking like a frenzied mad man.

Further in the distance, Bei Ling's face was pale, these days he had sacrificed too much blood to Wu Sen, making his body weak, according to their agreement he was going to receive some of Wu Sen's Mán-Blood for the third test, but currently he was very distraught as he was unsure if the agreement was going to proceed as normal.

Gritting his teeth, Bei Ling did not want to completely be defeated, so step by step he advanced carrying with him all the pride of the Wu Shan Tribe.

Compared to their difficulties, the genius of the Feng Zhen Tribe dressed in red had a much more normal expression, with his hands by his back, he advanced step by step unhurriedly, this was after all not his first time on this path, rather it was the third.

He could still clearly remember, previously he had managed to reach past the eight-hundredth step, this time, his aim was the nine-hundredth step.

“Grandpa once said, this mountain looks very tall but there are only nine hundred and ninety-nine steps, this was constructed by some strange power which was even able to change how the world works.

Where you are able to reach also signifies the number of blood veins you will finally be able to achieve.”

“Next time I must eat less, sigh, I must eat less.....” On a path behind Ye Wang, Chen Chong breathed heavily as he muttered, as

he walked up, his excess baggage seemed to shake with him as he climbed. His gaze staring at the tablet in his hands, by focusing he was able to see the rankings of the people from it as well, as such he knew that there was a person called Bi Su following closely behind him.

In a distance, that Hei Shan Tribesman, the mysterious youth in black's expression was as usual, where he was right now was still very relaxing for him.

“This is my first time here, I am not here to lose, since I came, even if it was that Wu Sen or that Chen Chong or even that Ye Wang, they will all eat my dust!

This time, I will let everyone know that I, Bi Su, am the one true genius in these lands!!” That youth with half his face obscured had his eyes burning with a certain fanaticism.

Compared to these people, the current Su Ming had already been left far in the back, he had advanced very slowly, currently he was only at the thirty-second step.

At the thirty second step, Su Ming actually did not continue forwards, rather he lowered his head in deep thought as he gazed at the step before him, as something seemed to flash in his eyes.

“Grandpa told me about the six numbers..... the first number was thirty-two..... could it be he was talking about this thirty-second step!” Su Ming slowly raised his feet towards the thirty third step, after landing on it he did not feel anything different, the

pressure seemed to be the same.

“There was nothing special ah..... it felt the same.....” Su Ming’s brow furrowed as he walked onto the thirty-fourth step, the moment his feet descended he instantly felt his body tremble.

“The same..... the same..... no!” Closing his eyes, his right foot landing on the thirty-fourth step, carefully feeling the increase in pressure.

Blinking his eyes a few times, he quickly walked back to the thirty-first step, lifting his foot and stepping onto the thirty-second-step then the thirty-third step, understanding flashed in his eyes as he let out a deep breath.

“So it’s actually like this, from the thirty-first to the thirty-third step there would be an increase in pressure, but this thirty second step is strange, standing here, regardless of whether I advance or retreat, the pressure seemed to be the same, as if..... this thirty-second step did not exist, even if this thirty-second step did not exist, everything would have been the same.”

After thinking awhile, Su Ming did not continue advancing, rather he stopped and sat down cross-legged on this thirty second step, feeling the two different pressures surrounding this step, as he was feeling uncomfortable, forty plus blood veins surfaced on his body.

When these blood veins appeared, the pressure on Su Ming’s body instantly reduced greatly, such that it practically completely

disappeared, making it very hard to detect.

“On this mountain, on every step I can feel two different pressures, one from above, one from below..... only on this thirty-second step do the two forces reach an equilibrium..... the six numbers Grandpa told me about, should definitely refer to the six placed on this mountain like this!”

“Perhaps, this is his secret from his experience when he participated in this Feng Zhen Tribe’s test in the past.....” Su Ming sat cross-legged slowly closing his eyes, circulating his blood qi, only after some time passed did Su Ming open his eyes as he furrowed his brows.

He did not feel the slightest benefit, even when he circulated his blood qi, it felt the same, as if nothing had changed.

As he pondered, Su Ming could not figure it out. Only he was sure that Grandpa did not tell him those words for nothing, there must be some undiscovered secret here.

But..... Su Ming scratched his head, since he was young, Grandpa always like to let Su Ming figure things out by himself, if he got it then that’s good, even if if he didn’t Grandpa would rarely give him an answer.

After thinking for awhile more, Su Ming sighed, looking at the forty-nine blood veins on his body, their presence made the pressure he faced seem completely negligible.

“This Grandpa..... Just telling me directly would have been fine.....sigh, just what secret lies here.....” Su Ming unwilling to give up, continued sitting there in deep thought.

“Pressure..... two different pressures..... Originally could have been felt here, but sitting here under the pressure, the blood would naturally circulate faster, naturally countering the pressure once the blood veins appeared.....this.....” Su Ming’s mind suddenly flashed with ideas, but somehow felt that he was still lacking something.

His eyes widened as he took a deep breath, gazing at the forty-nine blood veins on his body.

“Could it be the secret behind Grandpa’s words is the method to control the blood veins of the body, letting them appear and disappear one by one..... by using the difference in forces here which do not exist outside to do something that could not be originally done.....” Su Ming’s body trembled.

“The purpose of this would be to improve the flexibility and control of my blood veins, such that in one punch I would be able to control the amount of blood veins used allowing me to strike with sufficient strength while not wasting any excess force.....” Su Ming bit his lips and shut his eyes, slowly he tried to control the blood veins on his body, making them slowly fade away, not all at a time but rather one at a time.

Chapter 54 – Nuanced Technique!

Very difficult!

Going forward was easy, but going backwards was much harder! For blood veins, as the blood qi circulated, they would appear one by one, in an instant all of them would have appeared, this was a very easy process.

But to allow them to fade away one by one, one would have to be able to grasp the precise speed of the circulation of blood qi, that degree of accuracy was a nuanced realm of its own.

For a blood condensation Mán-Practitioner, to be able to do this was very rare, this was after all not something that a blood condensation level person should be able to do, it was something that an awakened cultivator needs to be able to understand and perform.

All these, Su Ming did not know, what he did know was what Grandpa had taught him, as if he was solving a riddle to try and find his own answer. Feeling what he had to do through careful consideration.

Without any strengthening nor any weakening, everything working so naturally, allowing Su Ming to realise what must be done.

If not, it would have been a complete waste of so much time figuring out his own answer.

Time slowly passed, yet in a blink of an eye two hours had passed, in these two hours Su Ming did not move, the blood qi in his body constantly under his control, resulting in the number of blood veins on his body starting to change, sometimes the number of blood veins would drop by dozens, sometimes soaring back up to forty-nine, through this cycle of change, he slowly approached stability.

All this had to do greatly with the equilibrium of pressure at this step. So to say, it is only because of the presence of this external force, that a blood condensation Mán-Practitioner would be able to achieve the level of control of an awakened cultivator.

As time passed like this, evening had quickly arrived, making the mist from the mountain become thicker, completely silent. While the atmosphere at the plaza was completely different and extremely lively, the sounds of people's discussions could constantly be heard, there were even many people who took out their coins and started gambling.

“The first place is indeed still Ye Wang, you see he has already reached the five hundred and sixteenth step! The second placed Chen Chong had only reached the three hundred and twenty-eighth step!”

“That's nothing, who I am paying attention to is the third placed Bi Su, this is his first time in this test, everyone must also be surprised right, we have never heard of him yet he had already reached the three hundred and twenty-seventh step! Only one step away from the second place, this afternoon, the two of them have

been trading positions back and forth.”

“I wonder what happened to that Wu Sen, he actually ended up at the twelfth spot already.....”

In the plaza, Grandpa Mo Sang and Feng Zhen’s Jing Nan, sat there cross-legged with no one daring to approach them, surrounding them was also an invisible membrane isolating them from the outside world.

“Mo Sang, this whole afternoon, Su Ming had been staying at the thirty-second step without moving, I think he should be at his limit, and will probably be the last place.” Jing Nan’s brows furrowed feeling that something was not quite right.

Mo Sang did not speak, rather he stared at the rankings on the statue, his expression as usual, yet inside he was secretly very happy, he knew that Su Ming understood.

To him, for Su Ming to be able to figure it out was even more important than getting a drop of Mán-blood.

As evening passed, the moon started to appear in the skies, Su Ming’s still ranking attracted very little attention, in everyone’s eyes he was just the last place.

Su Ming was currently still sitting on the thirty second step, seeming the same as before. But if you look closely, you can see the forty-nine blood veins on his body were constantly changing,

sometimes reaching forty-six, sometimes forty-seven, sometimes forty-eight, because of how fast it is changing, unless you were paying attention to it, it would be very difficult to notice.

When evening ended and the Sun was completely obscured while the moon became increasingly bright, the blood veins on Su Ming's body once more changed, of the ten times they changed only once did it reach exactly forty-eight blood veins, slowly it became twice, thrice..... until eight times then nine times!

At this point, Su Ming opened his eyes, a sense of excitement flashed in his eyes, he had achieved it, although it was still not perfect, but he was definitely now able to do it!

In nine out of ten tries, he was able to make a single blood vein fade away!

Don't look down on this as just making this single blood vein disappear, this had signified that Su Ming had already achieved the initial steps of controlling his circulation of blood qi, he was no longer like a wild horse which could only rush, he now had a rein!

Slowly, he sat there, the number of blood veins on his body becoming forty-seven, forty-six, forty-five..... until it reached thirty-eight, where he finally lost control and messed it up.

Su Ming understood that this equilibrium at the thirty second step is no longer enough to help assist him, if he wanted to progress further he would have to reach the next step, which was the seventy-ninth step.

Su Ming's eyes flashed, without hesitation he rushed forwards, after stepping onto the thirty third step he did not delay anymore, step by step he withstood the growing pressure, the forty-nine blood veins surfacing. The nuanced control he had achieved this afternoon and the mastery of his blood veins resulted in a muffled roar bursting forth from his body as he released his blood veins.

But along with the muffled roar, on his body there was actually fifty blood veins appearing instead.

After the fiftieth blood vein appeared, the fifty-first too started to appear, with no sign of stopping, as Su Ming advanced..... the thirty-seventh step, the forty-second step, the forty-ninth step, the fifty-eighth step.....

After he had quickly reached the sixtieth step, on Su Ming's body the fifty-second blood vein had appeared!!

With the appearance of one more blood vein, he would have reached the fifth level of blood condensation!

The current him was already capable of cultivating the Mán-Technique Wu Blood Dust!!

The muffled sound coming from his body, although had not traveled too far, the person on the path nearest to him, the Hei Shan Tribe's Bi Su who was at the three hundred plus step, actually stopped in his path, as he focused his hearing and looked back.

“This is the sound of breaking through the blood vein count..... to actually increase their blood vein count at this place, just who could it be.....” After sighing slightly, he did not think too much more of it as he continued advancing. Although this was his first time here, he had already prepared prior to coming.

Bi Su knew that for this first test, the pressure at night is many times stronger than the pressure in the day, almost everyone would climb in the day and pause their advance at night, after all advancing at night would be much harder than in the day and not worth the excess effort.

As such most will rather rest for the night and continue the next day to maintain their peak condition. Similarly he wanted to advance a little further before resting for the night.

Su Ming’s blood vein count had reached fifty two, as he continued to advance step by step towards the peak.

The current him did not know that because of his speed of advance at this time resulted in a huge uproar in the plaza outside.

The hundreds of people in the plaza outside were mostly paying attention to the top fifty spots, but they would also frequently glance at the bottom of the list at the person called Mo Su with some ridicule, this person had completely stopped at the thirty second step from the whole afternoon, as if he was no longer able to advance the slightest bit more,

But currently, these hundreds of people who were watching the top fifty spots, one old man noticed at the edge of his vision the last line was changing shocking his as his eyes widened. He could clearly see the number beside the last placed name Mo Su suddenly jump up.

Thirty-three, Thirty-seven, forty-five, forty-eight..... until sixty-one, sixty-three..... and still rising!

Seeing this name, from the last place consecutively jump ten over ranks and still continue to rise!

Very quickly not only one person saw this chance, many people noticed it with shocked expressions, as this one person's name caught the attention of more people.

“This Mo Su person finally started to climb! Haha don't tell me he slept the whole afternoon before finally waking up!”

“He had already rushed into the hundredth and thirty seventh position, from the last place, rising ten over ranks, this fellow is a real latecomer eh, let's see if he can reach one hundred and twenty.”

“He's in!! Ranked one hundred and nineteen at the seventy-ninth step!”

“Eh..... Why did it stop again?”

“He actually stopped again!!” the people watching the hundred and nineteenth ranked Mo Su stared at the number seventy-nine beside his name for a long time, realising it stopped changing, they could not help but feel disappointed.

“To think I thought we would be able to see another exception, it’s a pity he ran out of steam. This seventy-ninth step should be his limit of all his accumulated strength for the whole afternoon.”

Gradually, people in the plaza stopped paying attention to that normal name, and paid their attention back to the top fifty names again, as night has arrived, according to the norm, these rankings would remain the same for today.

In the plaza, Grandpa Mo Sang stared at the name which those many ranks, seeing Su Ming stop at the seventy-ninth step, his lips revealed a smile.

While the Feng Zhen Tribe’s Mán-Elder Jing Nan sitting beside him started to furrow his brows, the hundred plus names on the statue seemingly having all disappeared except for one.

Ranked one hundred and nineteenth, Mo Su, Seventy-ninth step.

As Su Ming’s ranking climbed, on a small path on the mountain, Wu La’s expression was one of panic, looking at the tablet gripped tightly in her hands, she could see the rankings as well.

Ranked one hundred and eighteenth, Wu La, Eighty-second step.

After a moment, only after Wu La realised that that Mo Su person finally stopped at the seventy-ninth step, did she manage to let out a breath of relief, gritting her teeth, she continued to try and advance onwards.

Chapter 55 – The Night, Belongs To Him!

On the seventy-ninth step where Su Ming stood, he glanced at his surroundings before gazing at the moon in the night sky, it was a little more to midnight, but it can be said that this nighttime is where Su Ming felt the most comfortable.

Ever since he started cultivating the Fire-Mán-Technique, Su Ming started to like the moon, and become filled with anticipation towards seeing another full-moon. After all, since he started cultivating this technique, he had not seen a full-moon.

Although a full-moon had passed, the skies that night were obscured by plenty of dark clouds. While he was in his cave he felt his body turn restless, but ultimately there was not much change. However, according to Su Ming's judgement, if the skies that day were not obscured with those dark clouds perhaps he would be able to feel a clear difference.

It is a pity that today was not a full-moon night, yet Su Ming felt as at ease as usual, at the same time, he could feel that the pressure of this mountain increase as he went higher and higher, also it increased as the moon rose.

“It is indeed as the Feng Zhen Tribe Mán-Elder mentioned, the pressure is really higher at night.” Su Ming lightly smiled, not caring much about this matter, although at night the mountain's pressure increased, at the same time it is when Su Ming's strength truly reached its peak.

Su Ming at night was much more terrifying than he was in the day!!

Retracting his gaze towards the moon, Su Ming sat down cross-legged on this seventy-ninth step, taking a deep breath he slowly felt what was different.

This place was as he expected, this was the second place in this small path where the pressures of the adjacent steps were able to reach an equilibrium, while at the same time still much stronger than the equilibrium at the thirty-second step. It was an extremely suitable place for him to practice controlling his blood veins, allowing him to more accurately make them appear or disappear.

Not to mention that the current Su Ming had already managed to control the three extra blood veins that he obtained on the way here, with just one more, he would be able to reach the fifth level of blood condensation!

This filled Su Ming with an even greater sense of anticipation, he really wanted to find out whether after he cultivated on this seventy-ninth step and moved on, would he obtain even more blood veins!

Su Ming gently closed his eyes, slowly circulating his blood qi, once more entering the nuanced state of manipulation, slowly manipulating the speed of his blood qi's circulation, slowly slowing it down at will.

The fifty-two blood veins on his body constantly transformed in

number as time slowly elapsed, until he slowly reached the level of control at the thirty-second step only this time he had an extra three blood veins. At the moment there were only forty blood veins left on his body.

Su Ming's expression was calm without even the slightest trace of nervousness, slowly he circulated his blood qi deep in the realm of nuanced manipulation. Like this time passed, and very quickly two hours was over.

Currently on the mountain, there were already many who gave up advancing and choose to sit on a step meditating. As they cultivated they would take note of the names on the tablet in their hands while they waited for daybreak before continuing.

Wu Sen was panting, his face pale, gritting his teeth he advanced until the two hundred and ninety-fifth step before reaching his limit, sitting on the side, his expression was gloomy, while gazing at the fog he seemed to be at a loss.

“My Corpse Qi LifeBlood..... damn it, that person stole my Corpse Qi LifeBlood, without that blood my Cultivation cannot advance, in fact it would begin to weaken..... I can already feel myself becoming weaker.....

This matter cannot reach Grandpa's ears, if he were to find out that I lost the Corpse Qi LifeBlood, even if he helps me get it back, I would never be in his sights again.....” After thinking about this terrifying end, Wu Sen clenched his fists as a trace of fear could be seen in his expression.

“I even more so cannot let other people know of it, especially those who helped offer me Corpse Blood, these few years I managed to suppress them because of my strong identity in the tribe, once they know I lost the Corpse Qi LifeBlood they are sure to immediately betray me.

What to do..... what to do.....” Wu Sen’s expression turned ferocious as he grit his teeth, but as before you could also clearly see his confusion.

Chen Chong was breathless, cursing as he walked, seeing the fog surrounding him getting illuminated by the moonlight, he had intended to rest for the day, but as he looked at the tablet in his hands, he noticed that that Bi Su person had overtaken him, as such only after climbing two more steps was he willing to stop.

“Fuck, I don’t believe this!” Chen Chong grit his teeth as he continued advancing.

Currently Bi Su from the Hei Shan Tribe was similarly panting, seeing the tablet in his hands, he grit his teeth as he endured the pressure boosted by the moon to continue advancing like Chen Chong.

After an hour, Chen Chong’s legs were already trembling, with a roar he sat down, shouting towards the fog around him.

“Walk, you just keep walking, fuck, I will stop competing with you for today, tomorrow I will be back!”

Not knowing if he felt the same way, Bi Su too sat down with a thud after several more steps, seeing his ranking on the tablet, his lips curled into a smile.

Lei Chen had also stopped on the hundred and thirty plus step, panting with an uncomfortable expression.

Many people have already stopped, but there was still a person who continued to advance.

“Five hundred and sixty-three.....Five hundred and sixty-seven.....Five hundred and seventy-two..... this Ye Wang is actually still advancing even though it’s already night!”

“The second place is taken by Bi Su who is only at the three-hundred and ninety-seventh step, this Ye Wang is already at the five hundreds, is he really going to ignore the pressure from the night and continue advancing!”

“Indeed worthy of being called the number one of his generation, this kind of perseverance is something the others really cannot compare to!”

The hundreds of people present on the plaza were all eyes the rankings on the statues, at this point in time, only this first place name was still constantly transforming.

Everyone else who is taking this first test had already stopped.

“Five hundred and eighty-seven! Five hundred and eighty-nine!”

“It changed again, this time it’s already five hundred and ninety-five!!”

From the plaza came many excited voices, all of them focused on the name in the number one position, even the leaders of the various tribes started to sigh with admiration towards this junior Ye Wang.

“Mo Sang, this Ye Wang from my tribe is really talented, how is he compared to your youth?” The Feng Zhen Tribe Mán-Elder Jing Nan smilingly looked at the names on the statue as he spoke.

Grandpa Mo Sang’s expression was calm as he smiled slightly.

“Not bad.”

Jing Nan snickered but did not speak much more about this.

Currently on the mountain, Ye Wang carried a determined expression, his forehead filled with sweat but still his hands were behind his back as he continued advancing, each step was extremely difficult for him but he did not have any sense of hesitation as he finally stepped onto the six-hundredth step. Only then did he finally stop, a content smile appearing on his face as he sat down cross-legged there.

“Previously on the first day I managed to reach the five hundred and eightieth step, this time i managed to advance twenty steps further, this should be good enough..... I wonder if this time anyone managed to realise the test at the five-hundredth and sixty-second step..... it should be the same as before, where no one is qualified to feel the heart refinement at the five-hundredth and sixty-second step.” he muttered with a proud expression. The five hundredth and sixty second step is the hurdle where he failed on his first try, being successful on his second try, this time he did not pay much more attention to it. In his point of view, the other participants this time are all not qualified to compete with him, and even more unworthy of his attention.

(TLN: In case you all need a reminder, 562 is not one of the numbers mentioned by Mo Sang, the closest would be 563)

This whole day he had not once looked at the tablet, after all the person he was competing against was not any of the other competitors but rather himself.

When he stopped, on the plaza outside, the voices of people’s discussions exploded, to them, this first day of the test was considered to have ended once Ye Wang stopped. From now on, they would have to wait for the next day before things will continue.

“First place is Ye Want, second goes to Bi Su, third is Chen Chong..... twentieth is Wu Sen..... currently in the top ten there is only one person from an outside tribe, the rest belongs to our Feng Zhen Tribe!

But the ranked forty-eighth Bei Ling and the ranked forty-ninth Si Kong are also outsiders, I wonder if they would be able to stay in the top fifty tomorrow, this is still the first day, after all tomorrow's performance is more important!

“Just what tribe is this Bi Su from, to actually have such shocking results to be placed at the second place, managing to overtake Chen Chong, after this test he will certainly become an illustrious person!”

“It is not over yet, you never know if there would be an upset.....” Those discussing voices gradually softened, of the hundreds of people gathered here, they mostly also sat down cross-legged waiting for tomorrow to arrive.

Slowly, other than the sounds of people's breathing, it was quiet.

“Mo Sang, let's go back to the tribe and continue playing chess and come back tomorrow to see if your Su Ming is able to enter the top fifty.” Jing Nan lightly smiled as he gazed at Mo Sang.

Grandpa did not reply, rather he looked at the statue where Su Ming's name was on the hundred and twenty third position and silently nodded.

As the two of them were about to leave, Grandpa's eyes suddenly widened. Shortly after, the people who had not went to rest on the plaza and were still occasionally checking the rankings suddenly gasped.

“It moved!! That Mo Su fellow moved!!” This shout immediately roused the people whose eyes were already shut, looking towards the statue with surprise.

Jing Nan who was prepared to leave too stopped and watched attentively.

Not only him, everyone in the plaza including the Wu Long Tribe Mán-Elder, the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch, and the other leaders of the various tribes all looked towards to statue. To think that currently late at night, after everyone stopped, this single person’s sudden rise became all the more obvious!

Deep in the mountain, Su Ming who was on the seventy-ninth step meditating suddenly opened his eyes, after becoming able to suppress his cultivation to having only twenty eight blood veins, he had reached his limit and was unable to continue. This time could already be considered more successful than the previous time, taking much less time than before, because it was currently nighttime!

Under the moonlight, in Su Ming’s eyes a faint red mood existed, he slowly stood up, gazing at the winding steps before him, his eyes flashed.

“The next step.....” Su Ming lifted his right foot. Under the night sky, in this mountain plunged into the night, be it Chen Chong, be it Bi Su, be it Ye Wang, there was none who dared to advance further, only he Su Ming walked ahead!

The Night, belongs to him!

Chapter 56 – Fifth Level Of Blood Condensation

Su Ming's eyes were filled with vitality, on this night, on this entire mountain there was not a shred of movement. Yet he embraced the mountain's resistance and raised his feet, advancing step by step ahead.

Eightieth step, eighty-first, eighty second.....

The mountain's pressure was many times stronger in the night than in the day, the higher you go the even greater this pressure, but it was also precisely because it is night, night which belonged to Su Ming, as he advanced the moon in the sky emitted a bright light. Seeming as normal as ever, however there was this single strand of moonlight which no one realised, it had descended from the skies entering into Su Ming's body making the image of the moon in his eyes gradually become clearer.

A cooling strand of qi circulated within Su Ming's body, making Su Ming's footsteps gradually become faster and faster, eighty-seven, eighty-eight, ninety-three..... very quickly Su Ming stood on the ninety-ninth step.

The moment his right leg landed on the step, Su Ming felt his body tremble, a powerful blood qi erupting from his body making him tremble slightly. The moment his body shook, fifty-two blood veins appeared on his body, those fifty two blood veins gathered together as if forming a diagram.

Su Ming's steps paused, as he uttered a low roar which could only be heard from near him, in this instant the fifty third blood vein appeared on his body!!

The moment this blood vein appeared, it signaled Su Ming's advance from the fourth level of blood condensation into the fifth level of blood condensation!!

From within his body, the sound of thunder seemed to reverberate towards the surroundings transforming into a roar being swallowed by the darkness.

The moment Su Ming broke through into the fifth level of blood condensation from the fourth level of blood condensation. On a path near Su Ming, sat Chen Chong who was muttering as he rested, all of a sudden he felt a chill, subconsciously he turned towards the darkness beneath him, a muffled echo he was familiar with reached his ears.

“This..... this..... damn it, to think someone actually managed to breakthrough here!!!” Chen Chong was stunned as disbelief filled his eyes, the flesh on his face quivering slightly, after all he had never heard of anyone breaking through in this first test. This can be said to be the first time ever!

Rubbing his eyes, feeling that he was imagining things, he rubbed his ears as he listened carefully, his ears twitching as they turned red.

Since he was young, Chen Chong's hearing was his talent, even

from far away where other people could not hear anything, he would be able to clearly hear things.

This talent of his improved along with his cultivation as he grew up and was actually something he was quite proud of.

The more he listened the more bitter Chen Chong's face became as he became filled with displeasure.

“Fuck him, what luck is this, to actually breakthrough here!! Heavens, why can't I experience something like that here.....” Chen Chong sighed looking extremely envious.

That muffled roar, other than Chen Chong who had excellent hearing, was barely heard by anyone else, only that Hei Shan Tribe's Bi Su who was relatively near him suddenly opened his eyes as he turned around surprised.

“Someone broke through!” Bi Su's expression was gloomy, recalling the sounds he heard of someone increasing in blood vein count, but he did not pay too much heed to this.

Taking out the ranking tablet, he checked to see the changing ranks, in a glance he could see the numerous unmoving names and that single rapidly changing name!

Currently, at the plaza outside the mountain, because of Su Ming's movement, it had resulted in a huge uproar, almost everyone were staring at the line with Mo Su's name on the

numerous statues.

During the dark nighttime, in the previous tests everyone would be resting regardless of whether they were inside or outside the mountain, but today was vastly different from before.

This was all because of a single name that was soaring upwards!

“It moved!! Ninety-ninth step, from the seventy-ninth step he immediately rose to the ninety-ninth step, this person did the same thing earlier, after resting sufficiently he would rise crazily!!”

“He is Mo Su, I remember that name!! He was originally last, but because of his burst earlier he reached the hundred and nineteenth spot, afterwards he stopped and fell to the hundredth and twenty-third position.

“Look, his current rank is the hundredth and thirteenth..... no, hundredth and ninth, hundred and..... hundredth and first rank!! He actually managed to rush into the hundredth and first rank, how fierce!!”

“Haha, to think that there would be such an interesting show tonight, good, let’s see just how far this Mo Su is able to reach!”

The whole plaza was once more filled with people’s endless voices, seemingly even more lively than in the day, even those who did not care of the lower ranked people started to open their eyes and look.

Historically, there were barely anyone who bothered about those near the end, they mostly cared about either the top fifty, top thirty, top ten or top three.

However this time things were different, there was actually someone who managed to catch the people's attention at such a low ranking.

However, although people were discussing this person heatedly, as they intensely watched the rankings, in reality they did not care too much about him, after all to them, this Mo Su person was probably just looking to pass his time at night while the others were resting.

When day arrives, the other people would start to move once more and would naturally ignore this Mo Su, after all, compared to the other geniuses, this Mo Su's ranking is still too far to even be compared to.

As Su Ming advanced, he also caught the attention of the other participants on the mountain, as they were all resting, they would look at the tablet in their hands, especially those people near the back who could not help but feel nervous, whereas the people in the front mostly took a glance at it before paying no more heed to him.

Wu La was extremely nervous, she sat on the hundredth and twelfth step, her eyes wide as she stared at the tablet in her hands, paying a lot of attention to this Mo Su person, previously it was

him who rushed up in a breath making her feel an extreme amount of pressure.

“After working hard the whole day, I walked to this point and finally reached the hundredth rank, this damned Mo Su, just who the hell is he, why is he like this, when everyone is resting, when the pressure is higher, why is he doing this!!” Wu La bit her lips as she voiced her grievances.

After some time, the Mo Su who stopped at the hundredth and first position did not seem to change further as if he had stopped, allowing Wu La to breathe a sigh of relief.

“He must have reached his limit.....”

Lei Chen who was currently sitting on the hundredth and thirty-fifth step was looking at the tablet in his hands, seeing the name Mo Su, his face was somewhat different as if slightly amused.

Currently Bei Ling who was on the two hundredth and sixth step was similarly staring at the rankings on the tablet, but did not pay too much attention to it. To him, this person was just trying to garner attention, not advancing in the day but trying to show off at night.

“Petty tricks!” Bei Ling coldly smiled.

Similarly on the two hundredth-ish step was Si Kong from the Wu Long Tribe, his brows were furrowed, this whole day he had

been looking through this tablet trying to find Su Ming's name, but somehow unable to find it. As for this rapidly rising Mo Su, he had naturally ignored it.

To him, this Su Ming's rank should not be too far from his and not somewhere past the hundredth rank, if not he would find it really too hard to accept a loss from someone that weak.

On another pathway, Bai Ling sat on the hundredth and thirtyish step, looking at the moon, she did not pay attention to the rankings, yet her expression seemed to be one which was at a loss.

The people in the plaza waited for a moment to see if the ranked hundredth and first Mo Su would continue to change. One by one they revealed a disappointed expression, however this was also expected by them.

Those various tribal leaders too slowly retracted their gazes as they stopped looking.

The Wu Long Tribe Mán-Elder slowly closed her eyes, not looking over since the start, as if not the slightest bit interested at all in the things going on.

The Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch Da Han, smiled sarcastically, the only person he cared about was Bi Su, and perhaps maybe the first ranked Ye Wang. To him, the only one possibly worth being Bi Su's opponent was only this Ye Wang!

After some time passed, seeing that Mo Su person not moving further, the voices discussing in the plaza gradually faded away.

“This person was obviously saving his strength, waiting until no one else was moving before advancing, this way he could at least get some people’s attention, and through this get his name out there.”

“Not bad, this method is actually pretty clever, at the very least I will remember this name now, I really want to know who he is.”

“Whatever, let’s just rest, tomorrow is when things would get more exciting, who knows, perhaps the top fifty names would change.....Ah, it moved, it moved!!” Just as the people’s excitement died down, a surprised voice resounded in the surroundings.

They saw that Mo Su once more start to rise in rank, the number representing the step changing at an unbelievable rate, rising ferociously.

One hundred steps, one hundred and three steps, one hundred and seven steps, one hundred and twelve steps.....

Chapter 57 – Would You Believe It?

Su Ming moved, he raised his leg and stepped onto the hundredth step, previously he had stood on the ninety-ninth step for some time. Because of the appearance of the fifty-third blood veins, the blood qi in his body surged, resulting in him taking some time to adapt before moving again.

After all this blood vein signified a breakthrough in his cultivation, as such the increase in strength was naturally fairly significant.

As he moved, Su Ming was constantly absorbing the moonlight from beneath the night sky, in the blink of an eye he had already advanced onto the hundredth and fifteenth step.

Without stopping, he could feel the pressure of the mountain getting stronger and stronger, rushing forward he reached the hundred and twentieth step, the hundred and thirtieth step, the hundred and fortieth step, the hundred and fiftieth step, the hundred and sixtieth step!!!!

After a short pause, Su Ming had consecutively rushed forwards sixty steps. Standing on the hundred and sixtieth step Su Ming felt as if there was a powerful resistance coming from the mountain pressing down on his body.

But at this moment, the moon was shining brightly in the sky, moonlight enveloping Su Ming's body, resulting in his long tied black hair flowing in the night.

This move resulted in about half the participants and all the people outside fall into a dead silence!

Wu La was stunned, originally she was worried about her own rank, feeling wrong and unresigned, but currently she was completely stunned, those previous thoughts had completely disappeared, she understood that she was not in the same level as that person, yet she still wanted to compare herself to him, doing so was only asking for disgrace if nothing else.

Lei Chen suddenly stood up, looking at the tablet in his hands with a shocked expression, he had some previous guesses about this name Mo Su, but now he started to hesitate, unsure if his previous speculation was correct anymore.

Bei Ling tightly clenched the tablet in his hands, his heart furiously beating, in an instant he felt shocked, seeing that person called Mo Su consecutively climb sixty or so steps at that speed as hard to imagine, making practically forget to even breathe.

He had originally thought the person was pulling a stunt to garner attention by walking at night, but from the looks of things, this person indeed has some strength!

Otherwise how can the change in number of steps be sixty in one go!

The whole mountain was silent, in this silence Chen Chong blinked hard trying to ignore what was going on, but somehow he

felt that this Mo Su person was the person he managed to hear the roar of breaking through from.

“It should be him..... it must be him! But just who is he, he is definitely not someone from my Feng Zhen Tribe, I wonder if I saw him earlier at the plaza.” Chen Chong did not know that while he was surrounded in the plaza, among the people trying to laugh their way into his circle stood a person whose smile was mild, very unusual yet went unnoticed.

This person, was looking at Chen Chong, looking him smiling and laughing, looking at the people accompanying him, looking at him walking towards Bai Ling.....

As Chen Chong was in deep thought, on the path nearest to Su Ming, Bi Su’s eyes opened wide, staring into the fog, trying to remember what the person who walked into the path near him looked like.

Unlike Chen Chong, Bi Su was just too close, he was definitely able to tell that this Mo Su person was extremely close to him in the fog beneath him.

“It’s only a hundred and sixty steps, compared to me he is still not even halfway to me, it is no cause for concern, taking note of him when he actually comes closer to me is not too late.” Bi Su thought in his mind as he sneered and closed his eyes.

On another path on the mountain, Wu Sen was gloomy as he stared at the rankings on the tablet, especially taking note of the

two names Bi Su and Mo Su.

“I am currently at the twentieth rank, on the two hundred and ninety-fifth step..... forget it, i cannot possibly enter the top ten anymore, I can feel the weakening getting worse..... the person who stole my lifeblood previously must be on of these two people!” Wu Sen was no fool, in-fact he was rather clever, if not he would not have been able to occupy such a major spot in the tribe neither would he have been able to control Bei Ling and that group.

“Bi Su!!” Wu Sen’s gaze moved away from the name Mo Su, his eyes flashing fiercely at the second ranked Bi Su, but in the depths of this furious stare was a hint of fear.

From the second ranked person, Wu Sen was not confident of snatching his LifeBlood back.....

Si Kong’s face was nervous, his expression was the same as Wu La previously, seeing that in the rankings the name Mo Su managed to reach the hundred and sixtieth step, his heartbeat accelerated as he became filled with worry.

If it was in the day then it was another matter, but currently it was nighttime and he was not confident of advancing further, what’s more he was ranked forty-ninth, once someone overtook him he would immediately fall to the fiftieth rank, although it was just one rank, the significance was huge.

(TLN: IDK why as well... it’s technically still top 50 right?)

Other than them, practically all the other competitors were staring at the tablet in their hands, staring at the name Mo Su.

Ye Wang alone had not taken a single look at the tablet and as such did not know what was going on, even if he did, given his personality, he would not take note of it anyway.

Compared to the silence in the mountain, the silence in the plaza was truly silent, this kind of silence was as if their breathing stopped, unable to even make a squeak.

The force jamming the throats of these people was their own shock, their gazes were all pointing towards the same position on the statue, the row which wrote.

Ranked sixty-third, Mo Su, one hundred and sixty steps.

After experiencing the previous rise in rankings, the people present had mostly become unable to treat his name as a joke, but rather they had really seriously taken note of this name. This sudden jump of sixty steps made their hearts truly experience a huge shock.

If it was in the day, the degree of shock would probably not be as high, but because of the fact that it was currently nighttime and the pressure of the mountain was multiple times stronger than the day, to jump sixty steps in the night would mean an even larger

jump in the day!

To be able to do something like this is probably something most of the participating tribesmen are unable to do!

“He.....just who is he.....”

“Mo Su.....Mo Su..... I counted, in barely ten breaths of time he actually managed to climb from the ninety-ninth step to the hundred and sixtieth step..... this..... is really unbelievable!!”

“Instantly climbing from rank hundred and one to rank sixty three, this person..... to actually possess such strength, if it was the day, then perhaps he could have rushed straight into the top thirty, why did he choose to only advance in the night.....”

Slowly, the voices of people discussing started to appear in the plaza, slowly becoming more intense, even the various tribal leaders started to look once more.

Only the old lady of the Wu Long Tribe and the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch did not seem to pay any attention to it.

This night is bound to be extraordinary, all the glory of this night belong to a single person, Su Ming!

Grandpa Mo Sang lightly smiled, looking at the rankings on the statue, the anticipation in his heart growing more and more intense, as he understood that Su Ming had completely realised the

meaning behind those six numbers.

The Feng Zhen Tribe Mán-Elder Jing Nan beside him had a calm expression, given his cultivation, if he were to be unable to conceal his emotions then he would not have reached where he was right now.

“Not bad, Mo Sang, the child you brought back has been taught well. I have actually always been curious about his background.....” Jing Nan lightly smiled as he gazed at Mo Sang.

“What’s there to be curious about, if I were to tell you that he was the prince of the Great Yu Dynasty, would you believe it?” Mo Sang looked towards Jing Nan as he smilingly spoke, in his eyes not a hint of falsehood could be seen, regarding Su Ming’s background, other than himself there was none who knew about it.

“Why don’t you say he is the child of the Mán-God instead, interesting, interesting.” Jing Nan paused before laughing out loud.

“Perhaps it may be so.” Grandpa Mo San lightly smiled as he spoke.

Jing Nan heartily laughed, yet his heart was filled with alarm, towards Mo Sang’s words, he was unsure if he should trust them. These thoughts made him really unhappy, since his growing days, each time he ran into Mo Sang, he would give him this strange feeling.

Just then, suddenly from the plaza, there were more voices of surprise!

“It moved again!! Just when is he going to finally stop! Quickly look, he is already at the hundred and sixty-eighth step!!”

“Hundred and seventy-second, hundred and seventy-ninth, this speed seems slightly slower than previously.....”

“This should be his last push, I guess that he will at most reach the two hundredth step, definitely not anymore than that!”

“It should be about there, perhaps he would not even reach the hundred and ninetieth step, it is late night after all, the higher you go the even greater the increase in pressure!” Accompanying the many voices were the gaze of the people on the statue, some of those eyes were indifferent, some filled with disdain, some filled with anticipation, others had envy and jealousy.

Currently Su Ming’s entire body was surrounded by moonlight as he continued to advance towards the mountain peak, as he advanced the fifty three blood veins on his body released a red glow, eventually a fifty-fourth blood vein appeared as well.

Shortly after, the fifty-fifth, the fifty-sixth and the fifty-seventh blood vein too simultaneously appeared, resulting in the blood red glow surrounding Su Ming intensify, filling his body with an explosive strength.

With a low roar Su Ming took a large step forward and walked onto the hundred and eighty-sixth step, the sound of blood veins increasing in number appearing once more, this sound make Bi Su who was on the nearby path frown once more, the Chen Chong who was straining his ears to listen grit his teeth, wishing that his body made that same sound.

One hundred and eighty nine steps, one hundred and ninety-two steps, one hundred and ninety-nine steps..... Two hundred steps!!

The rankings on the statues in the plaza changed once more in the blink of an eye!

Ranked first, Ye Wang, six hundredth step.

Ranked second, Bi Su, three hundred and ninety-seventh step.

Ranked third, Chen Chong, three hundred and ninety-first step

.....

Ranked forty-eighth, two hundred and sixth step.

Ranked forty-ninth, Si Kong, two hundred and first step.

Ranked fifty, Su Ming, two hundredth step.

Chapter 58 – Triumph!

Ranked fifty, Mo Su, two hundredth Step!

This line of words on the ranking statues was being watched by everyone around, as their expressions greatly changed. Previously they held disdain, contempt or were even just seeking entertainment, but now all these thoughts had been thoroughly destroyed.

None saw this as a joking matter any more, what they had just witnessed was a miracle , what they saw was an unbelievable rise in ranks!

From the last position in the rankings, charging directly into the top hundred, then once more directly into the top fifty!!

Leaving a large number of tribesmen present in disbelief, unable to imagine that such a huge upset had occurred.

Especially not only did Mo So do the unbelievable thing of breaking through to the fiftieth rank from the last rank, he did it during the night where none would normally move. Due to the shocking display, the hundreds of tribesmen present in the plaza already forgot the dazzling performance of the top ten, forgot about the second ranked Bi Su, all of them only focused on this name Mo Su which attracted everyone's attention.

“What rank would he end up in.....”

“He will definitely be in the top thirty!!”

“That is not for certain, I can tell that his stamina is already low, but regardless, being able to get into the top fifty already shows his strength!”

The voices of discussion once more stirred. This night which should have peacefully passed ended up unprecedented, where people were unable to keep quiet, even till daybreak there would still be people discussing.

Su Ming entering into the top fifty caught the attention of the hundreds of people in the plaza and even the other participants on the mountain.

After reaching rank fifty, the people who he had suddenly overtook were unhappy but also simultaneously filled with respect. As for those in the top fifty, when they looked at the tablet in their hands, they noticed Su Ming's name, but to them, although he had stirred some waves, he was still not enough of a threat to them and was not worthy of their attention.

(TLN: The author used Su Ming, although the other competitors saw the name as Mo Su)

Especially those in the tenth to twentieth ranks, they had barely cared about it at all.

However, the most nervous was definitely Si Kong and Bei Ling, the two of them were ranked forty-ninth and forty-eighth respectively, the person who had charged his way into the fiftieth position was just like a lump in their throats.

This was especially so for Si Kong, his face was pale as he tightly clenched his fists, he was the Wu Long Tribe Patriarch's son, after putting in his utmost effort did he manage to obtain his rank, originally he had felt fairly proud of himself, but now all he could feel was his heart racing.

“Can’t make it! Better not make it! Don’t come up!!” He constantly recited in his heart, his eyes red as he stared at the ranking tablet in his hands.

On a mountain path not far away from him, Bei Ling was standing upright, in a similar nervous state eyes wide as he stared at the tablet in his hands. Not crying in his heart like Si Kong, but was still gritting his teeth before turning around and heading towards the two hundred and seventh step.

While almost everyone was staring at the rankings, Su Ming stood on the two hundred step and took a deep breath, his gaze determined as the fifty eight blood veins on his body shone with a bright light. If not for the surrounding fog, this light would have lit up the skies, even completely visible to people far away, but thanks to the fog presents, this scene was deeply hidden on this mountain.

Feeling an explosive power being birthed from his own body, Su Ming raised his head, looking through the fog ahead, to watch the

moon, to watch the dark skies.

He did not know why but, ever since he practiced the Fire-Mán-Technique, he had started to like the night. It was not that he started to dislike daytime, rather he just no longer had anticipation for daybreak.

“Of all the creatures living on this earth, just which ones will be able to see the ends of the heavens... ..” Su Ming mumbled as he gazed at the darkness of the skies, a certain light flashing in his eyes before very quickly fading back away, it was something that would be hard to detect unless one was specifically looking.

Su Ming raised his right leg, thrusting it forwards, stepping onto the two hundred and first step, then the two hundred and second. The moment his feet landed, on a path further away, Si Kong jumped up with a fierce expression and charged forwards crazily with a huge roar.

He stared wide-eyed as his ranking fell from the forty-ninth rank to the fiftieth rank, a difference of a single rank which was a sky of difference, this was something this proud Si Kong was unable to accept.

If he was defeated early on then that was that, but after having given his all to reach where he was, yet become instantly overtaken was something Si Kong was unable to accept, gritting his teeth, bearing the multiplied power of the mountain, he stepped forward, growling step by step.

Moving at the same time was Bei Ling!

The movements of these two people seemed to start a chain reaction, as the people ranked forty-seven, forty-six and forty-five suddenly felt unable to sit still and they too started to move.

To the hundreds of people outside, this movement was like a cardiotonic drug, as they got excited, the sounds of their discussions never ending.

“Si Kong moved, two hundred and second step, two hundred and third step..... he stopped.....:”

“Bei Ling can’t sit still anymore as well, two hundred and seventh step, two hundred and eighth step, two hundred and tenth.....”

“How interesting, this Mo Su charging into the top fifty immediately messed up the rankings, there will definitely be someone dropping out of the top fifty, as a result how can they not be panicked.”

As the sounds of people’s discussion grew, it suddenly became quiet again, the sounds of discussions transforming into the sounds of people gasping, everyone’s gaze fell back onto the name that was crazily jumping up the ranks!

This time, even the old lady of the Wu Long Tribe who had not bothered with the whole event opened her eyes. Looking at the

name constantly jumping ahead on the statute, although her expression was constant, inside her thoughts were transforming.

However, that Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch, as usual did not even spare a look.

Ranked forty-ninth, Mo Su, two hundred and fifth step!

Ranked forty-sixth, Mo Su, two hundred and thirteenth step!

Ranked forty-second, Mo Su, two hundred and twenty-first step!

Ranked thirty-ninth, Mo Su, two hundred and thirty-second step!

Ranked thirty-seventh, Mo Su, two hundred and thirty-ninth step!

Ranked thirty-fourth, Mo Su, two hundred and forty-seventh step!

Si Kong dazedly stared at the ranking tabled in his hands, his entire complexion pale, in an instant his body seemingly lost all its strength, slumping onto the ground as he gritted his teeth, as he became helpless, after only walking two more steps ahead, he had lost to the increased pressure at night and stopped.

Bei Ling's face was similarly bitter, giving up his advance, he too did not have much strength to carry on, the pressure at night was

not something that he could contend against.

The other people too slowly stopped their footsteps, seeing that terrifying event, Mo Su charging into the thirty-fourth rank from the fiftieth rank in an instant left a powerless feeling in their hearts.

Su Ming stood on the two hundred and forty-seventh step, here was not even halfway up the mountain, only a small amount compared to this seemingly endless mountain, but even though it was only a small ways up, it felt as if he was standing up in the skies. There was no winds here, in addition to the fog which made it hard to see outside. But as Su Ming gazed at the moon hanging in the skies, it felt as if he gotten closer to the her.

(TLN: Her referring to the moon, I translated as such since 她 usually refers to a female whereas normally 它 would be used to refer to an inanimate object or animal)

Taking a deep breath, Su Ming once more lifted his feet, stepping onto the two-hundred and forty-eighth step, the moment his feet landed, the number of blood veins on his body once more increased from fifty-eight veins to fifty-nine.

Looking down at the blood veins on his body, Su Ming's mouth let out a small smile, he could clearly feel, on this two hundredth and forty-eighth step was the same equilibrium as the previous two.

(TLN: Reminder of the numbers: 32, 79, 248, 371, 563, 781)

Currently the skies were still dark, it was still some ways away from daybreak, but Su Ming actually stopped advancing. Instead he stopped on this two hundred and forty-eighth step, shutting his eyes, he focused on circulating his blood qi, slowly delving into control of it.

Due to the increase in the number of blood veins, the difficulty of the task had increased as well. However, Su Ming was in no rush, this was a hard to come-by opportunity which he had no intention of giving up, the reason Grandpa had told him about those six-numbers must have also been for this purpose.

As Su Ming sat down to meditate on the control of the speed of his blood qi's circulation, time slowly passed. The people below the thirty-fourth rank started to focus as doubt grew in their thoughts, while the people above the thirty-fourth rank started to calm down from their nervousness.

The people on the plaza outside, seeing Su Ming stopping once more, became filled with different predictions and anticipation.

“Who on earth is he?”

“What tribe did he come from?”

“Why did he choose to advance at night?”

“Why did he stop advancing at the thirty-fourth rank? Is he out

of stamina, or does he have other plans!”

“Will he finally become kicked out of the top fifty, or would he...
... charge into the top thirty, or the top twenty.....”

“It it possible for him to perhaps..... break into the top ten!!”

There were many questions arising in the hearts of the hundreds of people outside, which slowly showed themselves along with the discussion. These doubts became deeply buried in their minds, waiting, waiting for the moment they get the answer.

Of course, there were also many people who did not think well of Su Ming, they felt that Su Ming would get stuck, and most importantly, when day breaks the other people would move once more and Su Ming’s rankings would certainly fall.

Regardless, even those who did not think much of Su Ming, had to admit that, this one night was different thanks to the name Mo Su, this name Mo Su would become forever etched into their minds, even after many years, this would not be forgotten.....

In this one night, Mo Su’s glory had already surpassed the top ten, even surpassing Ye Wang!

It was destined that this name Mo Su, even tomorrow would not escape people’s notice, no matter what they were thinking in their hearts, they all held great anticipation towards this name.

Grandpa Mo Sang's lips transformed into a smile as he looked at Su Ming's ranking, although he did not know why Su Ming would change so much in the night, he knew that everyone has their own secrets, as a senior, what he did not need to know everything, all that he needed was to be able to provide asylum.

“Now do you believe what I said previously?” Grandpa Mo Sang spoke on his own initiative for the first time towards Jing Nan.

Jing Nan's expression was as usual, only his brows slightly furrowed when he saw Su Ming's rankings. His heart hesitating about Mo Sang's previous words about Su Ming's background.

Night slowly passed as the plaza quietened down, practically everyone was in deep thought, although they were all thinking different things, their gazes all fell onto the same line etched on the raking statues, the line with the words Mo Su.

After a long time, a white light slowly floated out from the horizon, a new day had arrived.

Chapter 59 – A Shocking Move!

This was the second day of the first test!

Practically as soon as the first ray of sunlight arrived, the strange Man-Qi shrouding the mountains increasing the pressure instantly disappeared. When things returned to normal, Ye Wang was the first to move.

His expression was calm as he opened his eyes. Standing up, he headed towards the six hundred and first step, completely oblivious to the matters happening last night, for the proud him, he would not even bother to look at the ranking table, he had believed that there was no one present worth of being his opponent, the only one worthy of such was himself.

Step by step, Ye Wang's red robe flowed like fire, filled with arrogance he headed upwards .In his mind he had decided, during this first test he must definitely reach the nine hundredth step. He could still clearly remember when he reached the eight hundredth plus step previously, he had become so tired that he could no longer take a single additional step forward and was forced to give up. Raising his head, he gazed at the mountain peak in the distance, where a strange stone statue was located.

A pity, due to the distance from the stone statue, he could not clearly observe it, but just this simple look at it made Ye Wang obsessed, arrogance already deeply ingrained into his bones, he wanted to go reach the peak which other people could not even see.

He longingly stood there, lowering his head, overlooking the other beings below him.

He arrogantly walked ahead with his fiery red robe, advancing further and further into the mist, although he had not once checked the rankings, he knew in his heart that he was number one!

Chen Chong was grimacing, constantly muttering as he climbed with grit teeth, not stopping to rest even when he was deeply panting, only frequently checking the ranking tablet for Bi Su's position.

Bi Su had somehow maintained his position three steps ahead of him, the two of them progressing at seemingly the same pace. Constantly changing positions yesterday made Chen Chong feel quite displeased.

“Fuck you, can you stop speeding up and building a lead and slowing down again, aren't you tired doing this? You may be tired but I am as well!” Chen Chong was sweating profusely, although it was early in the morning, having reached past the four hundredth step, he could feel the suffocating pressure coming from the mountain, his body more and more tired.

Bi Su was also currently wheezing, although he had rested the whole night, but as he got to the higher steps, the pressure had also increased, his original pride had also been suppressed, seeing Ye Wang still stably climbing past the six hundredth step, a feeling of awe couldn't help but appear in his heart.

After giving up any ideas of taking first place, he had started to focus on Chen Chong, vowing to suppress him. In his eyes, his only opponent was Chen Chong, after suppressing him, even if he lost first place to Ye Wang, it was enough to get an illustrious name

Especially Grandpa's current state..... Bi Su coldly smiled, his eyes filled with dreams and anticipation.

Wu Sen's expression was defeated, after a night of rest, his condition did not improve, rather it had worsened with time, the effects of the loss of his LifeBlood showing, his expression was downcast, as he advanced, he would occasionally stare at the name of the second ranked Bi Su on the tablet with discontent.

His ranking was still the same at the twelfth rank, but Wu Sen knew that it was impossible for him to enter back into the top ten, the people ranked ahead of him were all people who were normally beneath him, yet now.....

Wu Sen silently sighed.

Compared to them, Su Ming was much calmer, he had not continued climbing, rather he sat cross-legged on the two hundred and forty-eighth step, constantly practicing how to manipulate his blood qi's circulation, the number of blood veins on his body constantly falling and then rising once more.

He had focused his abilities on maintaining that balance, making sure that regardless whether the number of blood veins on his

body were increasing or decreasing, it would only change one at a time.

To him, this nuanced control felt extremely meaningful, it felt similar to the time he was refining medicinal pills. Only this time his body was the cauldron, while the blood qi was the flame, treating his body as the medicinal herbs, he controlled the strength of the flame to temper his body.

As time passed, the hundreds of people outside who were staring at the rankings on the statues could not help but discuss.

“Ye Wang being first should be indisputable, he has already reached the six hundred and eighty plus step, no one can catch up now.”

“Second and third place should also be definitely taken by Chen Chong and Bi Su, you see their rankings so close.”

“That Wu Sen is a real pity, I don’t know what happened but whatever is going on with him is strange.”

“It’s a pity, Mo Su has not moved since yesterday night, it’s already noon yet he is still not moving, after being constantly overtaken, he is already back at the forty-ninth rank.....”

As they were discussing, suddenly on the nine statues with over a hundred names, there was suddenly a grey flash of light, as a same suddenly turned grey.

This sudden change suddenly caught the attention of many people but was still within their expectations.

“Someone gave up!”

“Historically, on the second day, people would start to give up, they are those unable to withstand the pressure of the mountain and are forced to give up, else their blood qi could become clotted.”

Suddenly a distortion appeared transforming into a wisp of smoke, as the smoke dissipated, a youth about twenty years old appeared with a pale face. Staggering unstably slightly he was forced out.

Many people’s gazes landed on him as he lowered his head, walking back towards his tribe, silently sitting down depressed.

More and more people giving up like this appeared in the afternoon, the greying of names and the spatial distortions along with the wisp of smoke became the main attraction of the second day.

Of the tribesman who gave up, they were mostly inwardly sighing as they slowly headed back to their tribes, many of which also came from the Feng Zhen Tribe.

“Those outside the first hundred ranks have almost all given up, hehe, just watch, by tonight those outside the top fifty will all

probably have given up as well, even at night there will be many people giving up, since they can no longer advance at night or resist the increased pressure they will definitely leave.”

“Every year, for the first test, there is not only the rankings to look forward to, seeing these people give up one by one is also entertaining.”

“But regardless, especially those with a decent rank, once they give up, they will all look so nervous, afraid of themselves being overtaken, it really is entertaining.”

As these remarks filled the plaza, someone staring at the statues suddenly revealed an excited expression.

“Mo Su moved!!”

When this line was shouted, instantly people’s gazes all fell onto the line which Su Ming’s name was on.

Su Ming had opened his eyes, he had spent a good part of the day trying to control his blood veins, leaving only the first twenty-one blood veins out of his grasp, Su Ming raised his head and looked towards the fog filled steps as he slowly stood up.

He had not known that he had become the center of so many people’s attention, in his mind were two notions, other than using this place to practice his nuanced control he also did not want to let Grandpa down.

“Using my utmost effort, let’s push ahead again!” Su Ming was still young and still had his youthful vigor and tenacity.

A light flashed in his eyes as he advanced onto the two hundredth and forty-ninth step, a sudden wave of pressure washing over him making his body tremble.

“What powerful pressure!” Su Ming’s face was slightly pale, he could faintly feel as if on this mountain path, was the pressure of a ferocious beast’s roar.

Su Ming’s gaze was determined, the instant this pressure arrived, the blood qi in his body circulated, fifty-nine blood veins appearing as he rushed forth in a frenzy.

Two hundred and fifty one steps, two hundred and fifty five steps, two hundred and fifty eight steps..... in one breath, Su Ming had managed to walk over twenty steps, instantly reaching onto the two hundred and seventieth step before he let out that breath.

On his forehead were beads of sweat, advancing in the day, without the nourishment of the moonlight, was pretty draining for Su Ming. Especially as it was difficult, Su Ming became even more determined, more importantly, this feeling of the pressure confronting the fifty-nine blood veins on his body gave Su Ming the feeling of his blood veins growing.

He knew that this was definitely because he found the secret of those six numbers, and had been constantly practicing his control

over his blood qi circulation. Not only had it allowed him to control the blood vein, he had managed to draw out his body's potential through this nuanced control.

Especially after he had obtained Grandpa's Man-Awakening, and that drop of Grandpa's Man-Blood which had only just been truly absorbed through his nuanced control while under this mountain's pressure.

Forcefully biting down, Su Ming once more quickly advance forwards, a muffled sound echoing in his body as he moved resulting in the appearance of his sixtieth blood vein!!

Sixty-one veins, sixty-two veins..... the moment Su Ming stepped onto the three hundred and first step, the number of blood veins on his body has transformed into sixty-seven blood veins!!

When sixty-seven blood veins appeared on Su Ming's body, he felt a sort of unprecedented power, although he was sweating non-stop, his gaze was even more determined than before.

Su Ming did not know that this move of his, rushing from the two hundred and forty-eighth step to the three hundred and first step, brought to the audience outside just what kind of a shock

Even that Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch turned to look, revealing a solemn look.

“Sixty steps again!! This does not always move, but when he does

it's always shocking!!”

“Haha, I have been constantly waiting for him to move, indeed he did not disappoint, Mo Su charge into the top thirty, no it's best if your charge into the top ten!!!”

“After not moving the whole day, even if that was his move, he is still only at the thirty-sixth rank, it cannot be compared to last night.....” That person who spoke with jealousy and disdain, suddenly opened his eyes wide, instantly halting the words he was about to speak.

Chapter 60 – They Have Become Afraid!

Those who had given up the test and gloomily returned to the plaza all had their eyes wide open with astonishment.

Some people even unconsciously stood up and started walking closer to the statues to get a closer look.

The Wu Long Tribe's old lady's eyes were glowing with a strange glint as she stared at a statue nearby, staring at the ranking of Mo Su.

More and more of the tribal leaders started to turn to look, their faces all becoming more and more somber.

The Wu Shan Tribe's Marksman, Bei Ling's father, had always been taking note of the rankings on the statue however, he had been focusing on Bei Ling's name. But, now he too was watching the two words 'Mo Su', watching the numbers of steps climbed by the name soar.

The entire plaza, in an instant became dead silent.

Ranked thirty-six, Mo Su, Three hundred and one steps.

Ranked thirty-four, Mo Su, Three hundred and ten steps.

Ranked thirty-one, Mo Su, Three hundred and twenty-two steps.

Ranked twenty-eight, Mo Su, Three hundred and thirty-five steps.

Ranked twenty-six, Mo Su, Three hundred and forty-four steps.

Ranked twenty-three, Mo Su, Three hundred and fifty-one steps.

Ranked nineteen, Mo Su, Three hundred and seventy-one steps.

Afterwards only when this name 'Mo Su' remained at the nineteenth position, stopping at the three hundred and seventy-first step did the crowd seem to resume breathing.

This scene was hard for the audience present to believe, although they had experienced last night's miracle, today's change compared to yesterday, was just too great!

If last night was a miracle, then today only the words 'things of legends' can begin to describe today's performance.

"In less than sixty breaths of time, to climb from the two hundred and forty-eighth step to the three hundred and seventy-first step..... this..... this is over a hundred and twenty steps..... and it happened in less than sixty breaths time!!"

"Wu Sen can't do it, neither can Chen Chong, even when Ye Wang walked these hundred or so steps, he spent over two hours!"

“Just who is this Mo Su!!” Follow those bursts of exclamation, the discussion in the plaza once more exploded, greatly surpassing even the chatter of the previous night.

“What’s more it’s only the afternoon, by the time it’s evening, or by the time it’s night, given his strong performance at night, just where will he be able to climb up to? Just what ranking would he end up with?”

“Top ten!! This person is definitely going into the top ten!!” In the crowd, there were many jealous people, but they were all just minor characters from the tribes. Regardless of whether it was Chen Chong, Wu Sen, or even the top ten, top twenty, top thirty and even just the top forty, these were all the talents of their generation, what they could do was just try to get closer to them, even if they felt unresigned.

Today, they had witnessed the miraculous rise of the last ranked person, who at an unbelievable speed charged straight into the nineteenth position!

Precisely because they had managed to see this in person, it had stirred their emotions, feeling as if they were Mo Su. Only, human nature was complex, there will never be a single simple change, in their excitement, a complex mixture of envy was born as well, these bundle of emotions and thoughts all formed something that they themselves could not understand.

Hoping to see Su Ming rise to the top to satisfy their inner

aspirations, yet at the same time jealous that he was able to rise up from a minor person, secretly cursing that Su Ming would be like them and sink into the bottom.

“Top ten? Hmph, I think that he had managed to get lucky so far, using some underhanded method to finally manage to reach where he is now!”

“That’s right, each time after he advances he needs a long time to recover, I believe that this is where the secret lies!”

The people’s discussions were all filled with complex contradictions, at the start it was filled with excitement which eventually turned to jealousy. However, among the crowd was a monkey-mouthed old man, this old man’s eyes were trembling, no one knew what he was thinking. Frequently he would approach the some people and drag one of them out, whispering some words to the displeased person before quickly flashing the contents in his robe, as if worried too many people would notice it.

The people pulled out by this old man would mostly be surprised and filled with disbelief at this old man’s words, most would leave skeptical, yet there would always be a few who were successfully baited into the distance for their transactions.

Compared to the hundreds of people on the plaza, the participants from the various tribes on the mountain had varying complex expressions as they looked at the tablet in their hands. Seeing the name from last night catch their notice again, their hearts were filled with a strange mix of envy and jealousy and perhaps even some disbelief.

Lei Chen withdrew his gaze from the tablet in his hands, his lips turning into a slight smile, but his eyes still contained a trace of hesitation. As he slowly advanced, he pondered on whether this Mo Su was indeed Su Ming.....

Ever since noticing this name Mo Su last night, the image of Su Ming would appear in his mind, seeing Mo Su fiercely advancing and directly charging into the nineteenth position, while Lei Chen was in shock, he started to hesitate.

“Ai, it might not be him.....”

Bei Ling’s body was covered with sweat as he looked at the rankings on his tablet, seeing the rise of the person called Mo Su, he gently shook his head as he let out a sigh.

“I can still bear this..... from this day forth his name will certainly become illustrious..... but this has nothing to do with me, he is not one of my Wu Shan Tribesman anyway.”

But the character Su in his name..... I just hate it.” Bei Ling lowered his head as he slowly climbed onward.

Si Kong who was on another small path in the distance naturally stopped paying attention to this Mo Su, to him, this person had already greatly surpassed himself and was not someone he could compare to, what he was more concerned about was the person ranked just ahead of himself, Bei Ling.

“I must get into the top fifty!!” Su Kong clenched his fist as he advanced with gritted teeth.

(TLN: I really don't get this, isn't ranked fiftieth in the top fifty!?!?!?)

Bai Ling for the first time spent so much time staring at the names on the tablet, after seeing the name Mo Su, she too like Lei Chen started to feel some doubt in her heart.

“Is it him.....” Bai Ling bitterly smiled as she shook her head, she knew that Su Ming was a Man-Cultivator with some level of cultivation, but she did not think that Su Ming this Mo Su who was as dazzling as the sun.

Compared to these people, the person that was the most nervous was not the one who did not know about all these events, it was not Ye Wang who would not care even if he knew about what was going on. Neither was it Chen Chong and Bi Su who were constantly fighting for their positions.

It was actually Wu Sen!

Wu Sen extremely nervous, staring at the names on the tablet, seeing the name Mo Su who suddenly charged into the nineteenth position, his expression became even more gloomy. He could still not figure out whether Bi Su or whether Mo Su was more suspicious.

But that was not the main source of his worry, what he was worried about was the fact that he had been overtaken by two outsiders, if they were his tribesmen then it was still fine, but now his reputation would be ruined.

“Damn it!!” Wu Sen growled, gritting his teeth with a pale face he furiously dashed forwards, in his mind constantly telling himself that he cannot let them overtake him!

In the top twenty everyone was giving their all, after Su Ming charged in and messed up the original order, like a rock being suddenly thrown into a pond, forming ripples which surprised the fishes there.

Fortunately for them, this ranked nineteenth Mo Su, after climbing onto the three hundred and seventy first step suddenly stopped for a long time showing no more signs of progress, only then did they let out a sigh of relief as they continued their climb, taking this opportunity to open up a lead.

They have become afraid.

They were afraid of this Mo Su's strange movements, worried that after not moving, it would once more make a drastic movement. This was the first time they had been so concerned about a single person, as they advanced, they could not help but occasionally check back on whether this person started moving again

Even though they were extremely disturbed, they all had a strange premonition, once this person moves, he could very possibly charge straight into the top ten!

Su Ming sat cross-legged on the three hundred and seventy-first step, he could guess that he probably gotten the attention of many people

Other than Ye Wang, everyone knew that name, the excitement the people had for the top ten gradually died down, but everyone was waiting in anticipation for Su Ming's name to move, waiting for the next explosion.

Su Ming's expression was calm, his eyes shut, circulating his blood veins circulating, now there was not sixty-seven but seventy one!

Seventy-one blood veins appeared on his body, giving off a red glow, one by one they would disappear, and one by one they would reappear, under Su Ming's nuanced control, not only is he drawing out his body's potential, he is tempering his body, training his strength, becoming stronger!

Letting him anticipate what kinds of speed he can reach, after all, Su Ming's forte was speed!!

Time passed and evening quickly approached, the whole afternoon the plaza was filled with the distortion of space as competitor after competitor gave up, their expressions were all varied. The higher their positions, the less gloomy they looked,

some even looked excited.

In the evening, as skies gradually darkened, for the names on the totems, except for two, all those after ranked sixty have all turned grey.

Ranked sixty-seven, Wu La, one hundred and fifty nine-steps.

Ranked sixty-one, Bai Ling, one hundred and seventy-eight steps.

Chapter 61 – Letting Loose His Hair!

Unfortunately, as evening passed, Wu La and Bai Ling's determination could not last, as their names turned grey like the moon slowly appearing in the skies.

At practically the same time, two black smokes flew towards the plaza before dispersing, revealing two pale faced girls.

Bai Ling was very calm, she had already tried her best, honestly speaking, after being unable to find Su Ming's name in this test, he had already lost her competitive spirit. After she had come back, she walked amid the onlookers stares back towards her tribe, not uttering a single word. Sitting cross-legged behind that old lady, she gazed at the name Mo Su on the statue nearby, biting her lips as she remained in thought.

The old lady by her side seemed to say something to her, but she turned a deaf-ear to it, not bothering to reply.

Compared to the calm Bai Ling, Wu La was very unresigned, slowly walking back towards the Wu Shan Tribe's area, where the Marksman was waiting for her with a smile.

“Wu La, you already did well, the first time coming to the test and you already managed to get into the top seventy, when you go back, if you train some more, the next time you stand a good chance getting into the top fifty.”

Wu La lightly nodded her head, although she was unresigned, in

her heart existed a shred of pride, she had already felt that she did decently, as the marksman said, getting such a result for her first time is already something to be proud of.

Lifting her head, Wu La looked at the rankings on the statue, looking at the ranked forty-ninth Bei Ling and the ranked fifty-third Lei Chen, then looking towards Mo Su, as she saw the words Mo Su, her eyes let out a certain glint.

“Just who will he be.....”

Time passes sometimes slowly, however during today’s intense test, it had quickly elapsed without people’s notice, in the blink of an eye the moon in the skies was no longer a small fragment, it is already brightly hanging in the night sky.

It was not far from midnight and the pressure from the mountain had gradually strengthened once more.

Lei Chen had given up after finally reaching the fifty-second position, appearing on the plaza in a wisp, his expression was not gloomy as he walked out with his usual smile, with many people waving at him. Apparently he had managed to get to know quite some people during his days here at the Feng Zhen Tribe.

As he reached the Wu Shan Tribe group, Bei Ling and Si Kong successively gave up, appearing in a black wisp in the plaza. Bei Ling had his usual cold expression, he was ranked forty-ninth, he had obtained his goal of reaching the top fifty.

This time his entering of the test was different from the past, previously he had managed this feat with Wu Sen's assistance, however this year, he had done it on his own merit.

Bei Ling believed that if not for him sacrificing much of his Lifeblood, he would probably have obtained an even higher ranking. Filled with pride, he walked back towards the Wu Shan Tribe.

“Wu La, you did well, although it was not the top fifty. This ranking can already be considered decent, but don't get too conceited yet, there are still two more tests.” Bei Ling glanced at Wu La as he gently spoke.

Wu La hurriedly stood up and nodded, her gaze towards Bei Ling emanated some respect, after personally experiencing the test, she knew just how hard it was to enter the top fifty.

“As for you..... Lei Chen, you should be able to enter the top fifty, stopping at the fifty-second rank, never mind, during the second test, you have to work hard, the Wu Shan Tribe only has the three of us competing, so we have to give it our all!” Bei Ling glanced at Lei Chen as he calmly spoke.

Lei Chen lowered his head without replying.

In the distance, Si Kong had returned with a face full of frustration, he had finally ended up in the fiftieth rank, dejectedly he walked back towards his tribe. Seeing the silent Bai Ling, he had wanted to speak but seeing her cold gaze, he immediately

swallowed his words.

As time passed, even the people in the top fifty started to slowly give up, as the names slowly greyed out, and people slowly returned back to the plaza, the people gradually got more excited.

Those in the top fifty who had returned had all came back with a satisfied expression, there were also many people who had went up to them to offer their congratulations generating bursts of laughter.

Although there were people who gave up, there were also those who persevered on, such as Chen Chong who was crazily gritting his teeth, his body drenched with sweat, the flesh on his face quivering as he continued his advance.

He was breathless, his eyes surrounded by countless stars, he was tired on the verge of collapsing, yet he was managing to curse non-stop.

“Fuck him, is he trying to tire me to death!!!”

“Five hundred and thirty-seven..... you blasted idiot Bi Su..... five hundred and thirty-eight..... you blasted idiot Bi Su..... five hundred and thirty-nine..... you damnable Bi Su, I will remember you, this is not over!!” Chen Chong wiped his sweat as his expression grew more frenzied, his cursing getting louder and louder.

“Are you just insane, why do you have to compete against me like this, fuck you Bi Su, if I really die here, I will haunt you in even in the afterlife!! Five hundred and thirty-eight.....Eh, no it was five hundred and thirty-nine.”

Chen Chong face was bitter, as he panted loudly, climbing on on all fours, facing the increasingly growing pressure, he continued to climb, his heart was beating crazily, as if it was going to explode, his sweat was unstoppable, all the steps behind him were covered in sweat.

“Ah I am so tired, you fucker must be trying to kill me!! Ah I have sweat so much, I must have lost some weight, I definitely lost weight.....” Chen Chong continued taking deep pants as he continued climbing, carefully listening before smiling widely.

“I will tire you out, you dare compete with me, I will tire you out you damnable fool Bi Su!!” With his excellent hearing, he could hear panting not any weaker than his own coming from a nearby path.

Bi Su was currently equally tired, sweat falling non-stop, his eyes were burning with determination, after competing with Chen Chong for so long he grit his teeth as he climbed onward in a frenzy, he was so drained that with each breath he could feel a sharp pain in his chest, yet even so he was unwilling to give up.

“Chen Chong, I must Surpass you!! Other than Ye Wang, I will be the strongest in our generation!”

However, the higher one got, especially past the five hundredth step, the kind of pressure they have to face which was compounded at night had already reached a terrifying level. For Chen Chong and Bi Su, they could still barely manage in the day, but as midnight approached advancing became impossibly difficult.

Other than these two people, the other participants who were still persevering were in a similar state, especially Wu Sen, each step was arduously painful, he did not want to be overtaken further, even if he could not get into the top ten, his current twentieth position must be maintained.

As midnight approached, the pressure coming from the mountain was reaching its peak, the people there were starting to stop, as per everyone's expectations, tomorrow morning would probably be the final most intense competition.

The instant midnight reached, Chen Chong's body trembled, clearly feeling that the pressure coming from the mountain peak had reached a terrifying level.

“Five hundred and forty-seven..... five hundred..... fuck this, I don't want to compete anymore!! Bi Su since you want second place so badly, I will give it to you! If I continue like this I will probably die here, ah my precious body.....” Chen Chong sat there as he shouted towards his surroundings.

(TLN: Just want to mention again that anytime Chen Chong speaks, he uses 老子 as I, which is like a haughty way of saying it, lit. Your father.)

“Third is third, it is still fine, as long as I am in the top three, I won’t lose any face! That Wu Sen is so far behind anyway. Bi Su just keep on walking if you can, just keep walking till you roll over and die!!

Fuck, if I had Mo Su’s ability to breakthrough like this, I would definitely..... hey..... ah!!!” Chen Chong breathed heavily as he fanned himself with his hand, as his body suddenly straightened, carefully listening, his expression became filled with shock.

Bi Su looked at the ranking tablet, seeing that Chen Chong stopped moving, he smiled as his eyes became filled with ruthlessness.

“Other than Ye Wang, I am the strongest!” As the furiously panted, he grit his teeth and walked a few more steps, only after reaching the five hundredth and fifty third step did he stop, just as he was happily celebrating, he saw that the ranked twenty-first Mo Su started to move once more.

The other person who noticed this at the same time was Wu Sen who was still at the twentieth position. Gradually everyone else other than Ye Wang had noticed that, that Mo Su had started moving again!!

At the same time, the crowd outside transformed into a blazing storm!!

Everyone on the plaza, the Wu Shan Tribe’s old lady, the various

leaders of the tribes, and even the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch who had never looked, all started to look.

The countless gazes, Lei Chen, Wu La, Bai Ling, Si Kong, Bei Ling, and those who had all given up the test had practically stopped breathing as they all stared at the same name on the nine statues.

Grandpa Mo Sang's eyes were shining as he looked intently at the rankings on the statues, by his side Jing Nan's expression was no longer indifferent, as he looked with constricted pupils.

Su Ming had moved once more!!

In the night that belonged to him, bathed in the moonlight, he slowly stood up, the blood veins in his body had come under his control, excluding the first fifteen, they all started to fade.

After lifting his head to gaze at the moon, the image of a red moon slowly appeared in his eyes, his hair tied by a straw rope had started to sway in this windless night. Su Ming took a deep breath as he untied his hair, letting his hair loose, lifting his right foot, he stepped towards the three hundred and seventy-second step.

The moment his feet reached the ground, all his blood veins once more appeared on his body, just like the first time, he had unleashed his greatest speed once more!!

A crimson light exploded as Su Ming dashed forward like a streak

of blood.

Three hundred and seventy-two steps, three hundred and ninety-three steps, four hundred and twenty-four steps, four hundred and forty-eight steps, four hundred and seventy-one steps.....

In an extremely fast speed, under the moonlight, he dashed forth like a storm. Resulting in all the people on the mountain or the people in the plaza who noticed this fall into silence.

Chapter 62 – Powerful Threat!

They had to keep quiet as this was all just the beginning!

On the nine statues, and in the hands of the less than twenty remaining participants, the name representing Su Ming started to rise at a terrifying rate!

Ranked twentieth, ranked nineteenth, ranked seventeenth, ranked fifteenth, ranked fourteenth, ranked twelfth, ranked tenth!!

In the instant just as he reached the tenth rank, it instantly changed into the ninth rank!!

Wu Sen stood there dazedly, standing on the four hundred and fifty-seventh step, he stared at the ranking tablet in his hand, unable to believe what he was seeing, he had already predicted that once this Mo Su person moved, it would be shocking. But even so, he did not think that it would actually be this insane!!

In an instant, Wu Sen had fallen from the twelfth rank to the thirteenth, without being given the chance to even fight back.

Similarly shocked were the people from the eleventh to the twentieth rank, they were all in an instant overtaken, that kind of change gave them a sort of powerless feeling, unable to muster the slightest feeling of resistance, all that remained was shock.

Wu Sen deeply growled, his veins bulging as he grit his teeth and advanced, he was unreconciled!! Following this movement, the people all ranked above Su Ming got up from their rest and advanced with grit teeth!

Being able to get into the top twenty already represented that they were the top of their generation, their pride does not allow them to give up so easily, regardless of the pressure of the mountain, they all moved.

Even Chen Chong who was resting on the five hundred and forty-seventh, a fighting spirit ignited in him as he dazedly looked at the tablet in his hands, letting out a gasp as he heard the sound of breakthrough once more in the distance. This was the sound that made him burn with envy!

Bi Su on the five hundredth and fifty-third step could more clearly experience it, he was on the path nearest to Su Ming, separated only by a little fog. He could clearly hear that muffled roar, he could clearly feel that that Mo Su person on the nearby path was currently advancing at a terrifying speed!

Other than the two of them, the ranked four to eight people were the most nervous, although they were not as well known as Chen Chong or Wu Sen, they were definitely not simple.

But currently, they were extremely nervous as their heart pounded rapidly, each and every single one of them got up and started climbing once more!

But on this night, deep into the night when the pressure of the mountain was at its peak, they continued to climb, facing this terrifying pressure, similar to the pressure of facing the heaven's sovereign, able to make a person breakdown.

Even as the people stood up, before they took a few steps, they stared at the tablet in their hands, their shock turned into dismay as they footsteps all halted.

Su Ming's hair danced behind him unbound from straw, moving without wind, his eyes crimson red, a blazing moon visible within!

He practically did not stop as he rushed onto the four hundred and seventy-first step, his entire body roaring, the number of blood veins on his body increasing one by one, he practically did not bother checking how many it increased by, he only stepped forwards.

The pressure coming from the mountain landed onto his body, making Su Ming feel unable to bear it, quickly he circulated his blood qi, wrapping himself in the moonlight, continuing to advance through this pressure.

Four hundred and seventy-two, four hundred and eighty-three, four hundred and ninety-four, five hundred and six..... five hundred and twenty-three, five hundred and thirty-seven..... five hundred and forty-six!!

Only after Su Ming reached the five hundred and forty-sixth step did he stop, his body filled with sweat, his breathing haggard, but

his eyes was filled with determination as before!

His body was growling non-stop, along with his pause, eighty-seven blood veins appeared disorderly spread over his body, forming a powerful qi, shrouding Su Ming's body.

Ranked fourth, Mo Su, five hundred and forty-six steps!

In front of him were only three people! Behind him, were all the other competitors of this time's test!

Although Su Ming was not in the best shape, the current Su Ming was still standing at the peak.

At this point, Chen Chong body shook, although he could not see Su Ming, but from the tablet in his hands, he could feel a wave of pressure, and from his ears he could hear that rumble that left him in dismay.

Although he could not see the other person, he felt an even more terrifying feeling coming from that person than Bi Su, perhaps is is precisely because he cannot see that person, such a strong terror sprouted within him.

Although Chen Chong may seem easy-going, he was actually still a very prideful person. He held Bi Su in disdain, him giving up was just because he was feeling too tired, his personality made him unwilling to exert himself that much, to him, he knew that that Bi Su was unable to be his match.

So what if he had overtaken him? He did not have that kind of overwhelming strength, everything was just for show. To Chen Chong, only Ye Wang had that kind of aura to him!

But today, to his horror, he realised that from this Mo Su, he could feel that same overbearing aura of Ye Wang!! Chen Chong's expression turned serious as a powerful aura grew within him.

Standing up, he looked into the distance, for a split second he could see a figure, coldly standing on the five hundredth and forty-sixth step with his head raised staring at the sky, who gave off an imposing aura.

Compared to Chen Chong, Bi Su was inferior at this point. His expression was haggard, staring intently at the fog, seeming almost able to feel the heavy breathing behind the fog.

“Regardless of who you are, you can only dream on if you want to over take me, Bi Su!!” Bi u growled towards the fog, his shout dissipating slowly in the fog.

Currently, on this mountain, the last ranked Feng Zhen Tribe member had too decided to leave after deliberating for quite some time.

He understood that for this first test, they did not have to wait till tomorrow for the final showdown, and this final showdown was not something that he could be part of, this mountain is their domain, he did not want be remain here like a fallen leaf any

longer, choosing to leave instead.

Knowing one's own limits, knowing when to retreat, this may not be commonly found amongst people, but those able to be ranked in the top twenty would mostly know this.

The strong are respected by the masses and not limited to their tribe. As this person left, other than the top four, Wu Sen and two other people, the remaining participants gradually chose to leave the mountain to those top four.

Leaving to them, the grounds for the final battle!

Wu Sen struggled for a while more before giving out a long sigh as he choose to leave as well, the remaining two were unwilling to leave, but as they saw everyone else leave, they too choose to give up.

The black wisps of smoke appearing one by one on the plaza were mostly ignored by the people who had been focusing on the names on the statues, their breathing all hysterical.

The Wu Long tribe's old lady had stood up, her expression solemn, the two strong men beside her the same, in fact, the other tribe's leaders were the same.

No one remained sitting, even the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch's expression was grim as he stared intently at the names left on the statues.

Bei Ling, Si Kong, Bai Ling, Lei Chen, Wu La..... the various other people were all in deep thought as they stared at the rankings.

Even those competitors who had just returned did not mind not being received by the audience

Grandpa Mo Sang was similarly watching attentively, by his side, Jing Nan was also watching, his face not revealing any of his emotions.

Su Ming stood on the five hundred and forty-sixth step as he took a deep breath, the pressure here was extremely strong, it was hard for him to advance at the same speed as before. Raising his leg, Su Ming continued onward onto the five hundred and forty-seventh step, step by step he advanced.

His pace was not extremely fast, but it was stable.

He could hear a bitter outburst coming from within the fog, but he did not pay much attention to it and did not catch what the person said, he only focused on advancing step by step onwards.

Chen Chong's expression was serious as he stopped his complaining, he too stopped paying attention to the ranking tablet. Instead he was fully serious as he took off his top, revealing his bare chest, he similarly walked onward.

As for Bi Su, his expression was hideous as he grit his teeth, bearing the pressure, resisting the pain coming from his body as he advanced with large strides, constantly staring at the rankings on the tablet.

Ranked first, Ye Wang, seven hundred and ninety-one steps.

Ranked second, Bi Su, five hundred and fifty-four steps.

Ranked third, Chen Chong, five hundred and forty-eight steps.

Ranked fourth, Mo Su, five hundred and forty-seven steps.

Of the four of them, only Bi Su kept checking their rankings, the other three had not, Ye Wang had never bothered about these changes, to him, his only opponent was himself after all.

Chen Chong was a prideful person, and he could feel the strange pressure coming from Su Ming, as such he decided to not check the rankings anymore, lest it wreck his mindset.

Su Ming too did not look, he only continued his advance, step by step, each time his feet land, his body would shudder, sweat pouring out of him as he felt the immense pressure, but his resolute character and determined heart allowed him to stand like a tree in a storm, fighting to stand tall.

“Of all the living things on this earth, just which ones will be able to see the ends of the world..... ” Su Ming stared at the sky as he

advanced while muttering.....

Chapter 63 – Heart Refining Step!

The moon hung high in the night sky, the moon this night was slightly different from the norm, the skies were cloudless, making the moon seem even brighter than before as it illuminated the lands, like a curtain between the heavens and the earth.

In the distance, it looked truly stunning, but on this mountain where the peak cannot be seen, the moon had transformed into something terrifying!

Under the moonlight, the pressure of the mountain increased at a terrifying rate, constantly bursting forth, forming a formless gale encompassing the entire mountain such that even if one stood at the foot of the mountains, their surroundings would seem distorted.

Currently at midnight, the moonlight was at its peak, it was also when the pressure from the mountain is at its peak as well! The three people standing at the five hundred plus step could barely feel the mountain's mist, from the bottom of the mountain, one would be barely able to see their figures, the three of them seemingly standing at the edge of the skies, able to touch the skies if they just raised their arms.

From the five hundredth step onwards, they had already stepped into the skies, currently Ye Wang was ignorant of the matters happening outside, not knowing about the three people competing behind him, he only cared about his path, step by step advancing slowly while breathing haggardly.

“Today I must reach the eight hundred and third step!!” Ye Wang grit his teeth, his eyes blazing with pride as he advanced.

Under this kind of pressure, if one did not have a firm sense of dedication one would not be able to make more than a couple of steps onwards, Bi Su was dedicated, but this dedication was not born from confidence, otherwise, he would not have to stare at the rankings each time he took a step.

“Five hundred and fifty-sixth step, five hundred and fifty-seventh step..... this damn Chen Chong is actually catching up, he is already on the five hundred and fifty-eighth step.” Bi Su’s expression was bitter as he continued climbing with grit teeth, but the moment he took this step, his entire body shook as he seemingly heard a powerful roar coming from the mountain peak.

That roar was not something a human could make, it came from a beast!

The moment the roar reached him, Bi Su’s body shook, his chest piercing with pain as he spat out a mouthful of blood, his body shaking as he almost collapsed.

His expression was fearful, as if in that instant the entire mountain had transformed into a mythical beast roaring straight at him.

Similarly experiencing this was Chen Chong who stood on the five hundredth and fifty-eighth step, just as he wanted to advance his body trembled, raising his head with blood shot eyes, he

coughed out a mouthful of blood.

Su Ming's entire body was covered in sweat, his determined gaze not waning the slightest, rather it intensified, step by step he advanced, five hundred and forty-eight, five hundred and forty-nine..... all the way until he was standing at the five hundred and fifty-seventh step where he too heard that terrifying roar.

This roar revealed a monstrous rage as it came crashing down onto Su Ming, the moment it reached him, his body shook, his chest wrecked with pain, blood uncontrollably flowing out his mouth, that roar seemingly oppressing anyone who stood against it.

Just as the crimson red blood flowed out, the blood red moon in Su Ming's eyes burst out with an intense light!

He will not give in!

Su Ming subconsciously lifted his head towards the mountain peak as he let out a loud thunderous roar, resounding in the surroundings, Su Ming's hair fluttering, his burning flame in his eyes bursting out as he fiercely stamped his foot onto the five hundred and fifty eighth step.

The instant his feet landed, Su Ming's entire body shook, his veins swelling, his blood veins appearing, a formless torment erupted in his body, but Su Ming had not given up!

He wanted to walked up to the five hundred and sixty-third step, he had wanted to continue practicing his nuanced control, he did not want to give up this opportunity, he did not want to disappoint Grandpa, Su Ming did not easily make his move, but when he did, he did not want to leave any room for regret!!

What he wanted to achieve was no regrets, no matter what he did, he must not have any regrets!

Five hundred and fifty-nine, five hundred and sixty, five hundred and sixty-one! Su Ming advanced three more steps, each step he took, his body would tremble intensely, his body making an unimaginable noise, the kind of noise made when all the bones in the body were breaking, that kind of pain was something a mere sixteen-year old should be able to bear.

“Still lacking two more steps, just two more steps!!” Su Ming cried out in his heart, constantly telling himself that he must get onto the five hundredth and sixty-third step!!

Su Ming roared once more, as he lifted his feet to take another step! The moment he took this step, he felt the earth shake, but he knew that in reality what shook was not the mountain but himself.

This kind of feeling made Su Ming's face pale as he glanced at the heavens, the skies seemingly moving further and further away from him, the heavens seemingly slowly moving in his eyes as time seemed to dilate.

Su Ming could feel his own body slowly collapse, the earth did

not move, the mountain was not shaking, it was just his body being no longer able to tolerate it anymore, it had reached its limit as he slowly fell backwards.

“Five hundred and sixty-second step is a hurdle.....” Su Ming’s lips bitterly parted.

“The earth did not move, the mountains did not shake, only this body trembled, everything was the same as before.....”

“Grandpa, why is it that when i was running, the trees by my side seemed to be moving? I have been confused, i was not sure if I was moving forward or if those trees were moving backwards, Grandpa why is it so?” In Su Ming’s bitter mind, memories of a question he asked Grandpa when he was younger surfaced.

“The eyes deceive a person, you will understand when you grow up La Su, what you see with your eyes might not be the truth, perhaps your eyes are lying to you. Look at that tree there, is it really moving? Is it truly the tree moving, or is it your body moving..... or is it something else?”

Su Ming remembered that when he heard this answer, he was still confused and did not know what it meant, but when he thought about it now, he shuddered.

“You cannot change the earth, you cannot change the mountains, because the body moves, everything else also moves..... in reality, the earth did not move, neither did the mountain..... what moved was.....” Su Ming’s eyes suddenly widened as if suddenly

understanding something.

“What moved was my heart!!”

“When I was younger, while I was running about, my body was moving, the trees were not, but in my eyes the trees were moving, that was because of my mind..... my mind was being deceived because my heart had been moved.....

The earth, the mountains, the trees, whatever it was, even if it was my own body that moved, as long as my heart did not waver..... nothing will move! The other parts of my body can also be deceived, my eyes, my entire body, everything can deceive my heart and make me feel as if I am moving.....” Su Ming’s body shook once more, the moment he understood this a roar erupted in his mind, this powerful roar made his dizziness fade away, when it was all gone, Su Ming realised that he was still standing there.

Looking down at the steps beneath him, then once more looking at his surroundings, the current him was still standing on the step as before, his right feet on the five hundredth and sixty-second step, his left feet still standing on the five hundred and sixty-first step.

His body was the same as before, as if nothing had changed since the previous moment.

While in deep thought, Su Ming lifted his left leg, only after he firmly stood on the five hundred and sixty-second step did he take a deep breath, both his eyes revealing a sense understanding.

“I got it..... if the heart is still, the world is still! This is what it means to be nuanced.....” Su Ming mumbled, stepping onto the five hundred and sixty second step a smile appeared on his face, slowly sitting down cross-legged. After attaining understanding, this is the first time he truly entered nuanced control.

This time was completely different from the previous four times, previously without understanding, he only used his power to control his blood qi's circulation speed. This was just an external force!

Now, after he had realised the truth, he knew that true nuanced control did not involve using his strength to control his blood qi's circulation, but rather through using his heart!

If the heart moves it moved, if the heart does not move, then blood qi will not move!

The moment Su Ming sat down, Bi Su let out a roar filled with injustice, his right foot hovering above the five hundred and sixty-second step, but for some reason he was unable to put it down, he had the feeling that the moment he took this step, he would no longer be able to withstand it any longer. This sort of feeling was so intense that slowly, he had chosen to stop, he did not dare take that risk!

Chen Chong's expression was solemn, this look rarely seen on his face, standing on the five hundred and sixty-first step he gazed at the five hundred and sixty-second step, after thinking silently for a

long time, he remembered the story of this step.....

In the next instant, Chen Chong grit his teeth as he took a step forward, but the moment he took that step, his expression became dull, his eyes listless, a breath of time passed, then after seven breaths of time, Chen Chong spat out a mouthful of blood as he collapsed between the five hundred and sixty first and sixty second step, in the end, he was unable to continue onwards, he could not overcome that heart refining step.

But compared to Bi Su, Chen Chong possessed a stronger heart!

The plaza was completely silent, without any voices of discussion, everyone were still breathing excitedly as they stared at the names on the statues, the shock in their hearts all replaced by their own thoughts.

Ranked first, Ye Wang, eight hundred and three steps.

Ranked second, Mo Su, five hundred and sixty-three steps.

Those two lines captured the gazes of everyone, Mo Su, a completely normal name, one that no one had heard of before the test had now become illustrious!

Time slowly passed, this night is bound to be extraordinary, and destined to be even more shocking than last night, this mountain peak is destined to be the final battle ground for these two people!

On the plaza, none were impatient, they were all in deep thought, slowly waiting, waiting for the moment one of them started moving once more! As night passed, and daybreak was nearing, the number behind the two words Mo Su started changing once more!

This movement was not accompanied with the the skies turning, nor did it stir the clouds, yet in each any every observer's heart, a tempest had been born!!

Chapter 64 – Ye Wang’s Expression Changed!

Su Ming eyes opened, on his body were only three blood veins left! While looking at the last three blood veins on his chest, Su Ming stood up.

He took a deep breath, he was in no hurry to advance, rather he turned around to look at the thick fog obscuring the path he came from, clearly he had come a long way.

“These last three blood veins would have to wait until I reach the seven hundred and eighty-first step.” Su Ming gazed towards the mountain peak, his eyes gradually starting to shine.

“Other than that, I will have to see just how far I can go!” Su Ming raised his feet, moving it towards the five hundred and sixty-fourth step. Without hesitation, he had continued his step-by-step advance onward!

Each step he took was another step up the slope, the previously crazy eruptions no longer appeared on Su Ming’s body, showing no signs of stopping, he advanced with a hint of calmness.

His expression was calm, his entire being was calm like an ancient well, slowly and gradually he walked onto the five hundred and seventy-third step, then the five hundred and seventy-eighth step, the five hundred and eighty-second step..... and still continued onward.

Following his advance, the blood veins on his body slowly surfaced, that sound of breakthrough once more resonating, the instant he took this calm step, another blood veins had appeared!

On this path, this was where Su Ming walked the path of the powerful, in his life, this was a major transformation! Where his cultivation evolved, where his spirit advanced!

Su Ming's advance, each and every step Su Ming took was reflected on the ranking statues on the plaza, each time the number beside his name changed, the audience's hearts in the plaza seemed to skip a beat.

“Five hundred and ninety-seven, five hundred and ninety-eight, five hundred and ninety-nine..... six hundred!!! He actually reached the six hundredth step! This was where Ye Wang stopped at yesterday!”

“He is still walking on, six hundred and one, six hundred and two..... does Ye Wang not notice, the distance between might still be far, but at this rate, he would be overtaken in a while!”

In this plaza, because of Su Ming's movement, the sounds of people's discussion arose once more, but this time, their voices were hushed unlike before.

In addition to the audience who were here from the start, the plaza now had a new gathering of people, these people were the top fifty participants of their tribe gathered into a circle.

“This Ye Wang is really too confident..... he has a habit of never looking at the rankings on the tablet.”

“Its naturally so, in his heart, Ye Wang’s rival is but himself, others just don’t have the qualification.”

“Hehe, I wonder if this Mo Su would have the qualification to be his rival, he is already at the six hundred and thirty-fifth step, this Mo Su is really impressive, I truly am not his match!”

“Actually, I really want Ye Wang to take a gander at that ranking tablet, I wonder what his expression would become once he realises that Mo Su is just behind him, would he remain dismissive? Or perhaps would he be excited?”

In the audience, two different groups of people had different discussions. Compared to those participant, there was another gathering of powerhouses, these people were the various tribal leaders, their cultivation determined their powerful viewpoints.

The Wu Long tribe old lady gazed at the name Mo Su, her eyes revealed concern and worry, she just couldn’t figure out who he was. Although she was full of praise, to her, no matter which tribe he came from it was definitely not the Feng Zhen Tribe, which meant that this person appearance was very significant.

“It’s a pity, this person is not from my Wu Long Tribe, else I would definitely give my all to help his cultivation!” This old lady inwardly sighed as she took a glance at Bai Ling and Si Kong at her

side.

“Si Kong is still unable to take a heavy responsibility, sigh, my Wu Long tribe has truly withered..... as for Bai Ling, she only has some good feelings towards that Su Ming, she is still unable to differentiate love and grace, if that wild boy does not come around, this feeling should fade eventually.

What qualification does that Su Ming think he has to come pursue my grand-daughter, well unless he has this mysterious Mo Su.....” This old lady laughed as she thought.

In the distance, the Hei Shan Tribe’s patriarch was staring at Mo Su’s name on the statues, within his cold gaze, a hint of shock could be seen.

“Since he was young, Bi Su was personally guided by the Mán-Elder and had surpassed the rest of his generation, if not for our Mán-Elder’s breakthrough, and becoming able to stand as equals with that Jing Nan, he would not have let Bi Su become exposed.

But that Mo Su, just where did he pop out from, which tribe did he come from..... this kind of person must be controlled by my Hei Shan Tribe, else it is better for him to be killed!”

On the plaza, the highest ranked person was Jing Nan, standing there, he gazed at the ranked on the statue, seeing the number currently at the six hundred and seventy-seven behind Mo Su’s name constantly raising, his pupils shrank although he still maintained his calm demeanor, as if this incident was insufficient

to make him shocked.

“Mo Sang, after this test is over, let Su Ming remain in my Feng Zhen Tribe..... here would be more beneficial for him.” Seeing that number changing to six hundred and eighty-four, Jing Nan slowly spoke.

Hearing Jing Nan’s words, Mo Sang lightly smiled, in his heart, he was also shocked by Su Ming’s performance, but he naturally had his own intention for hiding Su Ming’s cultivation.

“There is no need to rush this matter, discussing after the grand tests have ended is still not too late.” Mo Sang slowly spoke, as he gazed at the name Mo Su on the statue, his eyes were filled with love.

Seeing Mo Sang not instantly refuse, Jing Nan’s eyes flashed, he understood that perhaps his offer was not sufficient for him to covet this person.

“If he makes it to the seven hundred and fiftieth step, I will give him the same benefits of the leader’s son, like Chen Chong and Wu Sen. If he makes it to the eight hundredth step, I will give him the treatment of the Mán-Child!” Jing Nan slowly spoke.

“And if he goes even higher?” Mo Sang turned to look at Jing Nan.

“Even higher? Good, if he makes it to the eight hundred and fifty

step, I will give him the same treatment and benefits as Ye Wang, if he can make it to the nine hundredth step, if he is willing to enter my Feng Zhen Tribe and reaches the awakened realm before Ye Wang he will be our Mán-Child!” Jing Nan deeply spoke as he looked at Mo Sang open his mouth once more.

“He is already on the seven hundredth step.” Mo Sang smilingly said.

Seven hundredth step!! Su Ming’s breathing was haggard, his sweat pouring as he stood on the seven hundredth step, dawn was quickly approaching, as the moon faded away, walking up here under this pressure was extremely difficult for him.

As he came here, several more blood veins had appeared on his body, but Su Ming did not pay attention to the specific number, in his mind, his only goal was just to keep walking until he had reached his true limit!

After catching his breath, Su Ming once more moved his feet towards the seven hundred and first step.

The current Ye Wang was sitting cross-legged on the eight hundred and third step on the side opposite Su Ming, completely unmoving, the entire mountain was peaceful where he was.

Once dawn approached, the moment the moon started to fade, and the sun about to rise, Ye Wang opened his eyes and looked towards the skies.

“Tomorrow will be the last push, this time I must go all in and reach the nine hundredth step!” Ye Wang mumbled, the edge of his lips curling into a confident smile.

“I guess that there would not be many people left on this mountain, other than myself there must be less than ten people. I wonder if anyone made it past the five hundred and sixty-second step.

There probably isn’t!” Ye Wang’s expression was calm as usual, after taking a deep breath, he ended up taking out the tablet and have a look.

He originally wanted to just see who was left here, just to see where they were as he waited for dawn to approach.

His expression was calm as his gaze just moved along on the ranking tablet, but the moment he retracted his gaze, his entire person shook, as he looked once more.

Ranked second, Mo Su, seven hundred and sixteen steps.

“Mo Su..... advancing in the night, how utterly stupid!” Ye Wang thought for awhile before retracting his gaze, his eyes closed once more as he calmly meditated, waiting for the next day to arrive, seemingly not the slightest bit anxious, but his eyelids seemed to occasionally twitch, as he seemed to have trouble attaining inner peace.

Su Ming was panting as he continued to advance, his mind was blank as he pushed onwards, as he continued to advance, the number of blood veins on his body kept rising, each new one seemingly helping push him forward further.

As the crazily pushed forth, he had walked onto the seven hundred and twenty fifth step, seven hundred and thirty-eighth step, the seven hundred and fifty first step, the seven hundred and sixty-third step, the seven hundred and seventy ninth step.....

His body continued to growl, as his legs trembled, his body swaying, each step he took seemed to fill his body with pain, especially on his legs.

Gritting his teeth, Su Ming lifted his feet again as he reached the seven hundred and eightieth step, he was only one step away from his goal of the seven hundred and eighty-first step!!

His eyes were red, a flaming red, seemingly slowly burning Su Ming's body into ashes, seeing that he was just one step away, the blood veins in Su Ming's body surged once more, squeezing out one last shred of energy as he raised his feet onto this seven hundred and eighty-first step.

The moment his feet landed, his body seemed unable to withstand the pressure as he started to collapse, Su Ming let out a roar. He must make this step, he must!!!

Raising his left hand, he bit his index finger and furiously wiped this bloody finger across his eyes, to think that he actually wanted

to try and achieve his third kindling here!!

The instant the blood on his index finger touched his eyes, the entire mountain shook as if the skies had crumbled!! A wild beast roaring as the fog around the mountain seemingly transforming into a whirlpool!!

On the eight hundred and third step, Ye Wang who had finally calmed himself down, suddenly shook, he heard that powerful roar coming from the mountain and could clearly feel the mountain seemingly roaring and shaking, a truly unbelievable change.

He opened his eyes as his pupils immediately constricted, he had a feeling that this change definitely had something to do with that Mo Su person!

He unthinkingly took out the table and took his second look, seeing the number behind Su Ming was already seven hundred and eighty one, Ye Wang's expression immediately changed and he stood up!

Chapter 65 – This Is The Final Showdown!

Ranked second, Mo Su, seven hundred and eighty-one steps!

Ye Wang's expression was unprecedentedly solemn, he had his pride and his arrogance, since before, none had the right to become his rival, the only person he wanted to compare to was himself!

But this pride, at this time, as the mountains shook, an incomparably powerful qi seemed to engulf even the clouds in the distance, and even Ye Wang's heart was shaken.

He could not help but be shaken, he could not help but take notice as he stared at the ranking tablet, never before had he taken so much note of a single person!

This person had in his eyes, greatly surpassed Wu Sen, greatly surpassed Chen Chong, greatly surpassing everyone else, and was only twenty or so steps away from him, this kind of distance gave birth to a never before pressure in Ye Wang, a strange anxiety!

“Mo Su..... Are you qualified to become I, Ye Wang's rival?” Ye Wang's eyes coldly flashed, a blazing pride burning within him.

Ye Wang pride, since young he was hailed as a genius, greatly surpassing his peers, finally standing at the peak as the Feng Zhen Tribe's Man-Child, the height of his position could easily be seen from the way people looked at him.

He did not need to gather companions, he did not need to act all mysterious, he did not need to use others as wingmen, because wherever he stood, he would be able to destroy any group of companions, wherever he stood he would be the most distinctive person, wherever he was he would easily outshine everyone else!

He was Ye Wang! He could hold all his peers in contempt, or more precisely, not contempt but rather just overlook all of them, he could overlook every one of his peers, ignoring all the rest, because to him, there was no one else worthy of being his opponent!

But today, Su Ming's appearance gave Ye Wang the feeling of finally finding a rival, for the first time he found someone worthy!!

"Then..... let the two of us have a good competition!" Ye Wang took a deep breath, although his expression was calm as usual, he was unable to keep his cool, he could wait till daybreak to continue advancing according to his plan.

But now, because of Su Ming, his plan had changed! He was the first person of Ye Wang's generation capable of making him change his thoughts.

He flung out his sleeves, as he started his advance, his expression was solemn as he walked towards the eight hundred and fourth step, his body trembled as he made that step, but his breathing remained calm. Without stopping for too long, he continued onwards.

Currently, Su Ming stood on the seven hundred and eighty-first step, his left hand trembling, the moment his blood reached his right eye, he felt the mountain tremble, he felt the strange qi surrounding the mountains, the majestic feeling of the qi here could not be compared to the amount at the mountain back then, he had only wiped a small amount of blood, yet such qi had already erupted, completely surpassing the entirety of the two wipes previously.

The black fog on the mountain roiled as the bestial roar burst forth from the mountain peak, echoing throughout the mountain, making the mist rumble even more intensely as if it was boiling.

Strand after strand of shapeless qi entered Su Ming's body, making his body tremble on the verge of explosion.

This intensity of the third kindling had been experienced by Su Ming when he first tried his third kindling, but this time, it was many times stronger as blood leaked out his mouth, and he was forced to lower his trembling left hand.

The instant his left hand was lowered, the mountain's rumble seemed to stop, the mist seemingly calming down, the strange qi surrounding them suddenly disappearing as well.

Everything seemed to have returned to normal, as if the previous incident had been but a dream.

Su Ming breathed heavily as he stood on the seven hundred and

eighty-first step, his eyes gazing at the mountain peak in the distance. Without sitting down, he closed his eyes, using this last numbered step mentioned by grandpa to temper his body!

Currently in the world outside the mountain, the people started to furiously discuss, because of the seal, they were unable to feel the changes on the mountain.

What they could see was the rankings on the statues, they could see the person called Mo Su reaching the seven hundred and eighty-first step, only twenty or so steps away from Ye Wang, the shock they were experiencing was unable to be explained from their expression, it had penetrated their very being, in this instant their minds were blank with shock.

What's more they had noticed that Ye Wang had actually started moving! Of the crowd present, most did not think too much of Ye Wang's renewed attempt at advancing, because they themselves would also resume their climb when faced with such an incident.

But the group of top fifty participants from the Feng Zhen Tribe had understood Ye Wang well, much more so than the normal people, the moment they saw the number behind Ye Wang's name change, their hearts shook.

“Ye Wang..... he looked at the ranking tablet!!”

“He must have looked at the tablet, given his personality, after realizing how shocking that Mo Su is, even Ye Wang must be feeling uncomfortable!”

“He had changed his patterns, once Ye Wang decides on something it is hard to change his mind, he originally waits until daybreak before advancing, but today, because of Mo Su, he actually changed!”

Wu Sen sat cross-legged in the plaza, his face pale as he stared at the line with Mo Su’s name, he had been constantly thinking, originally he had suspected Bi Su, but now, he felt that this Mo Su person was more suspicious..... but.....

“This is only the first round, what is being compared is not cultivation but potential, currently, I am still unable to reach any sort of conclusion on him.....” Wu Sen tightly clenched his fists.

On the plaza, there were various tribal leaders who had been staring at the statues. Seeing the rankings, of the thoughts they had, this was the same, during the first test, let alone within the top three, even the top ten or top thirty, a spot would rarely be taken by an outside tribesman.

But today, in the top ten there were actually two people, and this Mo Su person seemed even capable of fighting for the top spot!

This was shocking to them, yet the same time slightly pleasing.

“Mo Su..... Mo Su..... just what tribe is he from..... why hasn’t someone like this appeared in my Wu Long Tribe..... if I can get him to enter my Wu Long Tribe, regardless of the price, I am willing to pay.....” The Wu Long Tribe’s old lady inwardly sighed,

she had long since understood that this was impossible.

Among the Wu Shan Tribe, the Marksman's expression was filled with shock as he took a deep breath, sharing the same thought as the old lady of the Wu Long tribe.

(TLN: The raws said it was the Wu Shan tribe's old lady which I believe was a typo.)

Bei Ling's eyes shined with fanaticism beside him as he stared at the name Mo Su, seeing how things have been going during this test, the strongest person he thought he could get to know was Wu Sen, but it would seem that today he was quite excited that a stranger would suddenly rush into the top two with the capabilities of fighting for first place.

"This Mo Su is really strong!!" Bei Ling whispered.

"Yea, he is really impressive, too bad we do not know which tribe he is from..... sigh, it's a pity he is not from our Wu Shan Tribe....." Wu La's expression was filled with respect, she adored the strong, especially this Mo Su, who she personally saw advancing, that kind of feeling completely submerged her.

"Do you not feel that this..... this..... Mo Su name is slightly familiar....." Lei Chen hesitated slightly before speaking for the first time since his return.

"Familiar? Lei Chen what do you mean?" Wu La was shocked as

she turned to ask.

“Perhaps it’s just me thinking too much..... but Grandpa is called Mo Sang, and this person called Mo Su..... no matter how I see it, it seems like a combination of Grandpa and Su Ming’s names.....” Lei Chen scratched his head, with an uncertain expression.

“You are thinking too much!” Wu La’s expression was filled with disdain as she turned and looked back at the rankings excitedly.

“Mo Su, why did he stop, Ye Wang has already reached the eight hundred and twenty-seventh step!”

Bei Ling did not speak, but in his eyes was a hint of contempt, which revealed his opinion on Lei Chen’s words.

Lei Chen silently thought.

Under the audience’s discussion, the skies distorted slightly as two wisps of black smoke appeared, as Chen Chong and Bi Su appeared on the plaza at the same time, staring angrily at each other.

Their return attracted the gaze of the surrounding people, and also the gazes of the Feng Zhen Tribe’s Jing Nan and Grandpa Mo Sang in the distance.

“That kid Chen Chong is not bad.” Grandpa Mo Sang smilingly said.

“Compared to your Su Ming, he is still too lacking.” Jing Nan’s expression was calm, but in his heart he was already filled with shock, he originally had some expectations, but he had never imagined that Su Ming would exceed them to such an extent.

“Mo Sang, that child Su Ming, just give him to me!” Jing Nan turned to Mo Sang as he seriously spoke.

“Keep watching, it is not too late to continue discussing later.” Mo Sang smilingly said.

At this time, the voice of one person’s exclamation erupted in the crowd, as everyone became aware of the drastic changes taking place.

“Mo Su started moving!!!”

“This is the final showdown!!”

On the mountain covered by black mist stood Su Ming on the seven hundred and eighty-first step, his eyes suddenly opened.

On his body, only two blood veins remained!

Chapter 66 – Kindling The Blood Once More!

“This nuanced control, the further i progress the harder it gets..... at this seven hundred and eighty-first step, I can only reach the limit of two blood veins left, these two blood veins are too tightly linked, I just cannot get them to separate.....” Su Ming softly lamented

“It is a pity that this is already the last number..... this mountain is truly a sacred placed for cultivation, once I leave here, it would be hard to find a place as good.....” Su Ming’s brows slowly furrowed.

“Thirty two, seventy-nine, two hundred and forty-eight, three hundred and seventy-one, five hundred and sixty-three, seven hundred and eighty-one..... these six numbers should be the secret Grandpa discovered in the past, but..... just maybe, after the seven hundred and eighty-first step, there could be another step similar..... a step that even Grandpa did not discover.....” Su Ming’s eyes transforming into an obsession.

After thinking for awhile, Su Ming took a look at the ranking tablet in his hand, seeing his name on the tablet, which made him excited and his qi surge.

“Second place.....”

After retracting his gaze, Su Ming lowered his head, having a hard time stabilizing his emotions, as he returned to deep thought.

“I have already accomplished my goals, now..... I can already leave.....” Su Ming mumbled with hesitation in his eyes.

“But the moment I leave, this nuanced technique will forever be stuck at this last stage, never becoming complete..... above, there must be another step where the forces are in equilibrium!” After hesitating for some time, he finally decided to not give up, he knew the risks he was taking, but he wanted to become stronger, to ease his grandpa’s worries.

“This opportunity, I must not let it go by, I must find that step that even Grandpa did not find!” Su Ming’s hesitation had completely transformed into a determined gaze, lifting his feet, he headed onwards to the seven hundred and eighty-second step.

The moment his feet landed, his body trembled as the intense pressure bore down on him. As his body shook, a large number of blood veins appeared on him, illuminating the surroundings, as the moon in the sky had almost already faded away, Su Ming could only sigh as he grit his teeth and advanced.

Seven hundred and eighty-three, seven hundred and eighty-four, seven hundred and eighty-five..... all the way until seven hundred and ninety-six, Su Ming’s hair was flowing and his body trembled, each step he took practically took his entire strength, his body in pain, the pressure putting him on the verge of collapsing, completely different from when he kindled his blood flame.

When he kindled his blood, the pressure came from inside, making his body feel on the verge of exploding, but here, the pressure came from outside, making Su Ming feel as if he was

about to be crushed into tiny pieces.

The blood veins on his body fighting back as his blood qi circulated, supporting his body from crumbling, only under the moonlight's nourishment the burden on his body could be greatly reduced.

Step by step, blood slowly flowed out of Su Ming mouth, his expression hideous, but within it, his staunch determination could be seen as well.

“I must find that last step!! I must attain completion!” Su Ming once more stepped forward onto the seven hundred and ninety-nine step, to the current Su Ming, his eyes were a blur, unable to see anymore than the next step.

The current Ye Wang looked extremely worn as well, his breathing was haggard, his hair a mess, blood veins all on his body as he struggled to step onto the eight hundred and thirty-seventh step, his chest throbbing with pain and his heart thumped, his mind dizzy.

But when he looked at the ranking tablet, his eyes turned frenzied.

“Mo Su!!!” Ye Wang raised his head as he growled, before continue climbing, his speed significantly slowing down.

Su Ming tried five times, but he was just unable to lift his feet, he

felt as if there was a pair of huge hands pressing onto him, crushing his bones, making him unable to lift his feet!

That formless pair of hands mercilessly and coldly clamped down on Su Ming who could no longer stand upright, his back slowly bending before he eventually collapsed there.

Su Ming's face was completely pale, his sweat flowing non-stop, his dizziness growing stronger, as a powerlessness grew in him. Gazing at the faint moon in the vast skies.

“O’ heavens, why do you weep alone!!” Slowly, this phrase floated out in his mind, making him smile, this smile made his body shudder with pain, but in Su Ming’s eyes, the image of the blood moon became clearer, a strong flame bursting out.

“I don’t accept this!!” Su Ming roared as determination welled up within him, lifting his left hand, he once more fiercely bit it, his eyes shining with a crazy glint as he wiped his index finger on his right eye once more.

The moment he wiped, the entire mountain shook, the mist rolled once more, the qi erupting out from the mountain once more, surging towards Su Ming in all directions.

In this instant, on the mountain peak, that same bestial roar resounded once more, like an illusion, this roar reverberated throughout the mountains and also into Su Ming and Ye Wang’s minds.

Blood spurted out Su Ming's mouth, his body being filled with that strange qi, immediately emitting cracking sounds as the number of blood veins grew once more, he roared again as his bent back once more straightened, fighting against the formless hand, he was actually slowly standing up!!

That formless palm was no longer able to suppress the Su Ming filled with that strange qi, unable to suppress the kindled blood flame under the moonlight!!

Su Ming stood up!

In the sky at dawn, the already faded moon had already released its land shred of light as Su Ming slowly stood up. He fervently stepped forward onto the eight hundredth step and even continued further!

Eight hundred and two, eight hundred and five, eight hundred and eleven, eight hundred and fourteen, eight hundred and seventeen!!

Standing on the eight hundred and seventeenth step, Su Ming's eyes were crimson red, the blood in his body seemingly on fire, his third blood kindling had already been done half-way, as half his eye had been rubbed with blood.

A powerful energy burst out from within him, making his body seem like exploding, Su Ming understood that if he were outside, this third kindling would have made his body explode, but on this mountain where the pressure suppressing him was so great, it had

actually helped his body, preventing him from exploding, and providing him the opportunity of kindling his blood the third time!!

Su Ming's left index finger shook, and in this instant, his entire right eye was covered with fresh blood as he kindled his blood!

The mountain shook, as more and more of the strange qi rushed into him from his pores and his entire body, accelerating the rate of increase of his blood veins.

"I have to keep going higher!!" Su Ming moved his feet as he advanced once more, eight hundred and nineteen, eight hundred and twenty-three, eight hundred and twenty seven, all the way till the eight hundred and thirty-ninth step, his entire body covered with a bloody mist, but his eyes were filled with determination as before!

The steps that he had crossed did not contain the equilibrium he sought, but Su Ming believed that in the remaining steps, it must exist!

"Mo Su!!!!" Ye Wang was furious as he stood on the eight hundred and forty-fifth step, seeing the number behind Mo Su's name climb to eight hundred and thirty-nine, how could he not go mad!!

As the most outstanding person of his generation, he was proud, he did not believe anyone could surpass himself, even if he had to pay a great price, he had to be first!!

His face was swollen, his eyes bloodshot, his original aloof look was no longer present, it had already transformed into a hideous stubbornness. He struggled to lift his right hand to his chest, with a growl he released a huge amount of energy into his body, driving directly into his flesh and bones, especially near his chest, a blood coloured tattoo appeared.

It was a horn, a blood coloured horn, a blood coloured horn of a wild beast!!

This horn was a totem, it was not crimson red but rather slightly dimmer, following Ye Wang's palm, a piercing red light shot out of that horn, before entering back into Ye Wang's body, seemingly renewing his vigor, allowing him to once more lift his feet onwards!

Eight hundred and forty-five, eight hundred and forty-six..... all the way until the eight hundredth and sixty first step where Ye Wang spat out a mouthful of blood, and the glow of the horn in his chest faded away.

“Mo Su, you can be proud! You are the only person who has forced me to actually force me to use the Mán-Tattoo drawn by the Mán-Elder with thirty-seven drops of his Mán-Blood, which when slowly absorbed was used to help me achieve the awakened realm more easily!

I originally did not want to forcefully draw from it as there is no additional benefit from doing it so quickly..... Mo Su, you can be

proud of this!” Ye Wang grit his teeth as he took a glance at the ranking tablet before widening his eyes in shock.

“This.....this is impossible!!!”

He had saw the number behind Su Ming’s name increase at an increasing rate!

Eight hundred and forty-one, eight hundred and forty-three, eight hundred and forty-five, eight hundred and forty-nine..... as Ye Wang continued to stare, the number had already turned into eight hundred and fifty-nine!

Separating them were only two steps! Ye Wang had forcefully absorbed the Mán-Blood and yet not only did he not increase the gap between them, the gap had actually shrunk, if he had not absorbed the Mán-Blood, today he would have already been overtaken!

“This is impossible!!” Ye Wang’s eyes were filled with shock and disbelief, as he muttered, he once more raised his right hand and frenziedly pressed it onto the horn on his chest.

He coughed out a mouthful of blood, but on Ye Wang’s entire body a crimson glow burst forth, in this glow his silhouette was barely visible.

“Mo.....Su!!”

Chapter 67 – The Sixth Level Of Blood Condensation!

This is the final showdown on the mountain peak, Su Ming and Ye Wang exploded forth with all their power, Su Ming's blood kindling and Ye Wang's forceful absorption of the Mán-Patriarch's Mán-Blood. However, the people outside were all oblivious to what is happening inside.

Currently, as the battle reached its peak, the people outside's excitement had too reached its peak!

“This is a battle between a dragon and tiger!! This is a true battle between the best!!!”

“Ye Wang climbed from the eight hundred and forty-fifth step straight up to the eight hundredth and sixty-first step, but this Mo Su is still managing to closely follow, their original gap of twenty to thirty steps had actually shrank to just two as he managed to chase his way up to the eight hundred and fifty-ninth step!!”

“Just who will be the first between them!!”

Amid the sounds of discussion, people's outcries and exclamation, the people in the square were filled with excitement and anticipation, all these emotions and feelings had amalgamated into just one thought, just who would be first!!!

Who would be the first! This question stirred up a storm among

the top fifty people who had left earlier as well. Their excitement was no less than the surrounding audience, especially those who knew Ye Wang better, the more aware they were of the terrifying pressure past the eight hundredth step, the more roused they were.

“Ye Wang’s consecutive streak of first place..... would he still be able to maintain it this time!!”

“This Mo Su is just..... is just too strong! He actually managed to get so close to Ye Wang, they are only two steps away!”

“I had thought that in this region under the control of my Feng Zhen Tribe, Ye Wang was the indisputable best, but today..... i understood that i have underestimated the people from the surrounding lands!”

Compared to these people, those tribal leaders have all stood up as well, looking at the statues, their expressions consisting of not just astonishment, but also shock and dismay!

“Just what tribe is this Mo Su from?”

“Whose kid is he!!”

“If he were to really overtake Ye Wang, the impact on the Feng Zhen’s reputation would be really strong!”

“Regardless, this Mo Su will become known to everyone after today!”

Lei Ling tightly clenched his fists in agitation, a voice in his heart shouting out, wishing this Mo Su person victory!! Wu La who was by his side, her face was red with excitement as she could not take her eyes off the struggle for first place!

Chen Chong was too staring dazedly at Mo Su's name, even if there someone told him that before the start of the event, Su Ming was part of the group surrounding him, watching him as he approached Bai Ling, he would not have believed it.

Bi Su stared at the statues, his eyes filled with rage and hatred as his fists were tightly clenched, he firmly believed that Mo Su's glory should have belonged to him, and was stolen from him by this Mo Su person.

In a further corner, Jing Nan could no longer keep his calm, as his expression was filled with shock. As he looked at the rankings, and Ye Wang's sudden burst, he could guess that Ye Wang forcefully absorbed his Mán-Blood.

“This Su Ming..... just what is his background, what kind of veins does he have..... he..... he actually has such potential!” Jing Nan took a deep breath, the look of shock unable to be hidden.

“Mo Sang, he..... is he really the prince of the Great Yu ?” Jing Nan hesitated slightly as he softly asked.

Mo Sang smiled without replying, he too could hardly keep his calm as his emotions surged within him.

Currently on the mountain peak, the mists were moving, the mountain trembling, the roars coming from the peak constantly becoming clearer seemingly transmitting an indecipherable message.

Su Ming's body trembled as his expression turned frenzied, his right index finger pressing onto his right eye as half his pupil had already turned red!

The difficulty of this third blood kindling is immense, and way out of Su Ming's expectation, he had never expected that even here, where the immense external pressure is helping him, he had still not completed it.

Compared to the previous two attempts, they couldn't even be considered attempts, as if of the nine blood kindlings, this third kindling is a checkpoint, a bottleneck!

He stood on the eight hundred and fifty-ninth step which was not where he wanted to be, under the effects of the kindling, Su Ming's entire body was practically burning, the blood in his body seemingly undergoing some sort of transformation, from normal blood it quickly transformed into some sort of flame!

The pain from inside and the pressure from outside made Su Ming constantly want to give up, but the moment he thought about the tribe's dangers, the moment he recalled Grandpa's worried face, Su Ming felt as if he could endure any pain!

He wanted to become stronger, he wanted to be able to help Grandpa, he wanted to be able to protect his home, he wanted to protect his tribe!! He wanted to kill his enemies, he was out for blood, he wanted to tell his enemies, Wu Shan Tribe is not to be trifled with!

Su Ming let out a roar, as if wanting to pass out his pain through this roar, as he roared, his right finger continued wiping his right eye, slowly but filled with determination!

This time, regardless of whoever wants to stop Su Ming from protecting his tribe, he was determined to turn them into his enemy!!

His eyes burned like a flame as Su Ming lifted his feet, step by step he once more moved ahead frenziedly..... from that eight hundred and fifty-ninth step he walked onto the eight hundred and sixtieth step, then the eight hundred and sixty-first, eight hundred and sixty-second, eight hundred and sixty-third..... all the way up to the eight hundred and seventy-seventh step!!

A bloody mist once more appeared out his body, his limit..... had been reached!

Eight hundred and seventy-seven steps, this was his limit, he could no longer proceed onward!

“Kindle the blood flame!!” At his end, Su Ming let out a shout, this shout resounded in the surroundings, the moon hanging in sky suddenly burst forth with its greatest radiance, the moonlight

invisible to everyone had descended from the skies and entered into Su Ming's body.

The mountain beneath Su Ming's feet started to tremble, the mist reaching a never before seen thickness, as it turned and enveloped the surroundings in a misty cage, as if transforming into a mysterious shape.

It seemed to look like a giant beast, although it was still blurry.

The entire mountain shook, that strange qi burst forth from the mountain, with Su Ming at the center, it had all rushed towards him, entering his body in an instant, his right index finger completely dying his right eye red!!

The third blood kindling was complete!

A rumbling came out of Su Ming's body once more, the number of blood veins appearing in great numbers, each blood vein filling Su Ming's body with a powerful sensation

In a few breaths of time, the number of blood veins on Su Ming's body exceeded a hundred and nine, along with the rumbling noise, he had actually not only broke through the fifth level of blood condensation on the mountain, but actually the sixth level as well.

The sixth level of blood condensation!

The number of blood veins were still increasing, as they appeared

one by one, Su Ming continued his advance on to the eight hundred and seventy-eighth step. His body shaking with each step he took as that strange qi poured into his body. Climbing onto the eight hundred and seventy-ninth step, he still continued further!

Eight hundred and eighty-three, eight hundred and eighty-five, eight hundred and eighty-nine..... the moment he reached the eight hundred and ninety-ninth step, the number of blood veins on Su Ming's body had reached one hundred and fifty-six!!

In his body, all his blood had already transformed into a blaze, his body like a mass of flame wanting to devour even the heavens, but in his eyes, the image of the blood moon had already slowly faded away, hiding deep within him, as if after successfully kindling the blood for the third time, it would become hidden within him and not be so easily revealed!

He had reached the small success stage of this Fire-Mán Technique! Su Ming lifted his feet and stepped onto the nine hundredth step. Standing there, looking upwards, he could see a beast like figure lying in the distance.

A hard to describe feeling welled up within his heart, that strange beast looked like a tiger, but it seemed to have two huge wings, yet unable to fly up due to the numerous chains holding it down, giving it an extremely desolate look filled with grievances.

Looking at that beast, he could faintly feel as if that beast was looking at him as well, one man one beast, on this mountain, separated by only about a hundred steps, silently passing time.

After some time, Su Ming closed his eyes, he could feel, a certain familiar qi coming from the beast, it was the..... Fire-Mán.....

This beast was definitely related to the ancient Fire-Mán!

With his eyes shut, Su Ming could feel that on this nine hundredth step, was the thing he had been seeking, the seventh step where the forces were in equilibrium, standing here, the hundred and fifty-six blood veins on his body started to disappear according to his will. As dawn broke and a new day begun, Su Ming had started the final stage of his cultivation here.

Ye Wang's hair was a mess, as his expression was frenzied, before walking no more than ten steps, he unhesitatingly clutched his chest, where the horn was becoming fore faint, the crimson glow surrounding him becoming fainter as well, uncaring, he walked forward his pride and arrogance did not allow him to give up!!

Eight hundred and one, eight hundred and two..... all the way up till the eight hundred and ninety-seventh step, then the eight hundred and ninety-ninth step..... Ye Wang's right hand clutching his chest, the tattoo of the horn had already started to fall apart, on the verge of completely disappearing. After completely fading away, it transformed into a last burst of strength supplementing Ye Wang's body, giving Ye Wang the last bit of strength to rush up to the nine hundred and fifth step in a shout.

In this instant, Ye Wang coughed out blood as his body collapsed, the tablet he held in his hand was thrown away, transforming into

a black fog, surrounding Ye Wang as he disappeared from this mountain peak.

On this entire mountain, there remained only one person, Su Ming!

The surroundings were silent, the people in the plaza were silent, Ye Wang had appeared in the plaza unconscious, with Jing Nan's gloomy gaze, there were a few people who came forth to bring Ye Wang back to the tribe to recover.

On the nine statues, there remained a single name which had not turned grey.....

Ranked second, Mo Su, nine hundred steps.

Everyone was waiting.....

Chapter 68 – Persevere, Persevere!!

The plaza was devoid of people's voices, everyone present were deeply gasping, looking at the nine statues, there was a single remaining name which had not turned gray.

Mo Su was only five steps away from the first place!!

The current Ye Wang had slowly managed to open his eyes with the assistance of Shi Hai, his eyes bloodshot as he stared at the rankings on the statue with complicated emotions.

Shi Hai whispered some words to Ye Wang, but Ye Wang did not notice, as he remained completely focused on the ranking on the statue.

Shi Hai's brows furrowed as he turned away, letting out an inaudible sigh.

"I am Ye Wang..... I definitely cannot lose!! Let alone having to resort to such petty tricks!" Ye Wang clenched his fists, the current him was no longer the high and mighty genius of the generation, but rather an ordinary person who had put all his efforts to step onto the nine hundred and fifth step, but end up forced to leave from injuries. He was extremely nervous, many times more so than the other people here. But even so, he still had his pride, his own arrogance, as for Shi Hai's suggestion, it was just too much of a disgrace!"

In the silence, the sounds of people's breathing became

increasingly clear, especially those who had previously looked down on Su Ming, their minds were now blank with shock.

They had personally witnessed a miracle, they had saw him rising, they had seen his crazy speed! Such a person was unprecedented, walking from the last position to the top!

This unprecedented individual had surpassed Wu Sen, surpassed Bi Su, surpassed Chen Chong. Even more so unprecedented was that this person had actually managed to injure Ye Wang to this extent, forcing him to even leave the mountain. And on this mountain, there currently only remained a single person, Mo Su!

Among the group of top fifty people, they were at a loss of words as well. They just stared at name of Mo Su on the nine statues, they expression filled with a complicated mix of emotions, jealousy, envy, anticipation etc. but also certainty.

As for those various tribal leaders, they were the same, this Mo So had already obtained a high significance in their hearts, people like him were bound to stir up a storm when he returns.

There were just too many people who wanted to know just who he is..... just how he looked like..... but the previous Su Ming looked just too plain and normal, before the test, there was just no one who took note of his existence.

Even the person who had dragged him to pay respects to Chen Chong was staring at the ranking statues, with his eyes filled with anticipation and excitement.

There was only the monkey-faced old man who stood among the crowd, with shock filling his face. He was certain that he was able to notice every single person who had dropped out of the test, and yet among the huge number of people who had returned to the plaza, there was a certain little brat missing.

“It can’t be.....” He muttered with his back hunched, staring at the two words Su Ming, he was filled with disbelief.

“Don’t tell me..... it really is him!!”

In a corner, Grandpa Mo Sang and Feng Zhen Jing Nan did not exchange any words, silently contemplating as they stared at the statues, Mo Sang’s expression looked normal, but inside he was actually extremely shocked.

As for Jing Nan, he had witnessed the entire process of Su Ming’s rise. Currently, his expression was filled with shock that he could not hide, he had never imagined that an ant which he thought would never amount to anything, who would have to rely on luck to even enter the top fifty, would actually exceed his expectations time and time again, giving him so many surprised and shock.

Regarding Su Ming’s background, Jing Nan was extremely suspicious, the words he exchanged with Mo Sang the day before only served to make him more hesitant.

After a long time, as the crowd waiting seemingly without a shred of impatience and the skies filled with the bright of morning,

Su Ming who stood on the nine hundredth step finally opened his eyes, on his body remained a single blood vein, when his eyes fully opened, even that last blood vein faded away.

Raising his head and looking towards the mountain peak, the mountain was shrouded with more fog than the night before..... Su Ming silently pondered as he glanced at the ranking tablet in his hands.

“Nine hundred and five.....” Su Ming sighed.

“Since I already got here..... let us have this last competition!!” Su Ming looked forward determinedly, after taking a deep breath of the cool morning air, he lifted his leg and headed onto the nine hundred and first step.

But currently, it was the day and there was no moonlight, resulting in Su Ming feeling the full pressure, however this pressure was greatly decreased due to it being the day, as such, the actual pressure on Su Ming was about the same as before.

But even so, this was past the nine hundredth step and was extremely near the mountain peak, the pressure here was still enough to squeeze a person's life out of them.

Even taking a single step here could be comparable to tens of steps in the lower levels!

The moment Su Ming's right leg landed, his body shook as a

hundred and fifty six blood veins appeared on his body fighting back against this insane pressure.

Su Ming moved!!

The moment he moved, in the plaza outside, the people who had been silently waiting a long time suddenly burst out in an uproar following Su Ming's move

“Nine hundred and one!!”

“He got onto the nine hundred and first step!!”

The countless gazes of people all rested on the single remaining name on the statue which had not been grayed out, in their minds they had forgotten everything else, all that remained was this name.

Chen Chong's body shook, as he gasped as he intently stared. This sight was so much more intense than the previous great tests and he just did not want to miss any of it.

Bi Su tightly clutched his fists, his eyes filled with coldness and jealousy, which transformed into resentment and a strong killing intent. At the same time, the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch stared at the two words Mo Su with an expression as cold as ice.

Nine hundred and two!!

When the number behind Su Ming's name turned into nine hundred and two, the hearts of the audience all skipped a beat.

As if this step Su Ming took was not only in the mountains but also affected everyone's heartbeat. Such a scene illustrates the importance of Su Ming in everyone's mind here, it suffices to say, each and every single one of his moved had already touched the hearts of everyone here.

In the past, this glory had belong to Ye Wang alone, but currently, even Ye Wang had became one of the audience, sitting not too far away, his heart too skipped a beat each time Su Ming moved.

This sort of feeling was very unfamiliar to him..... yet so unforgettable!

“Nine hundred and three! He is on the nine hundred and third step!! Only two more steps and he would be tied with Ye Wang, with three more steps, he would overtake Ye Wang to become the champion!”

“Can he..... really get first place.....”

The old lady of the Wu Long Tribe felt breathless as her pupils constricted. Bai Ling by her side was also currently stunned as she stared at the name Mo Su with slightly wrinkled brows.

By the Wu Shan Tribe, Shan Hen continued sitting there quietly as usual, except that within his gaze, a strange expression seemed to be present.

Bei Ling's face twitched, given his identity in the Wu Shan Tribe, he normally would not so easily express his shock, but today he just could not stifle his excitement, he even had imagined being Mo Su, experiencing the joy of stepping all over the geniuses of the Feng Zhen Tribe as he excitedly clenched his fists.

Wu La was even more excited, her face red as she stood there with her heart thumping wildly, desperately wishing this Mo Su person would just quickly take a few more steps ahead.

Lei Chen gave up on the guess that Mo Su was Su Ming, as he felt that it was indeed too preposterous.

“Nine hundred and three! Mo Su reached the nine hundred and third step!!!” Wu La was after all a young girl, excitedly she started shouting as she pointed at the rankings, her eyes filled with excitement and another strange feeling.

The entire plaza was in a uproar, their voices echoed as Ye Wang continued sitting there, his eyes bloodshot as he tightly clenched his fists, his emotions extremely complicated beyond words.

He was once the genius child, he once stood at the peak, the target of everyone's expectations..... but today, he had actually become one of the audience, this sort of change was just really hard to accept.

The voiced buzzing around his ears were each like a sharp knife, stabbing straight into his chest, it truly was painful.....

Su Ming stood on the nine hundred and third step, despite him standing straight, his body was actually trembling unstably, after the nine hundredth step, although it was day, the pressure was just immense beyond imagination.

After only walking three steps, Su Ming actually felt that it was his limit, his body was in agony, this pressure was something his blood veins could withstand, the sounds of his bones creaking constantly filled his ears.

Standing there, Su Ming's breathing was haggard, a sharp pain in his heart which felt on the verge of collapse made his face pale. The distance from the nine hundred and fifth step was just two steps.

He, he could no longer rest, under this pressure, even if he was resting, he would have to circulate his blood qi. Su Ming's body trembled as he lifted his right leg, moving it towards the nine hundred and fourth step.

The moment his feet landed, his entire body shook, fresh blood flowed out his mouth, Su Ming's entire body almost collapsed, but he managed to withstand it, allowing his left leg to reach the step as well.

Feeling completely powerless and dizzy, the entire pressure of

the mountain pressed onto him.

Chapter 69 – Would You Be Willing To Go Circles With Me?

Nine hundred and four!!

The moment Su Ming's feet landed on the nine hundred and fourth step, the hearts of everyone outside jumped once more.

Jing Nan's expression was complicated, silently pondering as he staring at the two words Mo Su. Grandpa Mo Sang by his side did not speak as well.

In the distance, Ye Wang's heart was beating wildly, he had originally wanted to remain sitting, could not help but stand up, his eyes staring at the two words Mo Su on the statues without caring about anything else.

Him standing up, did not attract anyone's attention either, everyone's attention was completely focused on that name on the statues, Mo Su's name.

Anxiety, depression and the silence had formed a strange formless pressure, enveloping the square, so much so that it has truly become silent.

They were all waiting, all waiting for Su Ming to take another step, to walk onto the nine hundred and fifth step.

Even after some time, the number behind Su Ming's name remained unchanging, the people here remained silent, none were discussing, even the sounds of their breathing became softer.

After some more time, the number behind Su Ming's name suddenly changed from nine hundred and four into nine hundred and five!!

The instant this change occurred, the entire plaza exploded with people's voices.

“Nine hundred and five! He tied with Ye Wang!!”

“Mo Su, Mo Su, MO SU!!”

Ye Wang's expression was pale, as if suddenly hit by a powerful impact, he staggered two steps backwards, his eyes lifeless and he let out a wan smile.

The current Su Ming who stood on the nine hundred and fifth step was similarly pale, he wanted to take another step forward, but he just could not muster the strength to do so.

Turning around, he looked at the misty summit. Although his breaths were heavy, his eyes shone, although he had not reached the summit, he currently still indubitably stood on the peak. While lifting his head, Su Ming slowly raised his right hand towards the sky.

Although he could not touch it, as he closed his eyes, he felt infinitely closer towards the heavens.

“Of the people in this world, just who would be able to see the heavens.....” Su Ming muttered, opening his eyes, he no longer gazed at the skies, rather he turned to look into the distance, the boundless horizon.

He gazed at the boundless miss, everything was a blur, he could never figure out what lies beyond the horizon, would there be another tribe there.....

It was truly far, truly far away.....

After a long time, the happiness on Su Ming’s face became more apparent, he had forgotten his fatigue as he deeply inhaled the cool mountain air.

“I don’t know if I will ever reached the awakened realm in this lifetime..... I don’t know if I will ever become able to fly in the skies with my own strength..... to fly freely like a bird..... but today, I know, standing here, I am able to fly.....” As the wind blew, Su Ming’s hair danced, his sweat scattering. Su Ming took out his tablet and tossed it towards the base of the mountain.

As the ranking table fell, it transformed into a black mist, racing towards Su Ming, as if wanting to drag Su Ming out of the mountain.

As the black mist approached Su Ming, Su Ming turned towards the vast horizon and jumped!

It was a truly crazy action as Su Ming's body remained in between the skies and the earth, as if he was flying with his own strength!

Flying freely in the skies seemed easy, but in reality, it was something only Awakened cultivators could achieve, below it was impossible.

Su Ming desire to become stronger, he desired to reach the Awakened realm, he dreamed of flying in the skies, even if it was like this..... as long as even for a moment, he was able to fly without anyone else's assistance, relying completely by himself, it would be fine.

The moment he leapt, as his feet left the mountain peak and stepped into the skies, the fierce winds seem to angrily blow at him.

The moment he leapt, Su Ming's mind throbbed, but there was no confusion, everything was clear, as if the passage of time had suddenly slowed for him, Su Ming could clearly feel that he was flying. He could see the skies, he could see the vast earth, he could see the huge Feng Zhen Mountain, he could see the Fire-Man Beast on the mountain peak, and that beast was also looking at him.....

Other than these, Su Ming could also clearly see the plaza outside the seal, he could see everyone out in the plaza..... all the way

until the black mist arrived and enveloped him, rushing him out of the mountains at high speed, forming a spatial distortion as he flew through the Feng Zhen Mountain's seal!

On the plaza, the instant Mo Su's name on the statues turned gray, the skies seemed to distort as a black mist appeared in the center of the plaza.

On the plaza, everyone's gazes concentrated on him, Wu Sen had long since stood up, staring at the blur figure appearing in the black mist.

Chen Chong similarly stared at the black mist with an unwavering gaze as a person appeared, he truly wanted to know just who on earth this Mo Su was!

Bi Su was the same, killing intent apparent in his eyes, without holding back the slightest, he clenched his fists and he stared at the appearing figure in the mist.

Not only them, on the plaza, everyone was the same, the hundred of people who had been watching the past two days were filled with respect as they stared at the black mist, watching as a figure gradually walked out from the mist.

Within the audience, those who took the most note of Mo Su were the people who had participated in the test with Su Ming, regardless of their rank, they had watched with bated breath.

The Wu Long Tribe's old lady too eyed the figure in the black mist, she had wanted to know just how he looked like and what tribe he belonged to.

Si Kong was extremely nervous as he watched.

Bai Ling was too part of the group eyeing Mo Su's appearance and could not help but watch.

Bei Ling, Wu La, Lei Chen, the Marksman and Shan Hen and the various people of the various tribe were all at this instant, staring towards that mist.

Ye Wang took a deep breath, trying to ease the complex motions in his heart as he stared at the mist in the distance, staring at the person walking out of that mist.

The center of everyone's attention!!

As the mist dissipated, Su Ming walked out step by step, his body was the center of people's gaze. When the mist completely dissipated, his appearance was clearly revealed to everyone, and the entire plaza became dead silent.

A common appearance, a very normal look, dressed in very common hide clothes, none of Wu Sen's gloom, nor any of Chen Chong's grandeur, nor Bi Su's mysteriousness, or even Ye Wang's aloofness.

In a crowd, it truly was hard for him to stand out, he was ordinary beyond compare. But everyone knew that this extremely ordinary looking person was nothing ordinary, but rather dazzling like the sun.

As Chen Chong saw Su Ming, he was shocked, he had never expected him to actually look so plain, so plain that it was hard to remember, but he somehow had the impression that before the test, this person was part of the crowd around him..... only, at that time he had completely glossed over him, ignoring him completely.

Bi Su looked at Su Ming, without any impression of him at all, even if they had met before, he had forgotten his appearance, looking at the current Su Ming had stunned Bi Su as well.

Wu Sen's gaze landed on Su Ming's body before quickly being retracted, his instincts told him that there was a high probability that this person was the person that took his lifeblood..... but..... Wu Sen's expression turned bitter, he did not dare pursue this..... after all, this Mo Su was someone on the level of Ye Wang, from this day forth, this person's name would definitely become widespread.

The Wu Long Tribe's old lady looked at the simple looking Su Ming, her eyes filled with praise. Whether she liked a person, the first impression was extremely important, which was why she so greatly disliked Su Ming, yet so highly regarded Mo Su.

Only, how shocked would she be and how would she react once she finds out that the two were actually the same person?

Si Kong's heart beat quickly, his gaze filled with reverence, he truly respected the strong, especially this person who appeared to be as much of a genius as Ye Wang!

Bai Ling stared at Su Ming, her body trembling slightly as she looked into Su Ming's eyes, those eyes felt so familiar to her..... only she did not know that two days ago, those same pair of eyes had appeared as well, watching her.

Bei Ling, Wu La, Lei Chen and the rest of the Wu Shan Tribe members gazed at Su Ming walking forwards calm as before. Su Ming's heart was beating rapidly and was extremely nervous inside, but he appeared calm on the surface as usual, he had never been the center of so many people's gazes in his life, after all he was still just a child.

As Su Ming walked forwards, the crowd parted to make way for him, from this ordinary looking Su Ming, a radiance gave them no choice but to back away.

He might not have the gloomy aura of Wu Sen, but his ordinary face gave people the scary impression of the calm before the storm. He might not outshine his surrounding peers like Chen Chong, but within his normal looking figure contained a certain radiance, he did not need to outshine anyone.

He might not have been as aloof as Ye Wang, but he possessed the qualifications to make even Ye Wang acknowledge him.

“It is actually..... it is actually him.....” In the crowd, a person giving way to him was currently stunned, he was the person who dragged Su Ming to pay respects to Chen Chong, never did he imagine that that person he dragged around was actually Mo Su.

In the distance, the monkey-face old man was similarly shocked, although he had guessed as such, seeing it for real was truly hard to believe.

Before this first test, the people that attracted the most attention was Chen Chong, Bai Ling and Ye Wang! The three of them forming three centers of people’s attention.

But now, the entire plaza focused solely on a single person.

“Mo Su!” As Su Ming walked forwards, from the crowd came a voice, this voice had belonged to Ye Wang.

Su Ming’s feet stopped as he turned to look at Ye Wang not too far away. For the first time, they had exchanged gazes as equals, completely different from before the test!!

“Mo Su, in the second test, let us compete once more!” Ye Wang slowly spoke, even though they are both tied for first place, given his pride, it was something he could not accept, he wanted to compete again, for the second time, for the third time!

“I am not taking part in the second test.....” Su Ming remained silent for a moment before speaking, he had respected Ye Wang,

respected this opponent of his. After speaking, he turned around and looked at Grandpa Mo Sang in the distance, seeing Grandpa's happy expression, seeing his hidden message of not revealing himself.

Su Ming retracted his gaze before turning towards the Wu Long Tribe, looking towards the person standing beside the old lady, Bai Ling.

Lightly smiling, bearing the tension of being watched, Su Ming walked towards Bai Ling.

“Tomorrow night, would you be willing to go in circles with me.....” Su Ming walked closer, ignoring the distracted old lady and the excited Si Kong, rather he only looked towards Bai Ling's eyes. Winking as he softly spoke.

Bai Ling was stunned, she was unsure how to reply, but the moment she heard the words go in circles, and the familiarity in Su Ming's eyes, her startled expression turned red instead as she nodded her head.

Chapter 70 – Grandpa's Preparation

And so Su Ming left.

Following his departure, the crowd in the plaza gradually dissipated, following their respective tribal leaders they returned into the Feng Zhen Tribe grounds.

The first test had just ended like this, following this, would be a night of rest. On the dawn of the second day, the second test would commence. Although this test was not actual combat, it was greatly related to one's level of cultivation.

In the past, many people who had participated in the first test would not participate in the second test. However, these people were usually out of the top fifty, there had never been any of the top ten members of the first test sitting out the next two tests.

As such, Su Ming's words towards Ye Wang created many ripples in the audience's hearts. Only, they did not discuss about it and just silently watched Su Ming leave.

Especially those who were getting ready to participate in tomorrow's test, they wanted to make the most of their remaining time, to use this last night to cultivate and restore their peak condition and dissipate the injuries from the pressure of the first test.

There were also people like Chen Chong who had overexerted themselves in the first round and had injuries which were not

light. They required the assistance of the powerful people in the tribe to help them recover sufficiently for the next day's test.

As for the Feng Zhen Tribe's Mán-Elder, he did not have much time to rest either, as Ye Wang forcibly absorbed his Mán-Blood, there were some remnant problems which he had to help curb.

When he came, Shi Hai had escorted Su Ming over, so when he was leaving, it was the same. Shi Hai's expression was complex as his lips hesitated, but in the end he chose not to speak. With a flick of his sleeves, he brought Su Ming out of that place, whizzing towards the Chlorite Feng Zhen Tribe City.

Following the crowd's dispersal, the plaza became more and more silent. Grandpa Mo Sang stood at the same spot, a smiling expression could be seen on his face as he waited for Jing Nan to speak.

Jing Nan no longer looked gloomy, rather he was deeply frowning. Only after letting out a long sigh did he turn towards Mo Sang.

“You previously traded the Ancient Mán-Technique with me for a request, which was to let your Wu Shan Tribe become part of the Feng Zhen Tribe at a time you deem suitable, and fall under the Feng Zhen Tribe's protection.

If I am not wrong, your goal is to give that Hei Shan Tribe's Bi Tu an opportunity to strike, after three of the elites of your Wu Shan Tribe left, the defences of the tribe would be greatly weakened.....

If Bi Tu had come to the Feng Zhen Tribe, you can carefully observe the change in his strength, if he did not come, you could conclude that his cultivation must currently be unstable. This strategy of yours to kill two birds with one stone is truly cunning!” Jing Nan stared at Mo Sang as he spoke each word.

“I had never intended to hide anything from you.” Mo Sang smilingly spoke.

“If Bi Tu came, you can make your own judgements and continue planning from there. However, if he did not come, you left behind a ‘defenceless’ tribe, baiting him to make his move..... I am sure you have already prepared an escape route for your tribe, the moment Bi Tu strikes, you would make use of our agreement to draw the Wu Shan Tribe into the protection of the Feng Zhen Tribe. You know that Bi Tu’s character is unscrupulous, if his cultivation suddenly breaks through, he would definitely become confident and move, then I..... would be forced to move against him, otherwise in this region, the prestige of the the Feng Zhen Tribe would be lost, since we are unable to protect even a single tribe. If I don’t move, it would also look like I am afraid of Bi Tu.” Jing Nan slowly spoke, these things had already been considered even before he had spoke to Mo Sang in the secret chamber. Previously, he did not speak out as he had been trying to force Mo Sang into paying a greater price, and today..... he had found this price!

“That is right, that was my plan, it is just a pity that Bi Tu did not make his move.” Mo Sang frowned as he looked towards Jing Nan.

Jing Nan's gaze was complicated as he exchanged looked with Mo Sang. Only after a long time did he let out another sigh.

“If not for the fact, you two look too different, I would have thought that he was your own flesh and blood.” Jing Nan spoke as he gazed towards the direction Su Ming disappeared into.

“In my heart, he is my flesh and blood.” A trace of Mo San reminiscence flashed in Mo Sang's eyes as he softly spoke.

“Mo Sang, intellectually, I am indeed inferior to you..... this fact has nothing to do with cultivation, I knew this all since back then..... you had long since figured out that I would see through your intentions, and knowing my personality, you knew I would not have immediately refute you, rather I would wait for a chance to ask for more benefits from you.....

You had predicted this all along, you purposefully brought this benefit to my face, forcing my heart to stir..... everything you have done is not for your tribe, it was more for this kid.....”

“You have long since knew about Su Ming's outstanding qualities!” Jing Nan slowly spoke.

Mo Sang gazed at Jing Nan, wordlessly smiling.

“You let him hide his identity and appear here with a disguised appearance to show off his potential, to get him into my sights..... this way, even if Wu Shan Tribe becomes an auxiliary tribe, it

would now shackle him down, you have given him another path out..... a path you did not choose to take in the past.....” Jing Nan’s expression became increasingly complex as he looked towards Mo Sang.

“You knew that my Feng Zhen Tribe did not mind the appearance of geniuses in the nearby tribes, rather we very much so yearn for it. If such a talent appeared nearby, my Feng Zhen Tribe would be the first to pull them over and become a member of our Feng Zhen Tribe, because coming here would benefit them much more greatly.

This face is not seen through by most people, because even if we explain that we were here to nurture their talents, they would not believe us. Only you..... you know the truth! You knew this, yet you still had him hide his appearance to help him, after all, outstanding people are always in a high position is liable to be attacked, an added layer of secrecy would help protect him further, and help release him from being bound to any of the tribes.

Even after a few years, and his identity got revealed, it would not matter any longer. At that time, he would already have enough strength to catch people’s eyes, and he could even become a backer of the Wu Shan Tribe.” As Jing Nan looked at the few remaining people in the plaza, he slowly spoke.

“You have succeeded, this child had indeed moved my heart, leave him here. I can give him the same support as Ye Wang, as I said before, between him and Ye Wang, whoever reaches the awakened realm first would be the Feng Zhen Tribe’s next Mán-Child!

Even if he reaches it after Ye Wang, given his potential, he is bound to reach great heights! Together with Ye Wang, they can become the future of Feng Zhen! As for the Wu Shan Tribe..... after the whole event ends, why not just join my Feng Zhen Tribe. That Bi Tu would not be able to stop me, if he were to force his hand, I will let him know, even if we are both of the awakened realm, the gap between us is still too large!” Jing Nan spoke as he waved his right hand towards Mo Sang, a small bottle flying towards Mo Sang.

“Inside is three drops of Mán-Blood, a drop extra, treat it as my greetings for Su Ming!” Jing Nan deeply looked at Mo Sang, before turning and flying into the distance. Today, he still had to help settle some issues with Ye Wang.

Mo Sang gazed at the departing Jing Nan then towards the small bottle of three drops of Mán-Blood, his eyes revealing that he deep thought. Jing Nan’s words were mostly correct, except he had made one major mistake, Mo Sang himself had not expected that Su Ming would reach such a rank.

He had originally intended to use the mysteriousness surrounding Su Ming’s background to draw Jing Nan’s interest and predictions, afterwards paying a large price to make Jing Nan agree to let Su Ming remain at the Feng Zhen Tribe.

After all, he knew that for the Feng Zhen Tribe to reach where it was now, to become so strong, they would not give up such an opportunity, even if it was just a guess.....

Mo Sang did not think that Su Ming would reach such a ranking, immediately turning the discussion with Jing Nan active from a passive position.

A words difference, yet worlds apart!

“Perhaps this time..... the Wu Shan Tribe’s crisis is not without resolution.....” Mo Sang’s eyes flashed as he walked back towards the Wu Shan Tribesmen waiting for him.

In the airspace outside this Feng Zhen Mountain, Shi Hai was bringing Su Ming back towards the chlorite city, the two of them not exchanging any words.

Su Ming quietly thought, Shi Hai’s heart must be in turmoil as he frequently glanced at Su Ming, this common looking person was personally brought to the scene by himself, he did not originally think too much about it, but right now, after seeing the events of the past few days, seeing his incredible rise, Shi Hai’s mental state had changed greatly.

“This is a talent comparable to Ye Wang!” Shi Hai silently pondered.

Before long, in the distance, the Feng Zhen Tribe’s outline gradually appeared, the huge Chlorite City gradually filling his eyes, at this time, Su Ming abruptly spoke.

Against the winds, the sound was faint, but still clearly reached

Shi Hai's ears.

“Senior, junior has something that he just does not understand, senior has not reached the awakened realm, so just how does senior fly like this?”

If it was before, Shi Hai would not have paid him any attention and would have acted as if he had not heard him, but currently, he hesitated slightly before he slowly spoke.

“The way the awakened cultivators fly is different from me, the reason I can fly is partially because of the Mán-Tool on my body, and also the partially formed Mán-Tattoo on my body.

My Mán-Tattoo is a cloud.” Shi Hai spoke as the image of a faint cloud appeared on his forehead.

“More accurately, an awakened cultivator uses their body's power to walk the skies, but I can only float along, it may look the same on the surface, but the essence of it is just too greatly different.” Shi Hai detailedly explained.

Su Ming's eyes revealed his deep thoughts, as the two of them exchanged words until they had reached back at the Chlorite city. Shi Hai put Su Ming down with a smile before nodding towards him before transforming into a cloud and leaving.

By the foot of the Feng Zhen Mountain, the plaza was almost completely empty. On the nine statues, eight of them had one of

the Feng Zheng Tribe elders sitting on them, before long, Shi Hai had returned and sat on the ninth statue.

After the Feng Zhen Mountain's seal had been opened, it took some time to re-seal, the nine of them had to stand guard at this place, only leaving after the seal had been repaired.

The previous years were all the same.....

However, this year was slightly different. In the skies above the plaza, a certain black robed figure had appeared. His body completely shrouded, this person was the mysterious person who had appeared in the Hei Shan Tribe!

Chapter 71 – Western Alliance Territory

He just simply stood there, yet Shi Hai and the others did not seem to even notice him to slightest. Even if their eyes were wide open, all they would have seen was an empty sky.

“One of the four Fire-Mán divine beasts, the divine Roc..... it was slain that year..... but to think that a shred of consciousness is actually here..... if that Hei Shan Tribe Mán-Elder knew about it, I would really have missed out. Forget it, what he told me, and being able to see this beast today is enough for me to satisfy his request.

Merely two early-stage awakened cultivators, I don't need to pay them any heed..... but I am pretty sure i heard that this Feng Zhen Tribe was descended from some larger tribe in the Western Alliance Territory.” The mysterious person sighed as he walked away, step by step towards the Feng Zhen Mountain sealed by the strange barrier.

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Su Ming returned to the housing designated for the Wu Shan Tribe in the Feng Zhen Tribe grounds, his appearance reverting back to his original frail looking appearance. After changing into a simple hide robe, he sat down in the house.

His eyes filled with excitement and nervousness, the first test felt like a dream for him, he felt as if it was not himself, but rather someone else. Especially when he returned to the plaza, the center of everyone's gazes, his heart was rapidly beating, when he

recalled the way he faced Si Kong and that old lady, the way he spoke to Bai Ling, he somehow felt really proud of himself.

After taking a deep breath, he barely managed to calm his emotions before shutting his eyes and checking the condition of his blood qi. A total of a hundred and sixty blood veins appeared on his body, filling Su Ming with confidence.

The number of blood veins on his body had increased by four at the very end of the test, going up to one hundred and sixty from a hundred and fifty-six.

“I have already reached the sixth level of blood condensation, the gap to two hundred and forty-three blood veins for the seventh level of blood condensation is not very far now.....” Su Ming mumbled as his eyes shone with a strange glint.

“I should be able to cultivate the Wu Blood Dust technique now..... as for the Triple Vanquishing Strikes, that would have to wait a little more.” Su Ming sat there thinking, as he recalled the process of the first test, his lips curled into a smile.

“Most importantly, I have mastered Nuanced Control! If I will it, my blood qi will circulate, if I don’t my blood qi can stagnate..... it can help prevent me from excessively wasting my blood qi, not only making me stronger, I will become faster as well!” Su Ming excitedly took a deep breath.

“With the Blood Scale Spear, the current me should be barely enough to help Grandpa, help protect the Tribe and my

Tribesman! I want to fight for my tribe!!” Su Ming clenched his fists, his eyes filled with determination.

“It is a pity my cultivation is still so low, i only have a hundred and sixty blood veins..... if I can get even more, that would be nice.....” Su Ming frowned and sighed before a flash of inspiration struck him.

“If I can buy a large amount of herbs and refine some more Mountain Spirit Pills..... but ah it’s a pity.” Su Ming’s eyes darkened, as he thought about his empty pockets, he just did not have to money to buy these herbs.

“The tribe is currently in trouble and they need the money, I can’t add on to Grandpa’s burdens like this..... I need to think..... just how can i get a large amount of money.....” Su Ming scratched his head as he thought, but suddenly, his ears twitched, he could hear Wu La’s excited voice coming from outside the door.

Su Ming stood up and left his room, seeing the main doors open as Bei Ling, Wu La and Lei Chen walk in, followed by Grandpa, the Marksman and Shan Hen.

“That Mo Su is just too impressive, did you all see? The moment he came back, he drew the attention of everyone! Even that Ye Wang took the initiative to talk to him, I heard from the other people that this was something incredibly rare!” Wu La excitedly spoke, her eyes filled with emotion, constantly talking as she walked in with Bei Ling and Lei Chen.

“Although that Mo Su looks plain, he is actually extremely amazing, my idea of a powerful person is someone like that, from the last place, he climbed to the top. Even after he came back, his expression was extremely calm, he has the air of an expert. I still remember how he spoke to Ye Wang, that one line, ‘I am not taking part in the second test’ shocked just so many people!” Wu La excitedly gesturing as she spoke, clearly Mo Su’s reputation in her heart had reached a great height.

Su Ming stood in the house as he watched the group return, seeing Wu La’s excited reaction, he unconsciously rubbed his nose, remembering his nervousness at that time, the feeling of being stared at by so many people made him truly uncomfortable, he did not seem to remember being as gallant as Wu La recalled.

“This Mo Su was not known by anyone before, but now he is famous, his name can be heard all around the Feng Zhen Tribe, very soon even all the nearby tribes will know of him!” Bei Ling’s expression was not as cold as before, a trace of excitement and emotion could even be seen in his eyes.

“It’s a pity he is not one of our Wu Shan Tribe’s Tribesmen, sigh..... if only our Wu Shan Tribe could have a genius like him.....” Bei Ling sighed, his heart without the slightest bit of envy. People were like this, they only compared themselves to people close to them, if they surpassed one by this much, it becomes hard to be envious of them. Unless of course..... if that genius was someone who had grown up together with them.

“That’s right, just how great would it be if he was someone from out Wu Shan Tribe..... Mo Su, Mo Su, doesn’t this name sound

nice, Mo Su.....” Wu La’s expression was strange as her face turned slightly red, until she noticed Su Ming standing there by the side and she could not help but frown in contempt.

She suddenly recalled Lei Chen’s words, that perhaps Mo Su and Su Ming were the same person, to her this was a great insult towards Mo Su.

Lei Chen did not speak on the way back, after seeing Su Ming, his eyes focused as he took a few good looks at him, before his gaze dimmed. He too had decided that there should not be any link between Su Ming and Mo Su.

As for Bei Ling, he had long since noticed Su Ming standing there, however he had completely ignored Su Ming’s existence.

“Mo Su is truly mysterious, up till now no one knows what tribe he is from, in a few days we will probably find out, at that time I will represent our generation of the Wu Shan Tribe and exchange greetings with him.....” Bei Ling no longer looked at Su Ming as he brought up Mo Su, his eyes filled with respect.

“En, we must go, Mo Su, Mo Su..... I guess his cultivation must be pretty powerful, a pity he is not participating in the second and third tests.....” Wu La’s excitement was completely caught by Su Ming who could not help but rub his nose again.

“Perhaps his cultivation is not that high, that’s why he is not participating.....” Su Ming unable to bear it any further, subconsciously murmured.

“Su Ming, what did you say!” Wu La shouted, her eyes filled with rage as she glared at Su Ming.

“You have no right to talk about Mo Su, his cultivation must be too high, that’s why he is not participating. It is probably he has other things to do and can’t be bothered to participate!”

Su Ming bitterly smiled as he stopped talking, seeing Wu La’s anger, he was unsure if he should feel helpless or happy for himself.

“Su Ming, you saying these things here is one thing, I am guessing you heard of him these few days here. But let me tell you, once we leave this place, don’t talk about him like this, it will only bring trouble to the tribe, that Mo Su is at a level we cannot compare to!” Bei Ling’s expression was severe as he glared at Su Ming and slowly spoke. As a member of the Wu Shan Tribe, him saying these words were nothing out of the ordinary.

“Su Ming..... I too think you should not speak like that, that Mo Su..... you just weren’t there to see it personally, he is really amazing, even Ye Wang took note of him! He is not someone we can so simply speak about, he is..... truly too powerful!” Lei Chen softly spoke. After speaking, he hesitated slightly as he gazed at Su Ming with a complicated expression, seemingly wanting to say something.

Su Ming bitterly smiled once more.

“That’s enough, you three still have to participate in the second test tomorrow, go meditate now.” The Marksman frowned as he cleared his throat, immediately silencing the Bei Ling trio as they headed back to their rooms.

Grandpa Mo San nodded towards Su Ming, his eyes filled with praise, without speaking he headed into another room, followed by the Marksman and Shan Hen who seeming as if they had urgent matters to discuss.

After they separated, Su Ming returned to his room as well, he knew that Grandpa would most likely approach him soon, as such, he silently waited in his room.

Before long, Grandpa did not come, rather it was Lei Chen who appeared with a grim expression. Sitting across Su Ming in his room, he stared at Su Ming.

“What is it?” Seeing Lei Chen’s honest expression Su Ming could not help but smile.

“No..... nothing much..... Su Ming, do..... do you” Lei Chen hesitated before he finally grit his teeth and asked: “Do you like Bai Ling?”

Su Ming was stunned.

“Sigh, Su Ming, regardless of whether you like her or not, I think it is better for you to..... give it up. I really wonder, is that Bai Ling

really that pretty..... I think Bai Fang is still better.....” Lei Chen mumbled in confusion.

“Su Ming, you weren’t at the plaza during the end of the test, so you did not see what that Mo Su did at the end, he actually walked up to Bai Ling in everyone’s presence and asked if she wanted to go circles with him, go circles my ass! I really cannot see eye to eye with that person!” Lei Chen took a quick glance at Su Ming’s appearance before he hurriedly spoke.

“The worst thing is, that Bai Ling actually agreed while blushing, sigh, you were not there to see that scene, it is obvious she took interest in that Mo Su, this Bai Ling is just too disappointing!” Lei Chen hurriedly commented.

Su Ming’s expression was extremely strange as he hesitated for a while, before he finally softly spoke.

“Lei Chen, let me tell you a secret..... actually, I am Mo Su.”

Lei Chen was dumbstruck as he quickly raised his hand to Su Ming’s forehead. After being dodged by Su Ming, Lei Chen quickly spoke a few more sentences, and just as he wanted to comment further, he heard Grandpa’s cough coming from outside.

Lei Chen quickly stood up as the door of the room opened and Grandpa walked in with all smiles.

Without waiting for Grandpa’s instructions, Lei Chen

respectfully took his leave, after taking one last glance at Su Ming. His expression filled with worry, Su Ming's words previously truly shocked him, he had not expected Su Ming to be that traumatised.

Chapter 72 – Man-Mountain Realm

After Lei Chen left, only Grandpa and Su Ming remained in that room, seeing Grandpa's arrival, Su Ming quickly stood up, he was extremely nervous, he was not completely sure if the actions he did on the first day was completely accurate.

As he hesitated, Grandpa smiled and sat down in front of Su Ming, seeing this frail youth, this immature looking grandson of his, his eyes filled with memories.

“You have grown up..... come, sit beside me.” Only after a long time did Grandpa softly speak.

“Grandpa.” Su Ming sat down, seeing the number of wrinkles on Grandpa's face increase, the signs of his aging, his life escaping him.

“In this first test, you did really well.” Grandpa smilingly patted Su Ming's head, he retrieved a small vial from his robes and handed it over to Su Ming.

“Inside is three drops of Man-Blood from an awakened cultivator, keep it well, at the right time, it will be of great benefit to you. What Grandpa can do for you is only this much.....” Grandpa gazed at Su Ming, revealing an expression the young Su Ming cannot understand.

“The method to absorb the Man-Blood of an awakened cultivator is simple, using the Wu Blood Dust, convert the Man-Blood into a

mist and shroud your body with it, then just slowly absorb it while nourishing your blood veins. Each time you do it, just absorb a single drop, don't be too greedy about it, only by doing it gradually would it benefit your body." Grandpa gazed at Su Ming as he seriously advised.

Seeing Grandpa, for some reason Su Ming had a sense of unease growing within him. The meaning behind Grandpa's words and expression seemingly becoming more obscure to him.

"Grandpa..... you....." Su Ming subconsciously wanted to speak as he took the small vial of Man-Blood, only to see Grandpa smilingly shake his head, as he lovingly looked at Su Ming.

"Don't worry, the danger within the tribe is not impossible to resolve, Grandpa has already come to an agreement with the Feng Zhen Tribe's Man-Elder, there should not be any accidents.

What you need to do, is to properly focus on cultivating, perhaps one day you can truly reach the awakened realm..... you can leave this place, if you can explore the world..... you must remember to make a trip to the Man-Mountain Realm." Grandpa slowly spoke.

"Man-Mountain Realm..... what kind of place is that?" Su Ming shuddered, vaguely feeling that that place had something to do with his background, but having Grandpa suddenly tell him about it made the unease in his heart solidify further, transforming into anxiety and fear.

"In your heart....." Grandpa gazed at Su Ming as he spoke slowly.

Su Ming was stunned for a moment, unable to understand what was going on.

“Enough about this, you just need to keep this in your heart. Grandpa and the Feng Zhen Tribe Man-Elder have come to an agreement, you can use the identity of Mo Su to remain in the Feng Zhen Tribe, he will nurture you the same way as Ye Wang, this will benefit you greatly, and is much more than Grandpa can help you, greatly improving your chances of reaching the awakened realm.” Grandpa’s expression turned serious as he gazed at Su Ming, seeing Su Ming’s hesitation, his expression turned even more stern.

“But..... Grandpa, I don’t want to stay in the Feng Zhen Tribe, I” Grandpa’s words were just too sudden, Su Ming did not have any time to prepare for this change of events at all. If he had known that the first test would have resulted in such a change, he definitely would not have fought for such a high ranking. And although they have not finished speaking, he could see the unusually serious expression in Grandpa’s eyes.

“Su Ming! This has already been decided, from now on you will remain here!” Grandpa fiercely spoke.

Su Ming remained silent, his eyes filled with stubbornness but was unable to talk back.

Seeing the stubbornness in Su Ming’s eyes, Grandpa inwardly sighed, his expression turning milder, gazing at Su Ming, he slowly said: “Su Ming, the Wu Shan Tribe is not far away from the Feng

Zhen Tribe, you can come visit anytime.”

Su Ming bit his lips, at a complete loss of words.

“Whatsmore, Grandpa has already decided that the Wu Shan Tribe will join the Feng Zhen Tribe and leave the Wu Mountains, and reestablish itself outside this chlorite city, in reality you will be really close by.” Grandpa continued speaking.

(TLN: Wu Shan is literally Wu Mountains)

“But Grandpa, I don’t want to become a Feng Zhen Tribesman, I am a Wu Shan Tribesman!” Su Ming hesitated slightly before softly rebutting.

Grandpa silently looked at Su Ming, after a long time, he once more spoke: “Su Ming, Grandpa wants you to remain in the Feng Zhen Tribe not just for your own good, but also has another motive. After your cultivation improves, your identity becoming more prominent and comparable to Ye Wang, you can take care of the Wu Shan Tribe as well, don’t tell me you don’t want to take care of the Wu Shan Tribe?”

“I.....” Su Ming paused.

“How about this, let’s not rush this matter, you should not think about it too much as well, after this whole thing is over, and the Wu Shan Tribe migrates over, we can make a decision then. At that time Grandpa will personally bring you over, whether you

want to live here in this chlorite city or back at the Wu Shan Tribe we can decide then.” Grandpa smiled as he patted Su Ming’s head.

Only then could Su Ming heave a sigh of relief, after thinking about it, he obediently nodded his head, if it was like this, he could still accept it, after all, in his heart, he only had one tribe, which was the Wu Shan Tribe.

“Alright, you won’t be taking part in the next two tests, so just stay here in the Feng Zhen Tribe and get used to the surroundings here. After Bei Ling and the rest finish the tests, we can go back together.” Smilingly Grandpa stood up, he did not ask Su Ming how he managed to obtain that ranking, nor did he ask if Su Ming understood the meaning behind those six numbers, he only smiled as he took a deep glance at Su Ming before leaving.

Su Ming gazed at Grandpa’s back, that back seemingly carry the vicissitudes of life, as it moved away, Su Ming’s heart seemed to throb slightly.

After Grandpa left, only Su Ming remained in the room, sitting there silently, he recalled every single word Grandpa said, as his heart filled with worry.

“My strength is not enough..... I must become stronger!!” After a long time, Su Ming grit his teeth, his eyes determined, although he could not understand the meaning in Grandpa’s words, he could feel that things were not as simple as Grandpa made them out to be, the trouble faced by the Wu Shan Tribe was not so easy to resolve.

“If I want to become stronger, it would be hard for me to kindle my blood flame once more in near future, all that remains is refining medicine..... but that requires just too much money.....” Su Ming frowned, what he truly lacked right now was just money.

“What to do..... I have already sold the Awakening Pills once and I don’t know if i drew anyone’s attention..... but if I don’t sell it, then I won’t have any money..... and if someone has truly taken note of that matter, I cannot sell these pills anymore.” Su Ming thought of many things, but in the end he just cannot come to a decision.

“Forget it, all I can do now is to ask Grandpa for some money.....” Su Ming softly sighed, he originally did not want to add on to Grandpa’s burdens, but his plans required just too much money.

Standing up, Su Ming wanted to find Grandpa, before he suddenly paused as an idea flashed in his mind.

Su Ming stood by the door with his eyes glowing, an idea becoming clearer and clearer in his mind. After a moment, he sat back down in his room, carefully thinking it through before retrieving a small vial from his robes.

The small vial had a faint glow coming from it, inside was the green blood he obtained previously from Wu Sen, sealed using the power of moonlight, preventing any trace of it escaping.

Holding onto the small vial, his eyes glowed, an plan slowly formed in his mind.

“This thing was very important to Wu Sen! And if I recall correctly..... Bei Ling mentioned that Wu Sen was equal to Chen Chong in the Feng Zhen Tribe, only beneath Ye Wang!

He had always been in the top three during the first test, but this time..... he had actually ended up on the twelfth place..... even accounting for Bi Su’s appearance, even if he was not in the top three, he should not have fallen out of the top ten like this.

For a change like this..... there can only be one reason, he had become weakened! This kind of weakness is the only explanation for his performance in the test, given his identity he cannot possibly hide this!” Su Ming mumbled as he concluded in his mind.

“If that is so, I am fifty percent sure that it is because he lost this thing!” Su Ming’s eyes flashed as he gazed at the vial in his hands, his lips curling into a smile.

“Wu Sen is one of the geniuses of the Feng Zhen Tribe, I believe that he should be pretty wealthy.....” The smile on Su Ming’s face b coming even more radiant.

“But just what on earth is this thing, it must be really important to him.” Su Ming deeply sighed, he did not immediately take action, rather he sat there cross-legged as he considered the possibilities. Time slowly passed, only when the skies outside completely darkened and the moon hung high in the skies did Su

Ming open his eyes once more.

“It is time to experiment a little.” Su Ming no longer hesitated, after picking up the vial, he waved his left hand, instantly dissipating the moonlight sealing the vial. Bringing it close to him, he uncorked the vial as he carefully looked inside.

The green blood in the vial seemed slightly faint, after not being in Wu Sen’s body for a long time, it had lost its luster and vigor.

“I need to see if this thing will benefit me at all, only if it doesn’t can I begin the next step.” Without hesitating, he poured out a small amount of the blood. Floating in front of him, it did not have the smell of blood at all, as if it truly wasn’t blood.

After staring at it, Su Ming grabbed it and slowly rubbed it onto his forehead.

Chapter 73 – Is It Him.....

The instant the green blood came into contact with his forehead, Su Ming instantly felt an intense qi, this qi which reeked of death, the wailing of souls echoed in his head, at this moment, it was as if the blood gained an consciousness, escaping from Su Ming's hand and rushed to fuse with Su Ming.

Su Ming's eyes flashed, his blood qi flowing, instantly trying to purge this death qi, at the same time forcing the green blood out from his forehead. The instant it left his blood, Su Ming's eyes let out a strange glow.

“This thing should be something formed from cultivating that strange Mán-Technique. I believe that it should be very important for cultivators of the technique, but for other cultivators, it would only harm them.” Su Ming pondered awhile before making his judgement, his confidence towards the reason of Wu Sen's loss in cultivation has increased further, from fifty percent to eighty percent. Although he was not completely certain, eighty percent was enough for him.

In reality, his guess was extremely accurate, this corpse qi if forcefully absorbed by him would have huge backlash, even if there were benefits, the negative repercussions would still greatly outweigh these benefits.

Once more returning this blood into the vial, Su Ming once more conjured a shred of moonlight to envelope the vial. After putting it away, he stood up and left his room.

Currently the moon hung high in the sky, the moon today was not crescent shaped at all and rather round. From the looks of things, in a few days would be a full moon night.

Su Ming took a deep breath, as he hammered some details out in his head. His eyes flashed as he walked out from his house, deep in this night, the surroundings were silent not a sound could be heard.

Just as he left the Wu Shan Tribe residence, Su Ming suddenly jumped, at this instant a cold voice came from behind him.

“It’s already so late, where do you think you are going!”

Su Ming’s footsteps stopped, he turned and looked towards a shadow by the main door. A plain looking man walked out with a cold gaze, he was the Wu Shan Tribe’s Shan Hen.

“I give my greetings to the Tribe’s Hunting captain.” Su Ming’s expression was unchanging as he saw Shan Hen.

“I was asking you a question.” Shan Hen walked out slowly, standing about a Zhang away, he stared coldly at Su Ming.

“I heard from brother Bei Ling, that the Feng Zhen Tribe becomes really lively at night, so i was thinking of going out for a look.” Su Ming was nervous but he managed to keep a calm expression as he hurriedly replied.

After staring at Su Ming for a long time, Shan Hen eventually slowly nodded his head.

“At night things can get pretty dangerous, remember to not stir up trouble and come back earlier.” Shan Hen slowly spoke, with his identity as the Tribe’s Huntsman and a comparable elite like Grandpa, protecting his Tribesman was his responsibility. Saying things like this was extremely normal.

Su Ming turned and left after bowing once to Shan Hen, he could clearly feel Shan Hen staring at him all the while.

After taking a few more steps away, Su Ming suddenly felt his hairs stand, he could clearly feel a strong pressure giving him a sense of crisis locking onto him.

His blood qi naturally wanted to circulate itself to withstand this pressure. Su Ming understood that this was a natural response for a Mán-Practitioner’s body. The body will automatically resist these kind of pressure and it was naturally impossible to hide.

If it were any normal tribesman, this feeling would not be that intense. However for a Mán-Practitioner, they would clearly feel this, this was also how people can check if another person was hiding their cultivation if they were much more powerful than the target.

Shan Hen’s cultivation was much higher than Su Ming’s, such an act could not possibly be resisted by the Su Ming before the test, but even so, it would not raise other’s suspicions due to Grandpa’s

concealing Mán-Technique.

But even now, Su Ming has already obtained the ability to fully control his body's blood qi, in the instant before his body's blood qi was he easily stopped it from circulating, this was something others would not be able to do, but to the Su Ming who had attained Nuanced Control, it was nothing hard.

However, although Blood Qi could be controlled, but the body's own physical response to danger was another thing that people could pay attention to.

And what Shan Hen was looking out for was precisely this.

But, he had clearly underestimated Su Ming, or rather, he had little understanding towards Su Ming, and so in his eyes, he saw that Su Ming's body did not seem to stop/falter the slightest in the face of danger, as if Su Ming did not realise anything had happened at all, Su Ming just continued walking into the distance.

After Su Ming left his line of sight, Shan Hen slowly furrowed his brows, but he did not continue standing here, rather, he turned and returned back into the Tribe's accommodation.

His actions were not out of line at all, and even if he acted in front of Grandpa, others would not think much of it, others would just think that he was just clearing his suspicions.

Su Ming maintained a calm expression as he walked, only after

walking a good distance away did he break into a run. His heart beating frantically, in the previous exchange, he had figured out the identity of the gaze he had been feeling the previous times he was cultivating!

“It’s him!” Su Ming frowned, remembering Grandpa mentioning about a traitor in the tribe, although Grandpa did not talk too much about it, Su Ming could clearly see his worry.

“Is it him.....: Su Ming hesitated, the Hunting Captain’s position was high, his reputation in the tribe was good as well, taking charge of the hunters in the tribe, he had the responsibility of hunting prey for the tribe.

These years, in Su Ming’s memory Shan Hen had contributed greatly to the tribe, he may seem cold, but Su Ming had seen him coldly walking around in the tribe giving his own portion of the hunt to the elderly people in the tribe.

Knowing that the many kids in the tribe like beast fangs, he had personally obtained many of them in his hunting trips and distributed them to the town’s La Su. Although he always had his usual cold expression, Su Ming noticed that his eyes carried a hint of affection.

In fact, in Su Ming’s memory, there was a winter where several hunters were attacked by the Hei Shan Tribe while hunting and were severely injured, in fact, there was even a hunter killed. Afterwards, with his usual cold expression Shan Hen single-handedly left and returned the next day with the bloodied heads of three Hei Shan Tribesman.

If not for Grandpa's overwhelming strength, it would have possibly escalated into an all-out war with the Hei Shan Tribe.

These scenes flashed one after another in Su Ming's mind, he just couldn't find out the reason Shan Hen would have to betray the tribe, in his mind, such a person just cannot betray the tribe.

"Perhaps..... I am thinking too much." Su Ming thought for a long time before letting out a sigh. Slowly, he continued walking on, his facial features and figure slowly changing, even his clothes changed. Very quickly, Su Ming transformed back into Mo Su who had exploded in fame just today!

His body flashed, bursting forth with extreme speed, he dashed into the depths of the Feng Zhen Tribe.

Wu Sen's house was extremely easy to find, after transforming into Mo Su, he could simply ask and others would tell him. But even though he has become so extremely famous in the Feng Zhen Tribe, only a few hundred or so people have seen him in person and he did not draw many people's attentions.

Those who had told Su Ming where Wu Sen resided did not know that the person in front of them was that terrifying Mo Su!

(TLN:IMO it should be Mo Su here, although the raws said Su Ming.....)

As for the reason they told Su Ming of Wu Sen's housing was because Su Ming took out a few coins each time he asked. This was especially normal these few days as they know many other tribesmen would take this opportunity to pay their respects to the Feng Zhen Tribe geniuses.

Although many people went to find them, only a few were received.

Wu Sen's place of residence was somewhere in the east of the city where it was really quiet, especially at night where it was mostly darkness. Although there were a few bonfires, they were sparsely spread, if not for the moonlight, it would truly be hard to see outlines of the houses.

In the surrounding houses, there was one which was significantly larger, and it also happened to be the only one with a courtyard. It was obvious that this was Wu Sen's house.

Wu Sen was hailed as one of the geniuses of the Feng Zhen Tribe and had a high status in the tribe, as such he was naturally housed in a better house as well.

It had a large area, but was mostly empty, under the moonlight, it gave off the feeling of being bleak and desolate.

The area surrounding the house was pitch black, as if there was no one inside, normally, there would be many of Wu Sen's followers guarding his house.

But today, there was no one in sight, perhaps because Wu Sen's rankings had slipped so much or perhaps because he was currently weakened and purposely sent the crowd away.

Su Ming stood over ten Zhang from the house, his shadow blending into the night.

Seeing the hut in the distance, Su Ming silently pondered before heading towards it. As he reached the entrance, he did not hesitate to push the doors open, a bang resounded in the night shattering the silence.

Inside the house, it was extremely quiet, as if there was really no one inside.

But for Su Ming, even while he was outside, he could sense that from the second room, there was a trace of blood qi, and it felt like someone of the fifth level of blood condensation, slightly weaker than the feeling he got from Wu Sen previously. This weaker blood qi made Su Ming even more so relieved.

Chapter 74 – Windfall

Standing in the desolate courtyard, Su Ming's gaze fell onto the second house with its door shut tight. Slowly he walked towards the door, then without hesitation, he pushed it open.

The instant the door opened, Su Ming heard a muffled growl as a pair of green arms shot forth, carrying with them a thick deathly qi.

Su Ming's eyes flashed but his expression remained the same, previously when his cultivation was lower he dared to move against him, let alone now when his cultivation has risen greatly while the opponent's has fallen. What's more, it was currently nighttime, how could he possibly be afraid now. Practically in the instant the green figure arrived, Su Ming stamped his right foot down on the ground.

A hundred and sixty blood veins erupted out on his body, forming an immense pressure pressing towards the green figure without taking a single step backwards.

The green figure was startled and immediately started to crumble, slowly transforming back into balls of green light illuminating the room.

Wu Sen's hair was a mess, his complexion extremely pale as he sat cross-legged in the room glaring at Su Ming, fresh blood trickling down his lips. The moment Su Ming arrived he had forcefully used a Mán-Technique against him, but unfortunately,

that technique was unable to harm Su Ming and even got shattered, resulting in him suffering from some backlash.

“Mo Su!!” Wu Sen’s eyes revealed a crazy look as he growled.

Su Ming’s expression remained calm as before, as if completely oblivious to Wu Sen’s frenzy, slowly walking into the room, he stopped and glared at Wu Sen several Zhang away from him.

“It seems that you truly have become weak, even your followers who sacrifice their blood for you are nowhere to be seen.” Su Ming spoke unhurriedly.

The veins on Wu Sen’s face bulged bitterly, the sound of the door opening had greatly shocked him as he had only heard that sound and not felt the slightest bit of blood qi, as if the door had opened on its own.

But he could clearly sense a hint of danger as his room’s door was opened, resulting in him ignoring everything and just using a powerful Mán-Technique which was easily shattered. As he was thinking of rushing out, he saw the face of the person awaiting him.

After realising who it was, he gave up running away, since the person he saw was Mo Su, the person he was most suspicious of yet someone he did not dare confront.

Tied with Ye Wang, he knew how much of a terrifying person he

was, against such a genius, he, Wu Sen could only painfully endure. But Wu Sen was no fool as well, he was actually a really smart person, he could vaguely guess the reason that person came here, even though he could hardly believe it.

“You snatched away my Origin Corpse Qi, resulting in me weakening every day, I could previously use my identity to suppress them, but if they were to realise I was weakened, that would not benefit me at all!” Wu Sen closed his eyes and took a deep breath, the next time he opened them, the veins on his face had faded and his complexion had recovered.

Seeing Wu Sen’s quick recovery, the lack of rage in his expression, and the way he so truthfully spoke about his weakness made Su Ming look at him with some respect.

“The previous incident, if I have offended you in any way, I hope brother Mo does not take it to heart.” Wu Sen spoke, as he stood up and bowed towards Su Ming.

Su Ming’s expression remained unchanged, but inwardly, his impression of Wu Sen had improved greatly, he stared at Wu Sen as Wu Sen stared at him, the two of them locked gazes for a long time before Su Ming smiled.

“Discussing with a smart person is so much easier, just state your offer.”

Wu Sen could barely hold in his excitement, he had long since given up the thought of trying to find trouble with Mo Su, in his

mind, he had long since lost that right to, his cultivation could not be compared to Su Ming, nor could his reputation. Such a person would most likely be picked up by the Mán-Elder to nurture in the Feng Zhen Tribe and Wu Sen did not want to continue being enemies with such a person.

His only remaining dream was to get back his Corpse Qi, allowing his cultivation to recover, after all the next day was the day of the second test, and to him, this test was still very important.

“Could I possibly know what brother Mo is interested in? For Mán-Tools, I only have one, and it happens to only be compatible with my Mán-Technique, it was given to me by Grandpa, and I really don’t think I can use it to trade.....” Wu Sen hesitated a while before speaking. To him, that life blood was many times more valuable than the Mán-Tool, but he just did not dare to trade for it with the Mán-Tool, after all the Mán-Tool did not belong to him, but the tribe.

“I don’t want the Mán-Tool, lets just use money to trade, five thousand stones and it is yours.” Su Ming spoke as he retrieved a vial from his robes, the invisible moonlight disappearing from the vial.

Staring at that small vial, Wu Sen’s heart started beating rapidly, but after hearing Su Ming’s words, he could only bitterly smile/

“Brother Mo, I..... I only have three thousand plus stones.....”

Su Ming did not speak, he only continued gazing at Wu Sen, after

some time, he once more put the small vial away and slowly spoke.

“If that is the case, then you can come find me when you have enough money.”

Wu Sen’s expression immediately turned anxious, if he somehow managed to recover his lifeblood today, he still has a chance for tomorrow’s test, if not, his reputation is certain to greatly fall.

Adding on to the fact that he had no idea where to find this mysterious Su Ming, once he left, even if he somehow managed to get enough money, it would be hard for him to trade for his lifeblood back.

“Brother Mo..... please hold on, what do you think of this, you just wait here for me a little while as I go out to get some stone coins, I will be back in no more than two hours, you..... can you wait two hours for me?” Wu Sen hurriedly spoke.

Su Ming frowned as he took one more glance at Wu Sen before turning around to leave, he could not simply just wait here. He could not be certain whether this Wu Sen had some other intentions in mind anyway.

“Brother Mo, please wait!! I truly only have three thousand three hundred stone coins at this moment, how about this, let me add this thing as well, what do you think?” Wu Sen hurriedly took a few steps forward as he grit his teeth and retrieved a wooden case from the room.

Bringing it to Su Ming, he unhappily opened it up, inside the wooden case was a green seven leaf grass.

This plant was truly mysterious, each leaf had seven offshoots, extremely orderly, giving off a strange sense of vexation.

“This seven-heart grass is extremely rare, and is something i obtained accidentally, it’s value is several thousand stone coins!” Wu Sen gazed at Su Ming as he shoved the case over.

The instant Su Ming saw the herb, his heart started rapidly beating, as he slowly inspected it, he was certain that this herb is one of the two herbs did not know about yet were required in refining the Southerner’s Pill!

Su Ming’s expression remained calm as he took over the case, gazing suspiciously at Wu Sen.

Wu Sen on the other hand, was extremely nervous, after seeing Su Ming nod, he could no longer hide the excitement on his face, he quickly took out sufficient white stone coins each worth a hundred stone coins and stuffed them into a pouch before respectfully handing it over to Su Ming.

Su Ming inspected it and only after making sure everything was correct, did he once more withdraw the vial and handed it to Wu Sen.

“Your lifeblood is very expensive, don’t lose it again.” Su Ming

deeply stared at Wu Sen as he spoke before turning around and leaving the room, fading into the darkness of the night.

Wu Sen held onto the vial as he stared at Su Ming disappear into the distance, his expression a mix of emotions. Only after a long time did he let out a sigh, completely giving up the idea of finding trouble with Mo Su.

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In the Wu Shan Tribe house, Su Ming stared at the thirty plus white stone coins excitedly, he had never seen so much money in his life, seeing each stone coin coloured so beautifully white, Su Ming could not help but stare at them one by one. The feeling of obtaining such a windfall was even better than being the center of people’s attention.

From being almost broke, to suddenly obtaining so many stone coins gave Su Ming the feeling of wealth. After all, this was the most money he had ever held in his life so far.

“If I were to let Lei Chen know that I have so many stone coins, he will definitely be in disbelief.” Su Ming face revealed a youthful expression. The main point was that this sum of money was obtained without having to put out much effort, the feeling was completely different compared to when he originally sold the Awakening pill which only brought him one hundred stone coins.

“It’s great that Wu Sen is rich, as one of the geniuses of the Feng Zhen Tribe, having this kind of savings is not too surprising, but I

guess he must be running out.” Su Ming did not truly believe that Wu Sen only had this much stone coins,f but he believed that he should not have much left.

As for troubles that might arise, Su Ming had already considered about it. Firstly, Su Ming’s cultivation is superior to Wu Sen, such that he is no trouble even if he runs into him in the day, more importantly, Wu Sen also does not know that Su Ming was Mo Su, and thus would not be able to track him down anyway, as long as Su Ming’s identity was not revealed, he would be safe.

Anyways, whether Wu Sen wanted to find trouble was another matter. Wu Sen might very well just endure it and not try to provoke Su Ming, as he is no fool after all, he knows when to advance and when to retreat.

Chapter 75 – Fellow Tribesman, Please Hold On

The identity of a genius of the Feng Zhen Tribe was nothing much in Su Ming's mind, he had already thought it out thoroughly before he confronted Wu Sen.

“Tomorrow morning after the second test starts, while most of the Feng Zhen Tribesmen are busy with the test, I shall go and buy all the herbs i need.” Su Ming thought inwardly as he put away his money. Despite putting it all into his sleeves and making it end up bulging, he did not feel that it was heavy in any way, rather, it feel surprisingly satisfying.

After keeping his money, Su Ming took out the small wooden case. Opening it, he looked at the Seven Leaved Grass, his eyes flashing with delight, to him, this herb was as important as the stone coins he had with him now. He truly had never expected to get it from Wu Sen, one of the two herbs he did not recognise for the making of the Southerners Pill.

“So it is actually called the Seven Leaved Grass..... it's a pity I don't have the other remaining herb. Otherwise I would be able to attempt to refine that Southerners Pill. Compared to the Mountain Spirit Pill, I wonder how much of an effect it has.” After taking a few more glances at the plant did he put it by his chest, such that anyone could see that he was hiding something there.

But Su Ming was helpless regarding this anyway, he had too much stuff that he needed to carry around with him.

After organising his things, he sat cross-legged in the room with his eyes shut. Rather than cultivating his blood qi, the method of practicing the Wu Dust Blood arose in his mind as he tried it out.

This was the second Mán-Technique that he could practice, compared to the other one, this one carried much more killing potential and was less restricted.

The night silently passed.

When the first shred of sunlight fell upon the tribe, the entire Feng Zhen Tribe awoke from slumber as the sounds of gongs resounded.

Today was another grand event, the second stage of the grand test! This test was not one of potential, but rather strength related to cultivation, this test was similarly not located inside the Feng Zhen Tribe's chlorite city, but once more by the base of the Feng Zhen Mountains, the plaza where the nine statues were located.

Practically when dawn arrived, the various tribesmen in the tribe gradually moved towards the plaza. The Wu Shan Tribesmen were the same, under the lead of Shan Hen and the Marksmen, Bei Ling, Lei Chen and Wu La walked out the house without Grandpa.

After they had left, Su Ming too walked out of his room. Seeing that Grandpa was not around, he had not thought too much about it, he believed that Grandpa was probably together with the Feng Zhen Tribe's Mán-elder anyway.

Walking out the house, Su Ming did not change his appearance, he found out that the Mán-Tool Grandpa gave him was unable to fully transform him to his wishes. At this point in time, he could only transform into the appearance of Mo Su and the person who previously robbed Wu Sen of his lifeblood.

As for the third appearance, although he could transform, it would tend to have some sort of distortion, as if there was some limitation preventing from transforming. As such, he decided to walk around the town with his original appearance. However, he was also somewhat prepared, wearing several layers of hide, he had completely covered his face as well, leaving only his eyes.

This appearance was slightly strange, but he was also not the only person dressed as such in the town who did not want to be recognised.

After walking into the center of the town, the amount of people there was greatly reduced, a majority of the people had went to watch the second test.

As the amount of people has greatly reduced, not only did the amount of people on the streets decrease, even the number of black market traders had fallen. As Su Ming walked about, he had a very clear objective. Even though he was not fully familiar with the streets of the Feng Zhen Tribe, he had already found the existence of a few traders.

Especially those who specialised in selling herbs, currently in

front of him, was one such stall. It had no name, it was just a simple room with a Feng Zhen Tribesman sitting inside, yawning on the desk. Seeing Su Ming approach, he hurriedly stood up.

Without waiting for him to speak, Su Ming hoarsely spoke.

“I want some Sieved Cloud Leaves, a hundred!” Su Ming spoke, his right hand lightly placing a white stone coin on the table.

That Feng Zhen Tribesman’s eyes shone, regarding customers like Su Ming, he had already seen many of them. They were all the same, they hated their identities getting revealed, and did not need help recommending herbs, their objectives were all the same.

Without hesitation, this Feng Zhen Tribesman nodded his head and left the room, not long after, he returned with a leather sack and placed it in front of Su Ming.

Su Ming opened the sack and glanced inside, seeing about a hundred or so Sieved Cloud Leaves which was hard to find outside, only a city like this had such quantities.

Holding the sack, Su Ming turned and left, using the same method he approached over ten such stalls, buying a lot of Sieved Cloud Grass from them and even generous amounts of other auxiliary herbs.

In his caution, he had also bought many unnecessary herbs such that he could confuse anyone trying out to figure his motive.

Of his three thousand plus stone coins, in less than half a day, he was left with only about a thousand stone coins. This speed of spending made Su Ming's heart ache, but he had no other choice. He had truly realised for the first time, just how hard it would be to master pill refining if he did not have enough money.

"Sigh, I need to save I need to save..... I am spending money just too quickly." Su Ming's face was bitter, his body covered with various leather pouches, the clutter giving him another headache as well.

"I have bought pretty much all I need, I should properly put them away back at the house before coming out to walk around this city." Su Ming thought as he hurriedly returned back home

Without walking more than a few steps, Su Ming paused and frowned before quickly regaining his original expression and continuing onwards.

Somewhere ahead was a certain monkey faced old man, the old man had his head hung low, deep in thought, but his face seemed strangely satisfied, as if planning something as he talked to himself while gesturing with his right hand.

Su Ming calmly walked onwards, overhearing what that old man was saying as he passed him.

"I struck it rich, I really struck it rich, all thanks to that Mo Su, otherwise I would have made a huge loss, what a good person, he

truly is a great person.”

Su Ming remained calm as he walked past the old man.

But after a few steps, the old man suddenly turned and looked at Su Ming, his eyes glancing at the many bags on Su Ming’s body.

“This fellow tribesman, please hold on.” The old man spoke.

Su Ming frowned, but continued walking on, pretending as if he did not hear anything, in fact, he even hastened his steps.

“Oi, this fellow tribesman, please stop!” That old man hurriedly ran over, stopping in front of Su Ming, his face smiling with a familiar smile.

Su Ming’s eyes flashed, without speaking, he tried to sidestep past him.

The old man hurriedly took a few steps back, the smile on his face not fading the slightest as he hurriedly spoke.

“Tribe mate, listen to me, just a little! I see that this tribe mate has bought many things from many stalls, but I have something good here that those stalls do not have!”

Su Ming ignored him and continued walking onward, but the old man did not care, continuing to ramble on by his side.

“Tribesmate, don’t be so cold, what I have here is truly good, look at this herb, although it seems simple, but I am sure you heard of Mo Su, he ate my herbs and managed to get first place!” That old man spoke, as he withdrew a herb and shown to Su Ming.

Su Ming was being harassed by this old man, unwilling to let go as he followed Su Ming with undying vigor, having experienced it previously, meeting him again truly gave him a headache.

“Tribesman does not believe me? Hehe, it does not matter if you don’t believe me, but let me tell you, I have many herbs here, so colourful and so pretty, let me tell you, when Ye Wang reached his limit, this was the herb he used.”

“There is also this, I am sure you heard of Bi Su, from a no-name did you wonder how he suddenly got fourth place? Let me tell you, it is precisely because.....” That old man seemed to have an unending supply of strange herbs, taking out bundle after bundle of herbs constantly introducing them to Su Ming as if worried he would not buy any.

“Because he ate your herbs, right?” Su Ming’s ears were ringing as he coldly interrupted the old man.

Chapter 76 – Damaged Pouch

“Aiya, this tribesman is really smart, you are exactly right, it is because of this specific herb. Oh, old me has not introduced myself yet, I am Bei Qiong, Chen Chong is one of my main patrons, Wu Sen also frequently buys from me, and there is that Mo Su as well. I am not lying to you, I really know that Mo Su!” The old man hurriedly takes out another huge bundle of herbs, showing it off to Su Ming.

(TLN: His name literally means arched-back 背穹)

“These was what Ye Wang frequently buys.”

“And these are what Chen Chong likes.”

“And these are what Wu Sen needs for his cultivation.”

“These are reserved by Mo So, so I cannot sell too much of them to you.” The old man’s hands flew, bundles of herbs appearing and changing each time he spoke.

“Not interested, if you keep following me, don’t blame me for being rude!” Su Ming’s eye flashed coldly as he took a glance at the old man before quickly walking further ahead.

“Eh? Fellow Tribesman, you silhouette seems really familiar... you..... you I remember now, you are.....” The old man’s eyes rolled, he saw that Su Ming’s covered appearance was very similar

to those who did not want their identities known. He had seen many people like this, he knew what these people were the most afraid of, as such he put on an exaggerated expression and shouted exceptionally loudly.

Su Ming paused his footsteps for a while, but he was no fool either, in addition to Grandpa's guidance, this trick was seen through by him, inwardly smiling, he continued onward.

Seeing his trick failing, surprisingly the old man did not seem disappointed, rather he seemed as if he found a challenger and was unwilling to let go of such an opportunity, especially since Su Ming was carrying so many bags, he should be fairly wealthy and no someone he should give up on.

Hurriedly running forward, he caught up to Su Ming, once more resuming his sales pitch, constantly taking out herbs from his robes.....

Su Ming was frustrated and just as he was about to shoo this old man away, he saw the old man taking out more herbs from his robe, his heart was suddenly moved.

"These herbs, are they are mysterious as you say?" Su Ming's footsteps stopped, his gaze casually moving to this old man's chest as he spoke.

Hearing Su Ming's words, the old man instantly got excited, patting his chest, he seriously started speaking again.

“Fellow tribesman be at ease, this old man is a righteous fellow and will definitely not lie to you!”

“This.....” Su Ming’s eyes revealed some hesitation.

The old man became even more excited, hurriedly taking a few steps towards Su Ming, softly saying: “There are too many people here, it is not suitable to trade here, let’s go over there, where it is more quiet where it is easier for me to take out my things.” The old man spoke, acting sneakily as he pointed towards a small alley in the distance.

Su Ming hesitated slightly before nodding his head.

That old man hurriedly brought Su Ming towards the small alley where no one was around. Barely holding back his excitement, he softly spoke: “Fellow tribesman, which one caught your eye? Is it Ye Wang’s? Or is it Chen Chong’s? Or Bi Su’s? But do take note, I can’t sell you too much of Mo Su’s herbs.”

“I did not pay attention earlier, so I can’t tell which are good anyway, but if they are not bad, then I can consider buying a little of everything.” Si Ming’s face revealed a little hesitation as he slowly spoke to the old man.

“No matter, I can take everything out for you to see.” The old man instantly got more excited, his face revealing a large smile. Immediately taking out several stalks of various herbs from his robe.

“Is that it? That’s too little.” Su Ming took a quick glance as he shook his head.

“This is not little, these are all rare herbs, there can’t be too much.” The old man hurriedly replied.

Su Ming did not speak, he only took out a small bag from his robes, opening it in front of the old man, revealing about ten white stone coins.

The old man took a glance at the coins and his eyes shone. After taking a deep breath, his gaze turned more solemn as he checked the surroundings once more. After moving even close to Su Ming, he softly spoke: “Since this fellow tribesman is so sincere, this old man will be truthful with you, each of these herbs, I have over a hundred stalks, but they are so precious and I had to go through a lot of trouble to obtain them..... But since this friend is so sincere about buying, let me take it all out for you.”

The old man spoke as he retrieved bunch after bunch of herbs from his robe, and placed them on the floor. In a short period of time, over a thousand herbs formed a small pile on the floor.

“That’s all, all my herbs are here, one thousand stone coins and it is all yours!” The old man seemed nervous as he spoke to Su Ming.

These herbs required a large amount of space to carry around, and was definitely impossible to keep in one’s robes like that, Su Ming’s heart thumped as he stared at the old man’s chest.

“These herbs, how are you keeping them in your robes, what do you have in your robes?”

The old man's expression instantly transformed into shock, hurriedly taking a few steps back, covering his chest with his hands.

“Stop the act, I won't be buying these herbs, but if you have some sort of pouch that can store all these herbs, I can consider buying one of them.” Su Ming slowly said.

“Not selling!” That old man immediately shouted.

Su Ming shook the pouch of coins in his hands, the clear sound of coins clinking against each other seemingly making the old man feel conflicted.

“Five thousand coins! If you give me five thousand coins, I will sell it to you.” The old man retrieved a palm sized pouch from his robes. This pouch has a strange looking exterior with a circular drawing on it which seemed to not be on it at the same time.

But a pity was that, on the corner of the pouch was a damaged section.

“This is something extremely precious that you won't be able to find in the whole Feng Zhen Tribe, you can really store many things inside, don't think of making me sell it to you for any less than five thousand coins.

“This pouch has a damaged section.” Su Ming calmly spoke.

“Of course, if it was complete, not to mention five thousand coins, I won’t sell it even if you took out ten thousand coins.” The old man contentedly spoke.

“Five hundred coins, if you are unwilling then forget it.” Su Ming thought for awhile before he spoke.

“What? What did you say? Five hundred coins? Impossible!!” The old man’s expression instantly changed to an angry one, as if Su Ming’s offer was some kind of an insult.

“You mentioned that you sold herbs for many years here to all the geniuses of the Feng Zhen Tribe, I don’t believe that none of them had seen through your pouch as well, I know you definitely have more than one, five hundred coins, that is my final offer.” Su Ming calmly spoke as he turned to leave.

The old man stood there with a conflicted expression, seeing that Su Ming was really about to leave and walk out this alley, he hurriedly spoke.

“Eight hundred stone..... ah, fine, five hundred stone coins, five hundred stone coins and its yours!”

Su Ming stopped walking as he turned around with his hand outstretched. The old man seemingly disgruntled slowly handed

the pouch over to Su Ming. After getting hold of it, Su Ming immediately felt how light the pouch was, and in the same instant a three Zhang wide area appeared in his mind, but only about half of it was usable, the other half seemed to be filled with cracks.

“Sigh, you really made a killing, let me tell you, just by patting the pouch with an object you can store it, and by tapping the pouch with your hand you can retrieve anything with a thought.” The old man sighed as he told Su Ming how to use it.

Su Ming was very mystified as he hurriedly took some of the herbs he was carrying around and tested out the old man’s instructions, a smile subconsciously surfacing on his face.

“Convenient ain’t it, doesn’t this old man have good stuff, five hundred coins is such a great price for you. So stopping with the chatter and give me my money.” The old man sadly spoke as he extended his hand towards Su Ming.

“The space inside is half broken, is it because of the damage on it?” Su Ming did not hand over the money as he asked.

“I know about that too, but I only have this one, which I have been using for a long time which has been in this state, hurry and give me the money already.” The old man spoke, avoiding the question.

Su Ming deeply looked at the old man before returning the pouch as he shook his head.

“What is the meaning of this, you don’t want it anymore?” The old man was stunned.

“Although it is somewhat useful, a damaged pouch like that is not worth five hundred coins, and most importantly I don’t know how long it takes before the cracks spread to the whole pouch and becomes unusable, if I am not careful I might lose everything inside!”

“That won’t happen, I have been using it for many years, that definitely won’t happen!” The old man hurriedly confirmed.

“This is not certain, if I were to buy it, I can only give you two hundred coins for it, if after a few months what you say is true, I can give you the remaining stone coins.” Su Ming casually spoke.

“That cannot do, how am I supposed to even find you again.” The old man shook his head.

“If it can’t do then forget it.” Su Ming once more casually spoke as he turned to leave.

“Hey, fine, i’ll sell it to you for two hundred coins now, three months later, you better give me the remaining money, the amount of nearby tribes aren’t that many and there are only so many people, but what can I do to find you if you don’t pay me back.” The old man spoke with a pained expression as he handed the pouch back to Su Ming.

This time Su Ming did not reply and simply took out two white stone coins and traded for the pouch before quickly leaving the alley.

The old man waited until Su Ming was a good distance away before his pained expression became one with delight. Taking out another similar damaged pouch, he put the herbs back into his robe and sighed.

“That kid is pretty good, even harder to deal with than that Ye Wang, even Ye Wang spent five hundred coins buying this pouch, but he walked away with it after only spending two hundred coins.

Hehe, after I sell a few of these, and they get used to it, that is the time for me to reap my rewards.” The old man mumbled excitedly to himself.

Chapter 77 – Let's Go In Circles

Under the winter sky, although the sun was out, it was still cold. However, to a Mán-Cultivator it was nothing much, especially since winter was almost over

As if unwilling to come to an end, winter tried to remind the earth of its existence by releasing a gentle layer of snowfall.

Although it had started small, in no time, it had started falling in greater numbers, covering the skies and the earth with a ferocious gale of snow.

By noon, this snowstorm had become colossal, although it could not blot out the skies completely, the snow stirred up by the strong winds still managed to dampen the lights, covering the lands in shade.

Su Ming walked along the paths in the Chlorite city as the snow fell unto his body, his clothes and his hair, and some even got past his hood and landed on his nose.

The snow came extremely suddenly, before Su Ming had the time to return to the Wu Shan Tribe's abode, the ever growing snowstorm had piled up the path before him. Each step he takes leaves behind a footprint which gets covered merely moments later.

This is perhaps the last bit of snowfall this winter.

Su Ming's breaths transformed into little white clouds by his face. After carefully making sure noon was following him, he walked a few rounds before returning back home. As he got back, the winds once more picked up, the snowfall once more got heavier, by the doors, Su Ming quickly stamped his feet, knocking off all the snow on his body before walking in.

It was significantly warmer inside than outside, the moment the doors were shut, Su Ming quickly removed the hide clothes he was wearing and put down the many bags of herbs he was carrying. After circulating some blood qi to clear the coldness in his body, he sat down cross legged as he inspected the mysterious damaged pouch.

“This pouch sure is mysterious, to actually be able to store so many things..... but for that hunchback to so easily sell it to me, I am sure that there is something strange about it.....” Su Ming's eyes flashed, his suspicions growing as he thought about the hunchback's strange actions.

(TLN: I am not sure if the Hunchback here referred to the old man's name or description, so I am just going to leave it as such for now.)

After thinking about it, he took out some of the unnecessary herbs he had and put them into the pouch and tried withdrawing them again. However he did not find anything wrong with it.

“I better be safe than sorry, these herbs are all I have now, it will be disastrous if something goes wrong after putting them inside.....” Su Ming scratched his head as he decided not to think

too much about it for now. Deciding to ask Grandpa about it in a few days after everything calmed down.

After putting the pouch away, Su Ming continued sitting cross-legged as he circulated his blood qi, slowly meditating on the Wu Dust Blood Mán-Technique, he really wanted to make the most of his time in cultivating this technique such that his fighting prowess will advance further.

Originally he had planned to take a stroll around the Chlorite city to see if there were other interesting things to purchase, however, his plans had been disrupted by the sudden snowstorm.

Outside the room, the winds bellowed, inside the room however, Su Ming sat quietly as time slowly trickled away. Soon, dusk approached, normally the skies would still remain fairly bright, however today it remained extremely dark, and vision was limited. All that could be seen was the falling snowflakes which filled the surrounding with whiteness.

The current snowfall was as heavy as before, the cross-legged Su Ming's ears suddenly twitched and he got up and opened the doors to see Bei Ling and company walking back in.

These people who had come back today were not discussing like the previous day, perhaps because of the excessively heavy snowstorm, after Bei Lei glanced at Su Ming, he hurriedly returned back to his room, Wu La's expression was somewhat downcast as she too returned to the room boredly.

Only Lei Chen shot Su Ming a smile as he walked over, seeing his expression, he was coming over to talk about what had happened today.

As for the Marksman, he was frowning as he frequently glanced towards the skies, his expression filled with worry. Shan Hen looked as cold as usual, ignoring Su Ming as he returned to his room.

“Su Ming, today’s second test was extremely intense, it was a contest of strength and greatly related to one’s cultivation!”

“Ye Wang truly deserved the title of the number one genius of the Feng Zhen Tribe, he was just too strong, he surpassed the number two Chen Chong by a truly large margin! And that Hei Shan Tribe’s Bi Su is definitely going to be one of our major enemies, he was ranked third and it seems like his cultivation has already reached the seventh level of blood condensation, he is also really quite strong!”

“It is a pity Mo Su did not appear, else there would have definitely been a greater show.”

“Sigh, I did not manage to enter the top fifty, neither did Wu La, only Bei Ling managed to get the forty-ninth position. Although this second test was fast, it was extremely intense!

Though it is said that the third test three days later would be even more intense.”

Lei Chen's face was filled with excitement, as he chattered in Su Ming's room for a long time, recounting everything that had happened today to Su Ming. Initially he had wanted to keep talking, but seeing Su Ming's disinterested expression, he spoke only a little more before leaving with a sigh.

Today, he had similarly participated in the tests and was slightly tired.

After Lei Chen left, and the evening passed, and the snowstorm had weakened, Su Ming stood up, his heart racing as he walked out nervously yet anticipating.

This time, Shan Hen did not appear and as Su Ming left the Wu Shan Tribe's abode, the skies were dark while the ground was covered in a sheet of white as snowflakes gently fell, giving Su Ming a strange indescribable feeling.

Walking in the snow, after some time had passed, Su Ming's appearance had transformed once more into Mo Su. Standing near the Wu Long Tribe's residence, he waited outside.

Time slowly elapsed as snow continued to fall, suddenly the Wu Long Tribe's doors opened and the beautiful Bai Ling appeared in the door frame, wearing a pure white robe and a fur scarf.

As she looked around, she shyly blushed as she noticed Su Ming unable to hide her joy, taking a few steps forward, she walked towards Su Ming as they exchanged a smile.

“Did you wait long?” Bai Ling softly asked.

“No, I just arrived as well.” Su Ming scratched his head as he spoke. In his entire life, he had never seen anyone as pretty as Bai Ling, especially in the snow, Bai Ling’s pink face and her glittering eyes along with her slightly she demeanor truly made Su Ming’s heart race.

“What are you look at so dazedly..... didn’t you say you wanted to go circles with me.” Bai Ling’s face blushed even more, yet she did not avoid Su Ming’s gaze, only blinking more as she lightly laughed.

“Oh, yah, haha.” Su Ming rubbed his nose, following Bai Ling’s laughter, the two of them disappeared into the snowstorm towards the distance.

As the two of their figures faded into the distance, inside the Wu Long Tribe residence, Si Kong’s expression was extremely complicated, as he was tempted to follow them, however in the end, he only let out a long sigh.

Similarly in the Wu Long Tribe’s house, the old lady sat cross legged in her room, she knew that Bai Ling had left, but she did not stop her. In her mind, letting Bai Ling getting together with Mo Su was the best choice.

The wind howled as snow flew about, in this snowstorm, Su Ming and Bai Ling walked along a small pathway in the Chlorite City, snowflakes dancing around the two of them, mesmerizingly

landing on the roofs and houses by their sides, as if transforming the space around them into a beautiful snowy world.

There were few pedestrians out in this snowy night leaving Su Ming extremely nervous as he walked, completely unlike the way they were closely walking previously. Only until Bai Ling took the initiative to hold his hand did he feel her soft yet sweaty palms did he wake up, and firmly held her hand.

Bai Ling's head was lowered, her blushing face beautifully contrasting the snowy radiance.

“Let's..... go around in circles I guess.....” Su Ming softly spoke as he squatted down. A shy smile appearing on Bai Ling's face as she climbed onto Su Ming's back, the warmth coming from his back made her feel extremely happy inside.

Su Ming could smell the fragrance coming from his back, experiencing the same joy as Bai Ling from her warmth and curves. Taking a deep breath, he walked onwards and directly jumped over the Chlorite city's walls out of the city.

Bai Ling's heart raced, as she felt Su Ming's own heartbeat race as well, feeling Su Ming as he ran against the snowstorm on the plains of the Feng Zhen Tribe, where there was no one else, running further and further away.

Snow landed on their bodies but they could not feel its coldness, on the contrary all they could feel was the warmth in their hearts. Outside the city, Su Ming appearance had faded back to his own

from Mo Su.

“Bai Ling, why is it that it feels like you got heavier.....” Su Ming laughingly joked amidst the snowy night.

“What nonsense!” Bai Ling who was initially deeply immersed in the warmth of Su Ming’s back, immediately glared at Su Ming and fiercely pinched his back.

It was painful but Su Ming ended up laughing even louder, as he took a large leap, shocking a squeak out of Bai Ling, as he continued running into the distance. His laughter and Bai Ling’s angry complaints blending together into a sort of harmony.

Time always seems to fly while you are enjoying yourself, unknowingly, it was already deep into the night, Su Ming and Bai Ling walked in the snow with their hands intertwined as they spoke with hushed voices, seemingly never running out of things to say, the frequent sounds of laughter similarly represented a certain beauty.

Snow continued to fall onto their bodies and their hair, from the distance, their hair had almost completely turned white.

Perhaps in this snowy night, the two of them would continue walking like this all the way till their hair turns white, or perhaps..... experience the world and leave but a sigh.

(TLN: okay this line was hard to translate, to my understanding

essentially it means that they can walk like this till their hair turns white (By snow, or by age) and die together of age after spending their life walking the world.)

“Do you remember the night when we were at the Wu Mountain, it was snowing as well.....”

“Of course I do, I still remember that time, your hair had almost turned white from the snow.”

“You too, almost turning into an old lady.”

“Do you think that if we continue walking in the snow like this, will we walk until our hairs turn white.....” Bai Ling’s voice seemed exceptionally meak as he spoke while holding onto Su Ming’s hands.

Chapter 78 – Who Laments This Date?

Snow continued to fall onto the earth like a beautiful silver screen connecting the skies and the earth, a truly unforgettable scene. The snow danced as it landed on Su Ming before once more being brought into the skies by the winds.

There were even some snowflakes dancing by Bai Ling, passing through her bone earrings before landing on her neck covered by thick clothes and melting away.

Hearing Bai Ling's gentle whispers, the warmth in Su Ming's heart permeated his entire body, transforming into a peculiar feeling, this feeling had a certain name, and it was happiness.

A beautiful night, with beautiful snow and a happy couple..

Su Ming smiled, a happy smile filled with the innocence of youth. Halting his footsteps, he turned towards Bai Ling, the girl in the snow had transformed into an eternal image, and become deeply etched into his mind for eternity.

Snow white snow and a snow white dress, a girl as beautiful a snow, along with the whispers along the wind.

Bai Ling was very beautiful, her eyelashes quivering as ice condensed over them. To Su Ming, everything else had vanished, under the heavens, all that remains was him and her.

After some time, Bai Ling started to blush once more as she noticed Su Ming staring at her. Su Ming raised his right hand, and removed the longest ivory fang he had on his necklace and handed it over to Bai Ling.

This fang was pure white, and curved like the moon. Two words were carved onto this fang, Su Ming. The entire fang seemingly exuding a powerful aura.

“This fang was given to me when I was seven by Grandpa when I first joined the tribe, it is something I truly treasure greatly. But now..... I am giving it to you.” Su Ming’s face revealed a slight smile, as his heart grew nervous, in a tribe, giving a gift like this, had a certain special meaning.

Bai Ling clenched her jaws as her face turned even redder, her heartbeat racing like Su Ming’s, the thumping of her heart made everything but Su Ming disappear from her sights.

After a long time, Bai Ling slowly raised her hand as she accepted that fang, the moment she touched it her fingers seemed to tremble as she lightly hold it.

Su Ming’s face was filled with nervousness, as he stood there seeing Bai Ling not moving, he unconsciously scratched his head, knocking loose a lot of the snow in his hair.

Bai Ling looked at Su Ming, seeing the silly look on his face, she could not help but smile, a certain shyness remained in her eyes along with a certain tenderness.

“This..... eh, aren’t you forgetting something?” After being made fun of by Bai Ling, Su Ming too started to blush.

“What it it?” Bai Ling was smiling all the way, an utterly beautiful smile, a truly unforgettable sight under this snowstorm, and the snowflakes.

Su Ming’s face turned red, but he quickly grit his teeth and took a deep breath as he stared at Bai Ling before seriously speaking: “ Bai Ling, I am after all your savior..... I

“I know you saved my life, but what has it got to do with what i forgot?” Bai Ling asked while blinking her eyes.

“Of course it has something to do, uh..... Let’s not talk about that, eh, your earring is really nice, why not take it off and let me have a look.” Su Ming’s eyes refocused as he hurriedly spoke.

Bai Ling’s smile grew even wider, like a cunning wolf, she raised her hands and gently rubbed the pure white earring by her left ear, as she gazed at Su Ming.

“This was left behind by my mother, I..... won’t give it to you.” Bai Ling smiled as she saw Su Ming’s eyes widen as he seemed ready to pounce for it, Immediately she ran into the distance, her laughter brought even further by the wind like a pleasant wind chime.

However, although she had said this, the bone fang given to her by Su Ming was being tightly clutched in her hand, it truly was really precious.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, feeling unjust, he hurriedly chased after her, the two of them smiling, laughing in this snowy winter night. The bone earring was never given to Su Ming yet even so, Su Ming could feel that the tenderness in her eyes was slightly different.

“Su Ming, in ten years time, what do you think we be like..... will we still be able to be this free from worries.....” The exhausted Bai Ling sat on the snowy plains as she softly spoke while gazing towards the heavens.

With his hands behind his head, he lied down by Bai Ling’s side on the soft snow, as he gazed at the skies, listening to Bai Ling’s words.

“Still angry?” Bai Ling turned with fluttering eyes, as she smilingly looked at Su Ming.

“Don’t be mad already.”

“I am not mad.” Su Ming grunted, but as he saw Bai Ling gazing at himself while smiling.

“Ten years from now, we will still definitely be without worry..... and by that time, my cultivation would be extremely

high, it will definitely be powerful!” Su Ming spoke with eyes filled with anticipation.

“Grandpa told me yesterday that I will stay in the Feng Zhen Tribe in the future like Ye Wang, to be personally guided by the Feng Zhen Tribe’s Man-Elder..... perhaps in ten years I would reach the awakened realm.” Su Ming spoke while smiling.

Hearing Su Ming’s words, Bai Ling’s eyes were too filled with expectation, her face covered with joy, with Su Ming here with her on this snowy winter night, she would never run out of words.

Time always passes quickly when you are enjoying yourself, and just like this, time flew by as it slowly trickled away. Although it was still a little while before daybreak, things still had to come to an end, Bai Ling too had to return back to the tribe’s residence, as such, the two of them returned to the Chlorite city.

“Let me send you back home.” Su Ming squatted down once more, beckoning for Bai Ling to get on.

Bai Ling face was filled with happiness as she obediently climbed onto Su Ming’s back, feeling Su Ming’s heart beat which in turn made her blush.

“You silly.....” Bai Ling lightly whispered as she laid on Su Ming’s back as he ran.

As he ran, under the cover of the dark blizzard, Su Ming entered

the chlorite city through a remote corner of the tribe, his appearance already reverted back into Mo Su. He had only stopped after reaching the Wu Long Tribe residence, letting the unwilling Bai Ling slowly get off his back.

While gazing at Su Ming, she looked at this man whose appearance was unfamiliar, however she could never mistake his pair of eyes.

Su Ming similarly gazed at Bai Ling, the two of them locking gazes on this winter's night.

“Okay, don't be mad.” Bai Ling lifted her hands, just like the last time before they parted ways, he helped him sweep off the snow on his clothes, her face filled with a smiling tenderness.

“The bone earring on your ear, it truly is pretty.” Su Ming spoke while giggling.

Seeing Su Ming in that state, Bai Ling once more laughed for a long while before deeply looking at Su Ming, before bashfully lowering her gaze.

“Su Ming..... Seven days later, is a very important day for me..... I have always spent that day with grandmother..... this year I hope that you..... okay?” Bai Ling mustered her courage as she weakly spoke. However, it was all heard by Su Ming, whose eyes flashed with delight as he seriously nodded at Bai Ling.

“Then it’s a date.....:” Bai Ling shyly laughed as she gazed at Su Ming’s eyes/

“En, then it is decided, seven days later, regardless of where I am, regardless of what I am doing, I will definitely go to you.....” Su Ming determinedly spoke.

Snow continued to fall, bearing witness to these two people and their date..... which could possibly be perfect or perhaps..... fall into despair.

“En, that day, I will be waiting for you in my tribe..... this earring, at that time, I will give it to you.....” Bai Ling softly spoke while rubbing the earring as even her ears turned red.

“I will definitely go!” Su Ming smiled extremely happily, extremely happily.....

Bai Ling bit her lips, as she shyly turned around and walked back towards her tribe’s residence. As she opened the doors and walked it, she turned around one last time, taking one last glance at Su Ming before disappearing inside.

Su Ming remained standing there, his heart filled with joy and anticipation towards the appointed date seven days later.

“Seven days.....” Su Ming happily smiled as he turned and ran with the wind, back towards where the other tribes stayed at.

The falling snowflakes seeming aware of his joy, twirled around by his side as they floated in between the heavens and the earth.

Su Ming ran really quickly, his heart filled with happiness which transformed into a warmth enveloping his entire being, allowing him to forget his frustrations, forget his worries, very quickly he had reached back at where the Wu Shan Tribe stays.

As he returned, Su Ming had changed his appearance of Mo Su back to his original appearance. Seeing the Wu Shan Tribe's house in the distance, Su Ming took a deep breath, as he walked towards the house.

Inside the house was pure silence, although it was night, and snow filled the skies, it was still not pitch black. Under the storm, the Wu Shan Tribe's house's door was closed shut of an invisible force, which Su Ming felt as he got nearer.

Especially the instant he opened the door and clearly seen the scene in the house, his body shook, the infinite joy he was experiencing vanished in an instant, what remained was only shock and panic!

In the yard, the Marksman, Shan Hen, Bei Ling, Si Kong, Wu La were all present, their complexions a mess revealing fear and anxiety. In front of them, was a pale faced Grandpa sitting cross-legged, heavily panting, on the white snow in front of him was a horrifying huge patch of black blood.

The instant Su Ming opened the doors, all eyes fell on him.

“Grandpa!!” Su Ming’s mind was blank as he ran ahead in a frenzy towards Grandpa, staring at Grandpa’s pale complexion, black blood stained the snow and Grandpa’s hemp robes, his body trembled as he saw grandpa in this weak state.

Chapter 79 – I Want To Go Back!!

“You are back.....” Grandpa opened his eyes, his expression as pale as before, but he still managed to let out a loving smile as Su Ming returned.

“Grandpa..... this..... what has happened, Grandpa, you.....” Su Ming’s mind was in a mess, seeing Grandpa’s appearance, tears uncontrollably fell out, he was afraid, he did not know what to do, his expression was fearful, his voice trembling as he spoke.

“Grandpa..... Lei Chen what on earth happened!” Su Ming lifted his head and stared at Lei Chen, he no longer cared about hiding his cultivation, his identity. Filled with rage, he wanted to know just who hurt Grandpa, even if he did not have the strength yet to seek revenge, he had to know!

He did not speak extremely loudly, but his words carried an immeasurable pressure, the instant he looked at Lei Chen, tears fell down his eyes as well.

“I too don’t know..... Grandpa just came back.....”

“That’s enough, you all listen.....” Grandpa took a deep breath as he stood up, his expression grim as his gaze swept over the group.

“I took a trip..... to the Hei Shan Tribe.” Grandpa slowly spoke in a weak voice, but his words seemed to resound in their ears.

The Marksman's expression shook as his gaze seemed to flicker. Bei Ling gasped as Wu La's face turned pale as well.

Su Ming was the same, In the recent times, they all could sense a trace of the dangers the tribe was facing, which mainly came from the Hei Shan Tribe.

“While you all were participating in the second test, I took a trip to the Hei Shan Tribe..... I went to see just what cultivation the Hei Shan Tribe's Bi Tu reached!” Grandpa calmly spoke, the surroundings seeing devoid of any sound, even the roaring winds seemed to have disappeared.

“He..... has definitely reached the awakened realm.....” Grandpa bitterly spoke.

The Marksman's expression grew grim as he wanted to speak, but stopped upon seeing Grandpa shake his head towards him as if he knew what he wanted to speak.

“I had to make that trip, as unless we are certain of his cultivation, I don't want our people to have to..... migrate to the Feng Zhen Tribe..... after all who would want to leave their home of over a hundred years..... “ Grandpa spoke with a downcast expression.

“Time is limited, I have already made the arrangements, I am bringing you all back to the tribe today. Although Bi Tu has reached the awakened realm, it has not fully stabilized, although I too have been injured, I am sure he is still unable to move out yet.

We shall..... migrate!!” Grandpa spoke with a determined expression as he raised his right hand. Instantly, the snow scattered as a loud bang resounded in the surroundings.

Immediately after, numerous lights appeared in the skies which quickly coagulated into a giant black python. The python looked extremely fierce as it appeared, its pressure instantly pressing down on the people present.

“Bei Ling, Lei Chen, Wu La..... the three of you can choose to remain here, or to return to the tribe with Grandpa, if you return, there will be dangers.” Grandpa spoke as he looked at the Bei Ling trio.

“Grandpa, I am going back!” Bei Ling did not hesitate as he immediately took a step forward, his eyes filled with determination.

“Grandpa, I Lei Chen, will not be staying here!” Lei Chen spoke with clenched fists, his eyes filled with a killing intent, he wanted to go back, he wanted to protect his tribe.

“Grandpa, Wu La does not want to stay here as well.” Wu La grit her teeth as she determinedly looked towards Grandpa.

Grandpa looked at the Bei Ling trio and nodded his head, instantly a fierce wind swept the three of them up onto the black python at the same time the Marksman and Shan Hen jumped onto the black python.

In the courtyard, all that remained was Su Ming and Grandpa.

Grandpa looked at Su Ming, his gaze filled with care and concern.

Su Ming's heart raced with a bad feeling, without waiting for Grandpa to speak, he immediately said: "Grandpa, I want to return as well, let's hurry up and go."

"You cannot go." Grandpa shut his eyes before staring at Su Ming as he spoke.

Su Ming was stunned as his body trembled as he gazed back towards Grandpa.

"You won't be able to help even if you go back, the migration is also filled with risk, you just stay here and wait for my return!" The instant grandpa finished speaking, his body flashed as he flew towards the black python in the skies, leaving Su Ming alone in the courtyard

"Grandpa!!!" Su Ming rose his head as he stared resolutely at Grandpa, this was the first time he did not want to listen Grandpa's words.

"I want to go back to the tribe!!! Grandpa, I want to go back!!!" Su Ming screamed towards the black python in the sky with a loud roar.

“Grandpa, if Bei Ling can go, Lei Chen can go and even Wu La can go. I am also a tribesman, I want to go back, I want to protect the tribe, I want to fight for the tribe!! Grandpa!!” Su Ming eyes turned red as his body shook as he prepared to jump up.

“No!!” Grandpa shut his eyes, as he pressed down with his right hand, a pressure pressed onto Su Ming, his body firmly planted on the ground.

“Wait here! Don’t even think of taking half a step out!” Grandpa sat cross-legged on the black python which roared as it soared into the skies with Bei Ling and the rest. Bearing a complicated expression, grandpa gazed at the shouting Su Ming.

“Grandpa!!!!” Su Ming’s voice grew hoarse as he shouted. In this desolate night, tears fell from his eyes non-stop, his body collapsing as he stared towards the skies.

“Grandpa, I want to go back, I beg you to let me go back, I must go back!! I won’t stay here, never, even if I die!!!” Su Ming screamed as he circulated his blood qi, this blood qi could not be felt by others but inside his body, a powerful force had been formed as he prepared to break through Grandpa’s seal.

The seal was just too powerful, Su Ming was unable to breakthrough it with his own strength, blood started trickling down his mouth as he roared once more.

“Grandpa, If you don’t let me go, even if I, Su Ming, dies I will

leave this place. That is my tribe, the home where I grew up, I want to go back even if I have to die, I will go back!!! Even if I have to die, I would rather die in my tribe, I am a Wu Shan Tribesman, if I die, I want to die for the Wu Shan Tribe!!!”

On the black python, the Marksman wanted to speak, but seeing Grandpa’s expression he did not speak, Shan Hen on the other hand, did not even bother to look.

“Su Ming, you are of no help even if you return, why waste our time here, don’t act all high and mighty, in reality……” Bei Ling coldly smiled, his eyes stone cold as he gazed at Su Ming who he thought was putting on an act.

But before he finished talking, he was interrupted by Su Ming’s howl.

“Bei Ling, you shut the hell up!!” Su Ming’s expression was furious, he did not care anymore, this was the first time he had rebutted Grandpa, rebutted Bei Ling. The previous Su Ming had never ever rebutted Bei Ling ever since he was young, regardless of what Bei Ling said.

But he too had his bottom line, he did not let anyone insult his determination, the current Bei Ling had touched upon his bottom line, under Su Ming’s howls, Bei Ling no longer spoke, but as he saw Su Ming’s red eyes, his heart shook as he swallowed his words.

The black python soared into the sky as Grandpa opened his eyes which was filled with sorrow as he gazed at Su Ming. Not allowing

Su Ming to return was to protect Su Ming, this migration..... would be filled with dangers, dangers that he himself might not be able to predict.

“No!” Grandpa looked at the blood flowing from Su Ming’s mouth, his heart filled with pain as he waved his hand once more. The wind roared once more throwing the struggling Su Ming back inside the house.

The instant he got inside, the doors slammed shut, as the wind formed a shapeless seal outside the house. The snow outside forming a pattern, the same one as the Wu Shan Tribe’s totem.

The instant the seal activated, Su Ming’s voice was completely shut in.

The snow outside remained the same as the black python soared into the skies towards the Wu Shan Tribe, very quickly it had disappeared into the distance.

“Su Ming..... this is the last thing Grandpa can do for you..... in the future, you have to take good care of yourself.....” Grandpa Mo Sang sat cross-legged on the black python with a grim expression, as he formulated a battle plan, a plan to the death.

“Bi Tu!!”

As the black python got further, the snow continued to fall unto the lands, onto the chlorite city, onto the houses in the cities, onto

the small courtyard meant for the Wu Shan Tribe.

The surrounding areas were silent except for the roaring winds, as if other sounds did not exist at all..... but inside the Wu Shan Tribe's residence, in the sealed house, there were a series of gruesome crimes unable to get out, unable to escape.....

“I want to go!! I want to go back to the tribe, I want to protect my people!! Grandpa, even if I die I must go!!!!” Inside the house, Su Ming's hair was disheveled, his eyes red, his entire being in a frenzy as he released his entire strength, ramming against the unmoving door. Each time he crashed against the door, the entire house seemed to shake but the seal did not budge even the slightest.

Chapter 80 – Going Crazy Without Regrets

“I want to go out!! I want to go..... I want to go.....” Shouted Su Ming with the fiercest of emotions in his sixteen years of life, as tears fell from his eyes.

But this seal was unaffected as before, even as Su Ming’s fists tore and bled and his voice grew hoarse, not a single sound could be felt or heard outside. Eventually his body trembled as he coughed out fresh blood, collapsing by the door.

On the door were innumerable fist sized blood stains.....

“I want to go out..... I want to go..... Grandpa, I want to go back to the tribe, even if I have to die, I’ll rather die in the tribe, I tried so hard to constantly grow stronger, the only reason for me to grow stronger is to protect my tribe, I want to fight for my tribe..... Grandpa, why, WHY!!!” Su Ming cried, the pain in his heart made him feel like just dying instead.

But as he thought of the dangers the tribe was facing, Grandpa’s current weakened condition, and the faces of each and everyone of his fellow tribesman, Su Ming let out one more frenzied roar.

“Even if I die, I will go back!!” Su Ming’s eyes revealed a certain madness, his breathing a mess as he took a few steps backwards.

“If my current cultivation is not enough to break Grandpa’s seal, then all I can do is to get stronger right now!” Su Ming’s went mad like anyone would in his situation.

His face ashen, his eyes red with numerous veins, his expression filled with madness as a single thought filled his mind, regardless of what happens, he was going to use everything he had to break out of this place.

He no longer worried about any negative impacts on his body, what he cared most right now was Grandpa, his tribe, even if he were to die, he would die fighting for the tribe.

“I want to become stronger, I want to break out of this place!!” Su Ming roared, taking a few steps into the house, glaring at the large number of Sieved Cloud Leaves he bought for making pills and the various other herbs he bought.

These herbs were prepared for refining pills, and Su Ming knew that even as a Man-Cultivator, directly eating a large amount of these plants would cause a large strain on the body, especially for a cultivator whose growth should be gradual.

But the current Su Ming could not care less, if he no longer cared about his life, he no certainly would not care about the lasting injuries however severe they may be Su Ming had no regrets!!

He had no regrets!!

With his red eyes, Su Ming sat cross-legged on the floor, grabbing stalk after stalk of Sieved Cloud Leaf. He did not have time to slowly refine them into pills as the danger the tribe faced and Grandpa's injuries drove him into a frenzy.

Handful by handful, he stuffed the Sieved Cloud Leaves into his mouth as he fiercely chewed, the disgustingly bitter sap slowly seeping out, but the bitterness in his heart far outclassed that in his mouth.

After chewing and swallowing, Su Ming continued adding more handfuls of the herb into his mouth with a frenzied fervor. Continuously swallowing the plant's juices as his body trembled, a blazing heat erupted from within, causing him to profusely sweat as all his blood veins surfaced.

The hundred and sixty blood veins of his glowed red, bathing the entire room in its light, the cross legged Su Ming let out a terrifying aura of determination and madness.

Ten leaves, thirty leaves, fifty leaves..... quickly all hundred leaves in the bag had been swallowed by Su Ming. The pain coming from his abdomen, he knew that this was from overdosing on Sieved Cloud Leaves, and if he were to continue, this pain would just continue spreading throughout his body.

But at the same time, he could feel the flame in his body constantly strengthening, the number of blood veins on his body on the verge of expanding, while experiencing this, Su Ming did not hesitate to take over another bag of Sieved Cloud Leaves.

Time slowly trickled away, but an hour had quickly passed in this hour, Su Ming had consumed the juices of over seven hundred Sieved Cloud Leaves, something that no one would ever believe had

actually been done by Su Ming.

Su Ming's body trembled non-stop, his entire body quaking in pain, his chest growing increasingly tight, the juices in his body had not been digested by him yet, but the sheer quantity of herbs he consumed made him feel as if he could no longer swallow any bit more and even made him feel like throwing up, but Su Ming let out a low growl as he fiercely held on.

The burning feeling in his body had reached its peak as Su Ming fiercely hit his own chest with his right hand.

With a thud, the flame in his body seemed to have been kindled and erupted in an instant, blood spurted out from all his pores forming a mist of blood, from within Su Ming's howls of pain could be heard, but at this moment, the number of blood veins he had had increased.

The hundred and sixty first blood vein, then the hundred and sixty-second blood vein then the hundred and sixty-third..... all the way up to the hundred and sixty-seventh before calming down.

Su Ming's face was pale as he stood up and walked towards the door, with a bang his fist shot towards the door. The house shook once, and Su Ming threw up blood once more as he stumbled backwards.

“Not enough, still not enough!!” The insane Su Ming took out another bag of herbs, he knew that he could not take any more, but he still continued eating them without hesitation.

Seven hundred, eight hundred, nine hundred..... Su Ming's mouth was covered with a green fluid, his body wracked with an intense pain a burning sensation filled his veins as Su Ming once more felt the number of blood veins increase.

Only this time, the blood veins that had appeared was no longer red, it had transformed into a strange brown colour without any of its original luster, signifying that in his madness, Su Ming's actions had left some severe injuries on his body.

But Su Ming did not mind!!

The number of blood veins rose quickly, a hundred and sixty-eight, a hundred and sixty-nine, a hundred and seventy..... And it continued to rise, all the way till a hundred and seventy-three blood veins before Su Ming once more rushed the door, one punch, two punches and a third punch, the entire house shook again but the door remained sealed as before!

“Open!!” Su Ming roared as he no longer used his fists, this time he smashed his head against the door causing it to tremble once more as a small gap appeared, revealing the Wu Shan Tribe's totem at the same time knocking loose some snow on outside.

“A ray of blood flowed out from Su Ming's forehead, his eyes completely crimson as he once more struck against the door, ignoring all the pain coming from his body.

But in the end, all he could do was to open a small gap each time,

unable to open the door any further.

Despair filled Su Ming's eyes as he bitterly laughed while grabbing the remaining pouches Sieved Cloud Leaves, with a bang, all of the pouches exploded and the Sieved Cloud Leaves flew together forming a head sized ball of herbs. With another strike, he crushed the leaves together, a large amount of green fluid dripped out which Su Ming sucked up in one breath.

The moment the liquid entered Su Ming's body, Su Ming's body creaked, his blood veins raising frenziedly, a hundred and seventy five, a hundred and seventy-seven..... all the way up till a hundred and eighty-nine blood veins.

Su Ming's entire body turned a sore red as he rushed the door once more, the gap opened by the door increasing a little more.

The Wu Shan Tribe Totem had more snow knocked off it as a small crack appeared.

Su Ming's hands were covered in blood as the entire room was bathed in a red glow, the current Su Ming looked extremely tired, as if he was another person altogether. His hair was covered with blood, his originally innocent look transformed into a frenzied beast.

"I want to go back to the tribe, I want to fight for the tribe, I want to go back!!" Su Ming's throat was entirely hoarse, seeing the gap in the door widen, he once more smashed his head towards it!

“I must go back!!”

With a thud, blood once more sprayed out from his mouth, but without hesitation he once more smashed towards the door continuously, the gap in the door gradually growing wider as a few more cracks appeared on the totem.

He was going to be able to leave soon.

But as the cracks grew about half a finger wide, it stopped expanding. Given Su Ming's current cultivation, he could only do so much, but not only this, the cracks which stopped expanding actually started to fix itself.

“Grandpa!!” Su Ming's cry was filled with agony, after expending this much to open the door, it had sealed itself shut once more. Suddenly Su Ming withdrew a small vial from his robes, inside were the three drops of awakened Man-Blood.

Without hesitation, Su Ming poured the contents into his mouth, but only a single drop was released, the two remaining drops was sealed by an invisible force, Su Ming knew, this was Grandpa's way of protecting Su Ming.

The single drop of Man-Blood which entered his mouth made all the blood in Su Ming's body boil instantly. Immediately he spat that drop of Man-Blood out, smashing it into a bloody mist with his left hand directly absorbing it from the pores on his body.

The moment it had come into contact with Su Ming's body, Su Ming's skin instantly transformed crimson, a powerful strength burst forth from within his body.

The number of blood veins on his body instantly erupted once more!

A hundred and ninety, a hundred and ninety-five, two hundred and one, two hundred and nine..... All the way till two hundred and twenty-four blood veins appeared. A large amount of black blood flowed out of Su Ming's eyes, ears, nose and mouth, but his eyes remained filled with the same frenzy and determination.

Chapter 81 – No!

To reach the seventh level of blood condensation, one needs at least two hundred and forty-three blood veins!

At his current speed, the number of blood veins he had had already reached two hundred and twenty-four and he was only nineteen blood veins away from the seventh level of blood condensation! This speed of improvement would shock anyone who seen it, but this was different from the time he was climbing up the mountain. On the mountain, Su Ming practiced nuanced control, although it seemed as if his cultivation had soared, it had followed the proper gradual path of self-improvement, increasing his blood vein count one-by-one.

But currently, things were different! Su Ming's soaring cultivation was brought by the consumption of large amounts of Sieved Cloud Leaves' sap, and also through the forceful absorption of a drop of awakened Mán-Blood.

Using this kind of method to boost one's cultivation was something someone with a shred of common sense would not do, after all doing something like this was not only harmful, it could be deadly! Otherwise, many people would have tried boosting their cultivation like this.

But what choice did Su Ming have..... either he stay back and forget about his tribe and ignore their survival, ignore the possibility that grandpa cannot come back, ignore the imminent destruction of his home.

If he were to forget everything else and only care for his own survival, he could silently wait here, there might be some suffering, some bitterness and sorrow to come, but at least he would be safe.

This would perhaps be the right thing to do, the path that Grandpa had pointed him towards.

Perhaps in the eyes of many people, Su Ming was just a weakling, going back would only mean death, completely unable to change anything.

But Su Ming did not allow himself to make that choice, all the strength he had obtained, he obtained for this tribe. He was no brave warrior, but at the current point in time, his cowardice had been deeply buried away, faced with the current situation all that remained was his steadfast determination.

Since he was a child, the people in the tribe had treated him kindly, he had friends in his tribe, the warm bonds he had with his fellow tribesman, his 'mothers' who took care of him as he grew up in the tribe, Grandpa and the kind tribesman who taught him how to read and speak, he just could not forget all the bits of kindness the tribe showered onto him in the past sixteen years.

He could not bring himself to turn away while he knew the tribe was facing imminent danger just to save himself. He could not turn his back while knowing his fellow tribesman are fighting for their lives, let alone the fact that they could all be annihilated. There was also a single person still silently waiting for his return.

He was but a youth, a young boy who was not even seventeen yet, he naturally feared death as well..... he did not understand many things, be the one thing he knew was that the tribe was his home!

As danger approached his home, how could he possibly stay still, even if he were to die, he wanted to die protecting his home!

This was Su Ming.

Perhaps he was too rash, perhaps he was a little crazy, but this madness something you could not understand. All this was deeply carved into his bones, he had long since regarded the Wu Shan Tribe as his only home.

As his home was being threatened, his friends in danger, the possibility of never being able to see his Grandpa and the many kind people who took care of him as he grew up ever again, how could he not go insane.....

Su Ming howled towards the skies, his entire being shaking as he constantly absorbed the Mán-Blood into his body allowing the number of blood veins on his body leap ahead once more.

Su Ming's eyes were bloodshot, his expression grim revealing a certain madness, looking like the devil himself. As his blood veins surged, a powerful strength appeared on Su Ming's body, allowing to rush forth once more with a roar. This time, rather than using his head or his fists, he rammed his shoulder towards the sealed door.

With a bang, Su Ming's body collided against the door, causing it to tremble as cracks appeared once more on the snowy totem.

But the seal was after all personally set by Grandpa Mo Sang, it would not be something so easily broken by Su Ming. Grandpa's intentions were extremely obvious, he had intended to completely stop Su Ming from leaving this place, so as to keep him away from danger as he waited back here!

But, Grandpa made a miscalculation, he had never expected that Su Ming would be so determined in making his way out that he would do something this drastic. This was a point that Grandpa never expected.

He had only guessed that Su Ming would feel unreconciled, but given Su Ming's cultivation, he would not be able to leave the room! In Grandpa's eyes, Su Ming would forever remain a child.

Tears rolled down Su Ming's eyes which mixed with his blood, making it seem as if he was crying tears of blood. However, Su Ming still did not give up, taking a few steps back, he once more rushed towards the seal, roaring with madness as he attacked the door with his body.

As he was attacking, the number of blood veins on his body rose once more, from two hundred and twenty-seven to two hundred and thirty-one to two hundred and thirty-three!

Creeeeeak!! The entire room shook, as if it was on the verge of

collapse, like a cage sealing an extremely powerful beast. Currently, as this beast struggled, the cage seemed on the verge of breaking down, the number of cracks on the snowy totem continued to increase seeming about to break apart at anytime, but it still remained there!

“I must protect my tribe.....” Su Ming’s vision had turned blur, his thoughts a muddle, in his half conscious state he still exhibited a frightening strength, blood trickling down his lips as he continued his attacks.

With a boom, the number of blood veins on Su Ming’s body once more increased as more of the Mán-Blood became absorbed, growing to two hundred and thirty-seven blood veins from two hundred and thirty-three.

“I want to go back to the tribe.....” Su Ming disregarded everything else as he once more ran towards the door, the creaking noise reverberating around the room as the gap in the door grew even wider than ever. Fresh blood covering the interior of the door, the blood that represented Su Ming’s determination!

“I must fight for the tribe!!!” Su Ming roared as he once more rushed forwards with his head, a burst of strength appearing from within Su Ming’s body as two hundred and forty-three blood veins appeared on his body.

This burst of strength was brought forth by his advancement into the seventh level of blood condensation, which along with Su Ming’s body collided into the door.

A shocking bang resounded as the door shook even more, but with a click, the snowy totem outside seemingly cracking into many small pieces of snow, completely losing its form!

However, the powerful seal seemed to remain there at the limits of its strength!

Blood spurted out Su Ming's mouth as he wobbled a few steps backwards, a bloody light shining from the two hundred and forty-three blood veins on Su Ming's body, filled with power as he broke into the seventh level of blood condensation!

The seventh level of blood condensation!

From the seventh level of blood condensation to the eighth level of blood condensation, one needed at least three hundred and ninety-nine blood veins, which represented once reached the top of the middle levels of blood condensation! Just one step away from the late stage of blood condensation at the ninth level of blood condensation.

It should be known that in the entire Wu Shan Tribe, to Su Ming's knowledge the Marksman and Shan Hen were at the eighth level of blood condensation, and the patriarch should be even higher than them, if not yet at the ninth level of blood condensation, he should be infinitely near it.

Although the eighth level of blood condensation was powerful, the seventh level of blood condensation was similarly rare! In the

entire Wu Shan Tribe, there were not none at the seventh level of blood condensation, but those few people were all of the same generation as the patriarch and were mostly part of the archers or hunting party.

Within the juniors, the current Su Ming was undoubtedly the number one in the Wu Shan Tribe! Although this was exchanged for with a certain amount of danger, and his strength was not stable yet.

But Su Ming did not care, he saw a glimmer of hope as the room shook, seeing the snowy totem outside shattering, he once more rushed towards the door.

But the door remained on the verge of collapse, even though the totem had shattered, Su Ming's continuous attacks had not managed to open the door. Clearly, his cultivation at the seventh level of blood condensation was not sufficient in breaking Grandpa's seal, he was still lacking a little bit.

Unfortunately, this was already Su Ming's limit, the snowy skies outside obscuring the moon from him, preventing him from borrowing the moonlight's strength to once more kindle his blood flame.

Although the snow seemed to have weakened, after some more time it might stop, perhaps then the moon would appear past the clouds, but Su Ming was just unable to bear the torture of waiting aimlessly.

His current frenzy was born out of his desire to get out of this room and rush back with his great speed, afraid of waiting any longer as disaster approached his tribe.....

Seeing the door remain shut, despair appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he stumbled backwards, a wry smile appearing on his face. But he still had not given up, with a roar the two hundred and forty-three blood veins on his body circulated.

“Nuanced control..... nuanced control!!” Su Ming's expression was filled with madness, intending to burst forth with all his power using the method of nuanced control which he mastered while on the Feng Zhen Mountains. The number of blood veins on Su Ming's body disappeared one by one, two hundred and fifteen, one hundred and eighty-six, one hundred and sixty-two..... all the way till ninety-three, seventy-five, forty-seven.....

Until finally, all but one blood vein had faded away, raising his head, Su Ming's eyes shone with a frightening light.

“Grandpa..... you did not want me to return to the tribe!” Su Ming slowly shut his eyes before opening them in a flash as an increasingly growing red glow burst forth from the last blood vein.

Although it seemed like a single blood vein, as the red glow grew, it was obvious that under Su Ming's nuanced control, within this single blood vein, more and more blood veins were appearing. Practically in an instant, the glow had reached its peak as within this single blood vein, two hundred and three blood veins overlapped.

This was the true explosive power of nuanced control!

“I must go back to the tribe, I Su Ming am a person of the Wu Shan Tribe, If I die, I will become a ghost of the Wu Shan Tribe!!” Su Ming clenched his fists, all two hundred and forty-three of his blood veins compressed into a single blood vein. Within the blood red glow, Su Ming’s right fist shot forward.

Chapter 82 – Su Ming, Ye Wang!

A person's life can be long or can be short, there are times of glory and times of anguish, Su Ming did not know much about these things, but the one thing he knew was that he should do everything for his tribe, his home.

As the fist shot out, a crunching sound could be heard coming from Su Ming's right fist, his bones were clearly unable to withstand the impact as his flesh tore and ruptured. The instant the hand sounded out, the room trembled as the snow outside seemed to pause momentarily.

The door began to crumble at a visible rate, transforming into countless bits of shrapnel, like a burst of leaves as it flew outwards.

The current Su Ming stood outside the door-less house, with fragments of the door strewn all about. However there was still an icy screen formed by the totem in front of him, floating in the air, filled with countless cracks, but there nonetheless.

As if the door was just a cover for this invisible screen, breaking it had only just revealed the true the seal.

The glow coming from the seal was not too bright nor was it dim, apparently still firmly in place.

Su Ming did not reveal any surprise, he had long since expected this, he knew that it would not have been that easy for him to break Grandpa's seal. At the same time the door fragmented and

revealed this light screen, Su Ming had stepped forward as he shot out his fist once more with the single blood vein still brightly glowing.

This fist looked as if it had hit empty space, but in reality it had squarely landed on the light screen which trembled slightly without its glow diminishing the slightest.

Su Ming's eyes were red as he continued to let out a barrage of punches, as the barrier dimmed to its limit, blood poured out of Su Ming's mouth as he took a few steps back. Lifting his hand once more, as he gazed at the light screen, he made a slice towards the empty space.

Triple Vanquishing Strike!!

This technique was one of the strongest Mán-Techniques in the Wu Shan Tribe, rumored to have been handed down by the original Wu Shan Tribe of hundreds of years back.

To use this technique well, the crux lied not in practice. Su Ming had been contemplating this for a long time since obtaining the technique, but as he never had two hundred blood veins, he was never able to use it.

The difficulty of the technique was the stringent cultivation restriction in using it, it required at least two hundred blood veins before the first strike can be used! At the current point in time, Su Ming had two hundred and forty-three blood veins and had reached the seventh level of blood condensation. For the first time

after obtaining the technique, Su Ming could finally use it.

Slay the three omens, in the name of the guardian god! The three omens, also known as the three deaths!

From back in the days, no one knew where this technique came from, but after deeper study, revealed the existence of three omens, but these three omens were very special, they were invisible, intangible, its existence perhaps real, or perhaps..... not.

But through the constant research of the originally glorious Wu Shan Tribe, they gradually came to the conclusion that according to the different hours of the day, there were different directions the power existed in, which created the reputed Triple Vanquishing Strike of the Wu Shan Tribe.

The original Wu Shan leaders believed that there were different planes in heaven and earth, the three omens existed in only a certain level, but it definitely exists. All power existed within these planes, once a plane has been accessed, an incredible burst of power can be released.

As for the extent of power, even the old Wu Shan Tribe were unable to figure out, the technique itself was very obscure. Although at times its power can become extremely shocking, occasionally it was extremely normal, though normal it was still enough to kill!

The Triple Vanquishing Strike Technique being passed down was even vaguer, as long as you had enough blood veins you could use

it, but there no longer existed any who truly understood the essence of the technique.

This was a power the people in the Wu Shan Tribe could not explain but were able to borrow but unable to truly control. A certain Mán-Elder of the tribe once said, whoever can truly control the three omens, will have the right to control the plane.

The current Su Ming was the same, following the theories of the Triple Vanquishing Strike, at the current time, the plane the three omens existed in was in the north!

Where Su Ming sliced was precisely towards the north! The instant his right hand sliced the space, all the blood veins in his body released a great crimson glow. This crimson light flowed towards his hand, slithering around his arm nine times before shooting out from his hand into the nothingness.

The reason the technique required two hundred blood veins at least was to allow the blood veins the ability to temporarily leave the body for an instant, without sufficient blood veins, it was practically impossible.

In this instant, Su Ming felt a strange sensation coming from his entire right side, as if having completely detached from himself, transforming into a vast void. Throughout this process, his blood veins seemed to transform into a sharp razor, slicing apart the void like it was slicing apart clay.

He had not understood the reason behind this strange feeling, all

he knew was how to cause it!

Once the palm struck, the strange feeling completely disappeared as everything returned to normal. But at the same time, the dim barrier in front of him seemed to violently tremble. But in actuality, it was not the light screen shaking, but everything around Su Ming.

Even so, after the light screen finished trembling it remained as before, as if all of Su Ming's actions had barely affected it at all. This was after all a seal set in place by Grandpa, its strength is not something that can be so easily overcome by some herbs and Mán-Blood.

Su Ming's body trembled, this was the first time he used the triple vanquishing strike, given his cultivation, he could only use a single strike, the might of which already shocking himself. But as he gazed at the light screen, despair slowly grew within him, he had already used all the methods he had to try and break apart the seal, yet the light screen remained firm like the boundary between heaven and earth, clearly visible yet insurmountable.

Su Ming's face paled as he powerlessly fell back step by step.

At the same time he stepped back, his expression suddenly changed, he could clearly feel the earth trembling beneath him.

On the sealed mountain far away in the distance from the Feng Zhen Tribe, from within the shroud of darkness, a certain beast's angry roar reverberated through the skies. At the same time, the

sealed realm suddenly shook as a huge tear was torn in the space outside, revealing the towering Feng Zhen Mountains within.

“Didn’t you see, even from inside, this old me managed to break out!” from within the beast’s roar, a ghastly voice appeared.

As the mountain was exposed, along with the space tearing and the seal breaking, a powerful gust of wind and debris flew towards the Feng Zhen Tribe as the earth trembled.

The place where the chlorite city was built was connected to the seal on the Feng Zhen Mountain, as such, when the seal was forcefully broken apart, the city too would shake, startling the minds of its inhabitants.

As the city shook, even Su Ming could clearly feel it while in the house as it slowly grew more and more intense, until finally, even Grandpa’s seals started showing signs of dimming down!

His expression changed as he let out a low growl, the image of the moon in his eyes becoming clearly visible even though the moon was completely obscured at the moment.

At the same time he completed his visualisation, Su Ming rushed forwards towards the light screen, smashing into it time after time as the ground shook, slowly the light screen got gradually dimmer and dimmer.

After a short time, the trembling of the earth had reached its

peak as the chlorite city looked like it was on the verge of collapse. Cracks had abruptly appeared on more than half the surface of the light screen as it became extremely dim, as if it was going to break at anytime. Su Ming felt empty but, he still managed to condense all his blood veins into a single red line on his right arm once more as he stuck against the seal.

On his right hand, the Blood Scale Spear appeared as it transformed into a giant eagle and crashed against the light screen.

Upon collision, a frighteningly loud bang could be heard, as the light screen trembled and instantly shattered into pieces, the snowy totem also completely scattering into snowflakes as a shattering noise spread into the surroundings.

Su Ming had broken the seal!

His body shook as he coughed out even more blood, landing onto the ground in a frightening mess. The two hundred and forty-three blood veins on his body lost their light as they slowly faded back into his body.

Su Ming's expression was wretched, his entire body covered with blood, his hair disheveled, yet his eyes shone brightly with a firm determination.

"I broke out!! I need to head back to the tribe quickly!! Su Ming let out a sigh of relief, he knew that him breaking out today was mainly due to the mysterious force causing the earthquake, but rather than continue wondering about that, he very quickly ran in

the direction of his tribe.

Su Ming's greatest strength was speed, even when he wasn't a Mán-Cultivator, he was extremely nimble, after reaching the seventh level of blood condensation, his speed had already reached a terrifying level.

He rushed out of the residence for the Wu Shan Tribe, through the roads and over the city walls of the Feng Zhen Tribe, his heart burning with anxiety as he silently prayed to go faster and faster!!

Under his outburst, and the forceful absorption of the Mán-Blood and the large amounts of sieved cloud leaves, the Mán-Technique cast on Su Ming by Grandpa was starting to fall apart, making his cultivation spill out and unable to be hidden any longer.

The snowfall had greatly weakened, as snowflakes gently fell, the moon in the skies slowly becoming revealed.

The entire plains were dyed silver, but in this silent night, the sight was not beautiful, rather it seemed to exude a certain murderous feel..... in the distant sky, a white outline could be seen as a new day approached.

Only who knows when the darkness of the night will fade away.

The chlorite city was abuzz, as the various tribesman all walked out with fright and horror, they truly did not know what had happened. Even though, everything had settled back down as if

nothing had happened previously.

Su Ming did not bother about these things, he only madly ran, only after jumping over the city walls did a sense of danger suddenly come over him.

“You cannot leave!” A cold voice spoke, as a person walked out of the darkness.

He was dressed in a fiery red robe, a certain cool pride seeping out from within, this person was Ye Wang!

“As per Mam-Elder’s orders, tonight, no Feng Zhen Tribesmen are allowed to leave! You may be strong, but your Qi is a mess, this area is under my watch, you..... are not my match.” Ye Wang calmly spoke towards Su Ming.

Su Ming turned around and stared at Ye Wang, his eyes bloodshot, revealing a ferocious insanity.

As their gazes met, Ye Wang’s heart seemed to throb, this gaze was somewhat familiar.....

Chapter 83 – The Change On Feng Zhen Mountain

Su Ming's right hand shot up as a red light flashed, the blood red Scaled Blood Spear appearing in his hands as a powerful qi rushed forth. On Su Ming's body a qi like the Feng Zhen Mountains poured forth, without speaking he silently gazed at Ye Wang.

“You.....” Ye Wang's eyes narrowed, he could clearly feel the qi emanating from Su Ming's body which exhibited a trace of familiarity. He would never forget this familiar qi, in his eyes, this young man's figure slowly changed into another person, someone who could make his breathing unstable, someone who was qualified to be his own rival!

“You are Mo Su!!” Ye Wang was no normal person, in addition to the fact that the Mán-Elder personally had him guard this area, he had quickly understood something.

“My Wu Shan Tribe is in danger, I need to return, If you block me, you will become I, Su Ming's enemy!” Su Ming glanced at Ye Wang before turning to leave, he had already decided that none shall be allowed to stop him.

Seeing Su Ming run into the distance in an instant, Ye Wang's eyes flashed with a hint of hesitation, the current changes occurring in the chlorite city had made him worried, this worry and hesitation lasted only an instant before being replaced with a strong urge to battle!

If it was someone else, perhaps Ye Wang would not feel like fighting, but to him no one amongst those of his generation were worthy to be his rival. After the first test, in Ye Wang's heart, the only person worthy of that was this Mo Su!

In the first test, he may have been tied with Mo Su, but in his heart he knew he had lost, after all, when he returned to the plaza, he was unconscious, whereas Su Ming was completely awake.

Ye Wang had looked forward to competing with Mo Su in the Second and Third test, he wanted to prove that he was the number one of the generation. Even though he could guess that because the original Mo Su did not have a very high level of cultivation, he did not participate in the second and third tests. But, Ye Wang was a proud individual after all, he would not purposely use his cultivation just to bully someone.

“Mo Su!” Ye Wang fiercely lifted his head, as he coldly shouted into the distance. With a single step, he shot forwards like an arrow, flying towards Su Ming in an instant.

“You cannot leave!” Ye Wang's red robe was like a blazing flame, as his body shot forth, in the space covered in snow, he became the most eye-catching thing in the vicinity.

His cultivation could already reached the eighth level of blood condensation, but it had been forcefully suppressed by him at the seventh level of blood condensation, his pride made it such that even if he were to fight, he must utterly defeat his opponent before it could be considered a victory.

Cracking sounds came from Ye Wang's body the instant his seventh level of blood condensation was released. Quickly he reached about ten Zhang from Su Ming, with his right hand in front of him, he clawed towards Su Ming.

As he clawed, Ye Wang's body suddenly became ablaze, his skin instantly turned red, even his hair turned red like a blazing ocean, ahead of him, a huge fiery hand shot towards Su Ming.

With the flaming hand in front, Ye Wang rushed towards Su Ming.

Su Ming's footsteps instantly stopped, the snow beneath his feet instantly transforming into water, then once more instantly vaporizing into a white cloud as a warm sensation wrapped around Su Ming's body. The instant he stopped, Su Ming thrust his right leg towards the ground as he left the ground and turned around, looking at the huge menacing fiery hand less than three Zhang from him, seeming as if it wanted to burn Su Ming into ashes.

"Fire?" The Su Ming in mid-air looked at the fiery hand heading his way, and the Ye Wang running behind it. Just as the fiery plam was about to reach him, Su Ming bit his tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood.

This blood, was not released in desperation, rather it was part of the requirement for his Mán-Technique. As the blood was released, Su Ming's two hundred and forty-three blood veins appeared on his body, forming a strange looking tattoo, instantly blowing the

clump of blood into a bloody mist!

This was the Wu Blood Dust, which transformed blood into a mist, bursting forth with blood qi, the instant it collided with the bloody hand, the blood instantly burnt up in a huge inferno!

From the distance, the blood mist no longer existed, all that was left was that blazing red inferno.

Fighting fire with Fire!

After kindling his blood flame for the third time, Su Ming's body had already undergone earth-shaking changes, most significantly, in his blood was a fiery burning sensation!

Beneath the skies, the blazing inferno approached the huge fiery palm. In the instant they collided, a terrifying bang resounded. The fiery hand continued to pass into the inferno before being turned around and flying back towards Ye Wang.

It looked liked the burning flames of the heavens, devouring all things!

From the start till the end, Su Ming remained silent, his eyes bloodshot, his body rushing alongside the blazing inferno as he raised his right hand, the Blood Scale Spear in his hand letting out a red glow before he threw it forward.

A sharp whistling noise appeared as the spear flew ahead like a

crimson streak of lightning, piercing through the blazing inferno, transforming into a large red condor, rushing towards extremely shocked Ye Wang along with the flames.

Ye Wang's mind shook as his pupils contracted, he had never expected this Mo Su to be this strong, if he were to continue suppressing his cultivation, he definitely could not win!

Without hesitation, his body instantly shot backwards, he no longer held back his cultivation as four hundred and thirty-five blood veins appeared, his true cultivation bursting forth.

At the same time, his right hand shot forwards in the shape of a fist. On his right hand, a bright light shone as a black leather glove appear on his hand, the glove emanating an awe-inspiring aura, it clearly was a Mán-Tool.

When his fist shot out, a bang could be heard as a black gale appeared in front of Ye Wang. Along with the punch, it formed a black hurricane which collided with the spear and the flames. With a bang, Su Ming flew back about seven or eight steps, while Ye Wang too took four or five steps back, his posture still extremely dignified.

Ye Wang did not pause, as he instantly leapt towards Su Ming once more, Su Ming similarly rushed forth with his maximum speed, like a blur, he engaged Ye Wang in a head-on fight.

From the distance, it would seem as if in front of Ye Wang, there were many Su Mings attacking, with another loud collision, blood

leaked out of Ye Wang's mouth as he flew back over ten Zhang. Lifting his head, he too saw Su Ming cough out blood as he similarly was sent flying over ten Zhang.

“What terrifying speed..... his cultivation is not higher than mine, but with his speed, I was only able to strike him once, yet he was able to hit me many times..... this person is truly one worthy of challenging me as the number one genius of the generation!” Ye Wang was truly shocked, but his will to fight only grew stronger as he raised his left hand and pointed a single finger towards the skies.

“Mo Su, take this, I am going to go all out!” Ye Wang had just finished speaking, but at this instant, something no one expected happened.

From within the Feng Zhen Tribe, from the tall central altar, a sudden angry roar was released!

“Thieving brat, you have guts, damaging my sacred mountain!!” That voice belonged to Jing Nan, as he appeared in mid-air, flying towards the Feng Zhen Mountains. At the same time, from within the chlorite city, a powerful qi radiated outwards, flying towards the Feng Zhen Mountains alongside Jing Nan. This second awakened level qi actually came from a lady, an extremely pretty middle-aged lady!

Ye Wang was stunned, his mind shook. Su Ming's eyes flashed as he retreated without hesitation, running into the distance, fighting with Ye Wang made him all the more anxious, he did not want to fight, he just wanted to rush back to his tribe as soon as possible!

Using this opportunity and Su Ming's great speed, he traversed over ten Zhang in an instant.

Ye Wang's expression changed as he no longer bothered about the Su Ming who was running away. Quickly, he rushed back towards the tribe, he did not know what happened, but it still left him with an uneasy feeling.

Currently outside the Feng Zhen Tribe, by the luscious plains, huge terrifying changes had appeared on the Feng Zhen Mountains hidden behind the Feng Zhen Tribe's Seal.

By the base of the mountain, the group of nine people including Shi Hai's expression was filled with horror as they stared dazedly at the space in front of them, their eyes filled with disbelief.

Right in their faces, the space in front constantly rippled and twisted as a large hand tore through the space, causing a huge crack which reached the height of the skies to appear.

From that crack, the Feng Zhen Mountain was completely revealed, the black mist rolled out as a fierce monster's roar could be heard from within.

At the same time, alongside the monster's roar, a ghastly laughter could be heard.

“What a good Peng from the Fire-Mán! Even just a shred of divine

sense still has such power, it was not a waste for me to have spend so much time searching for traces of the Fire-Mán!”

That voice was completely unfamiliar to She Hai and company, but the instant they heard the words of the voice, their expression changed. After exchanging a few glances, they rushed towards the Feng Zhen Mountains without hesitation. They were after all members of the Feng Zhen Tribe, when some stranger broke into their sacred mountains, they definitely could not back down.

But as the nine of them leapt towards the spatial tear, they heard a cold harrumph spread out from the mountains as a huge purple arm over tens of Zhang long appeared from within the fog, swiping towards the nine of these elders.

Chapter 84 – I Can See The Tribe.....

With this swipe, the skies shook and a chain of ripples appeared in the space between it and the nine people. Shi Hai and company's bodies all shook as a powerful wave collided with their bodies, their qi's all instantly becoming a mess, coughing out blood as they were sent rolling around the ground, all unable to get up.

“They actually survived? Even though the blood-line has been so diluted, I guess i still can't look down on them after all. It is still your blood, even after so many generations some of it still exists.....” That ghastly voice once more resounded out, as it continued whatever it was doing in the fog, causing the strange beast to roar out in pain.

“Just a sealed Peng, you are nothing..... this seal has already restricted half your strength, I really want to see how you will resist me!” The ghastly voice spoke once more with a hint of playfulness.

At the same time, a low roar came from the distance.

“Thieving brat, you have guts, damaging my sacred mountain!!” As the voice approached, the angry Feng Zhen Tribe's Mán-Elder Jing Nan flew over along with a beautiful purple robed lady, although she had already reached past her prime, her beauty did not wane the slightest, yet her eyes contained the same anger and killing intent.

After the two of them arrived, they did not hesitate the slightest

before rushing into the spatial tear, into the black fog area of the the Feng Zhen Tribe Mountain, shortly after more earth shaking bangs could be heard alongside Jing Nan's angry growls.

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Su Ming was completely oblivious to whatever was going on in the Feng Zhen Mountains, even if he did know, he wouldn't care. What he cared most now was to return back to the tribe as fast as possible.

He want to go back to see whether the tribe..... was still there.....

He wanted to see if his tribesmen..... Were still well.....

His worry, anxiety and madness had turned into just silence. On this boundless earth, he just silently ran on the snow. He knew that a lot of time had already passed from the time Grandpa left, and given the speed of the Wu Python, they had probably long since reached the tribe.

“Nothing must have happened to them.....” Su Ming continued to run at his maximum speed on the snowy earth.

With his speed, in a blink of an eye, he could disappear from right in front of you into the boundless horizon. Without caring about anything else, he ran, forgetting about his own fatigue as he ran, running faster and faster. His two hundred and forty-three

blood veins constantly exploded with power, allowing him to continue running.

By the time the skies brightened and the sun shone overhead, sunlight bathed the lands as the snowy plains shone with a silver luster, Su Ming ran out of the great plains surrounding the Feng Zhen Tribe, rushing into the jungle near the bazaar he previously visited.

This distance would have been hard to achieve in half a day given his original speed, however currently, as he silently ran on, only two hours had passed.

This kind of speed was already extremely fast and unbelievable to others, but to Su Ming, it was still too slow.

He did not scream or shout, he merely ran through the dense forest as innumerable veins bulged from his legs. As he ran, Su Ming's body slowly became covered in sweat, not only was his legs in pain, his entire body was filled with agony.

Time slowly trickled away, and it was already afternoon. The snow had long since stopped falling, the skies above were a clear expanse of blue, while inside the boundless jungle, a single figure continued to silently run, sweat instantly flying off him as it appeared.

What kept Su Ming afloat was a powerful desire, a firm determination, his concern about his tribe's safety, his worry of his tribesmen's lives. This kind of indescribable feeling made him feel empty, all that existed was his will to keep on running.

As he got closer and closer to the tribe, his heartbeat got louder, and his anxiety became even greater, he truly feared that when he reached the tribe, all he sees is a sea of corpses.

He was scared, but his speed did not falter.

When the outline of the Wu Shan Tribe appeared in his sights, Su Ming's body trembled slightly as tears started rolling down his face.

From the distance, it could be seen that the main gates had been destroyed, the fences fragmented, and even a faint black smoke can be seen as if there was a huge fire earlier.

Inside the tribe, things were not silent, there was a congregation of a large number of tribesman.

Seeing his Tribesman still safe, Su Ming was filled with a sudden sense of familial warmth, but in an instant, a sense of blood lust for those who harmed the tribe rose within him as well.

Su Ming's body flashed as he continued running towards the tribe, before he even got near, he had been spotted by the tribe's hunting party. Their faces were originally filled with ferocity, but

as they realised it was Su Ming, their expressions gradually softened, and their exhaustion became more apparent.

Su Ming returned to the tribe with tearful eyes, walking past the shattered main gates as he looked at the lethargic hunters, and the tens of corpses in the middle of the tribe.

All of those corpses were people Su Ming was familiar with, they were all his fellow tribesman. By the sides of those bodies, there were people crying, the cries of their families reverberating about the tribe, filled Su Ming's heart with a piercing pain.

He saw that those normal tribesmen were all filled with grief, terror and anxiety, quickly packing up as they headed towards where the tribe was gathering.

He saw those young La Su, their innocent faces filled with tears, horror and fear, tightly clutching onto their mother's hands, as if the moment they let go, would be the last time they meet.

Within the tribe, the numerous huts were wrecked, the ground was a mess, random bloodstains were scattered all over the place, as if a major battle had just taken place.

As he saw more and more, Su Ming's fists became clenched even tighter and tighter, his eyes became filled with hatred, this kind of hatred and killing intent was truly something that should not be seen coming from a seventeen year old.

Tears constantly fell out of Su Ming's eyes as he gazed at the mother that took care of him as he grew up, sitting there dazedly by her own hut, no one by her side..... her children deceased, her husband dead..... leaving her alone, sitting there in despair.

As Su Ming watched, he could clearly feel a great pain growing within him.

“Hei Shan Tribe!!” Su Ming fiercely grit his teeth as he thought to himself. Looking towards Lei Chen, he saw that Lei Chen was exhausted as well as he was helping gather the tribesman, helping various people organise their things.

Lei Chen did not notice Su Ming, currently he was already exhausted.

Su Ming saw Wu La as well, this girl who looked at him with contempt, but had a crush on Mo Su, had so quickly grown up, carrying a large bow, she consoled the people as she too helped them with their stuff.

There was Chen Xi as well, within the crowd, she appeared weak and delicate, but her eyes were filled with a firm determination, it too represented the fact that she has matured.

Su Ming did not see the Patriarch, the Marksman, Shan Hen nor Bei Ling, as well as a few other people of the seventh level of blood condensation who were nowhere to be seen.

But Su Ming saw Grandpa.

In the distance, Grandpa's face was pale, his face much more aged than before, as if in this one night he lost tens of years of his lifespan. The current grandpa was treating a Mán-Cultivator's mangled left leg, that person was a twenty-seven year old flute player that Su Ming recognised.

He normally did not interact much with the other people, a funny looking object with multiple holes made of bone hung by his waist.

But Su Ming knew what it was, it was an ocarina, an instrument which few people in the tribe could play, yet frequently it could be heard playing in the tribe.

(TLN: Idk if its really an ocarina, but it is similar, just more egg shaped.

<http://music.chinesecio.com/image/attachement/jpg/site2/2009103>

On his face was no pain, only a fierce determination.

Su Ming's eyes were filled with tears as he slowly walked forwards, everything that he saw after coming back to the tribe, filled him with rage that slowly transformed into a killing intent. He wanted to fight for his tribe!

“Grandpa..... don't bother about me, my legs are already useless, but I can still fight..... I” As Su Ming approached, he heard the

tribesman grandpa was treating speak.

Grandpa's gaze grew dim with sorrow as he slightly nodded, before noticing Su Ming approach as he raised his head.

The instant he saw Su Ming, Grandpa's entire body shook, his expression was filled with shock and surprise. He knew the strength of the seal he used was definitely not something that could so easily be overcome, the instant he saw Su Ming he fell into some sort of a confused trance.

For the first time ever did Grandpa make this expression in front of Su Ming, He was just unable to understand how Su Ming broke apart the seal by himself and then so quickly return to the tribe.

At this moment, not only Grandpa noticed Su Ming, Lei Chen too realised he had returned. With eyes wide, filled with disbelief as at the same time Wu La too accidentally noticed that Su Ming had appeared by Grandpa.

Chapter 85 – Reluctantly Parting From Home

“Su Ming, you.....” Grandpa unconsciously spoke, but as he saw Su Ming’s bloodshot eyes, Su Ming’s haggard figure and his silence, he could no longer continue his words. He too could feel the burden and tragic price paid by Su Ming.

In his eyes, the current Su Ming was like a drawn arrow, this arrow carried with it a terrifying spirit, completely unstoppable!

“Grandpa..... I am back.” Su Ming spoke with a gentle voice, as if he had just came back on one of his normal trips out.

Grandpa gazed at Su Ming, his eyes filled with happiness, sadness, hesitation and a certain other feeling Su Ming could not make out.

“You want to fight for the tribe?” Grandpa finally spoke after a long time.

Su Ming silently nodded.

“Even if you have to pay with your life, is it your wish?” Grandpa paused slightly before speaking once more.

“Everyone has to die, if I can at least die protecting my home, at least I can die without regrets!” Su Ming calmly spoke his heartfelt

feelings.

Grandpa shut his eyes as if hesitating his decision before resolutely opening them and saying.

“Fine, Su Ming, Grandpa will no longer stop you, this is your choice, and I will give you that chance!”

In his heart, he understood that he could no longer stop Su Ming, otherwise, who knows what other crazy things he would do, seeing Su Ming’s tragic state, Grandpa’s heart ached yet was somewhat relieved.

At this time, the assembled Tribesmen suddenly quietened down, their gazes suddenly locked onto the several people walking into the tribe.

The Tribe Patriarch, the Marksman, Shan Hen, Bei Ling and the various other people of the sixth and seventh level of blood condensation all walked back with bloodstained bodies.

Went this group left, there were significantly more of them, but currently many of them were no longer here, those who were left were also covered in injuries, especially Bei Ling whose expression was pale as blood continuously flowed out from wounds near his chest.

In their hands, were many human heads, their return aroused many other tribesmen cheers as they walked towards Grandpa.

Bei Ling noticed Su Ming, but currently he did not have his usual cold demeanor, he just silently followed behind his father, while the tribe is encountering such a crisis, his petty jealousy had to be put aside.

If the tribe is gone, the other tribesmen dead, what use is there for that jealousy.....

“Grandpa, the nearby scouts of the Hei Shan Tribe has been personally pursued by us and slain, the outside should be..... safe, we should be able to start migration!” The Wu Shan Tribe patriarch placed two human heads by the side as he seriously spoke to Grandpa, his words laced with blood lust.

The people following him too silently put the heads aside, as killing intent poured forth.

Su Ming stood beside Grandpa as he looked at the Tribe Patriarch and company, seeing their injured bodies and their grief hidden beneath their killing intent.

It was not hard for him to figure out that the night Grandpa returned, they started preparing for migration. But as they were preparing to move, they probably met with attacks from the Hei Shan Tribe, stopping their migration. As such, they choose to cleanse the surroundings of any other Hei Shan Tribe scouts so they can more safely migrate...

After all, within the tribe most of the tribesmen were normal

people, and there were also plenty of women and children who need protection and were the future of the tribe.

Grandpa nodded, as his gaze swept through the tribesmen, all the remaining tribesmen in turn looked at Grandpa, their gazes filled with anticipation and hope.

“My fellow Tribesman.....” Grandpa gently spoke... his voice directly travelling to the ears of everyone of the tribesmen.

“We all do not want to leave our homes..... we don’t want to leave the land we live on for generations, we don’t want to move to the Feng Zhen Tribe, but for the survival of the Tribe, we..... have no choice!

We all want to love on, we must live on!

We must tell our future generations, we must tell ourselves, there will come a day where we can return to this land, we can once more rebuild our home, and on that day..... well will repay the Hei Shan Tribe the humiliation they gave us many times over!!!

I believe, but do all of you believe!!” Grandpa loudly spoke

All the tribesman, exploded with a shout, channeling all their sorrows in a single earth-shaking shout. Although the tribe did not have too many people, this one shout was filled with all their wills to live.

“There will come a day..... when our Wu Shan Tribe will return..... but for now, we need to migrate!!!” Grandpa closed his eyes, the sorrow in his eyes hidden from the rest of the tribe. In an instant he had managed to unite the entire tribe, while helping each other, under the support of the Man-Cultivators, they all got to moving as they prepared to leave this mud-flat as they started their migration.

The people slowly left the tribe, black smoke still rising from the tribe behind them, the ground littered with the desolate scars of battle.

Bursts of crying came from the migrating people, those young La Su who had yet to grow up, as well as those frightened little girls who belonged to the Wu Shan Tribe.

The men in the tribe took on the responsibility of protecting the tribe, hugging the sad children whose tears were rolling down their eyes as they slowly advanced, some slightly older children, similarly afraid held on to their family’s hands as they turned back to gaze at their tribe, with tears filling their eyes.

Looking at the familiar scene, etching it forever into their memory, as if afraid to forget this place, afraid that they can no longer recall this path home.

Every single one among them wanted to go back as they looked back at their tribe, their home.....

Among the crowd, was an inconspicuous worn old man, Nan

Song. His expression was serene, silently walking among the crowd with his small luggage.

It was currently noon, yet the sun was not extremely intense, the snow on the floor still shining with a silver light painful to the eye, yet was insufficient in stopping the tribesmen sad gazes as they frequently looked back towards the direction of the tribe.

Their home got further and further, the silhouette of the tribe no longer visible, leaving only the rising faint black smoke in sight. All their happy memories, had been deeply etched into the memories of their tribe, they..... will not forget, they could not bear to forget.

Su Ming turned around, all the memories of the tribe similarly burying itself in his heart, his youth, all the happy days he had, the time as he grew, every corner of the tribe filled him with warmth. His days at the tribe would always remain in his mind.

If not for the lack of other options, no one would choose to abandon their home. They all did not want to leave their familiar home, they did not want to move to the unfamiliar Feng Zhen Tribe and become a subsidiary tribe there.

But, this was the only choice they had, the only way for the tribe to avoid extermination, their only path to survival, this was a very long, very very long path, one that was by no means smooth, yet it was one they had no choice but to take.

The danger was not yet over, in fact the real danger had just

started, previously they had used the cover of the tribe in their first engagement with the Hei Shan Tribe, but now, along this journey, the good majority of the people here were just normal humans, in front of a man-cultivator, they just had no way to fight back at all.

This long migration, will definitely not be a smooth one.....

Once the Wu Shan Tribe loses, all that awaits the Man-Cultivators was death, in fact, all the males in the tribe would be killed, even if they were just a child..... leaving only the females behind, who would be brought back to the tribe and treated as property, the only use for them would be to bear children who will strengthen the Hei Shan Tribe further.

As the migration involved hundreds of people, the speed could not be too fast, especially as there were many small La Su and young girls travelling with them. In this harsh winter, in this freezing cold, their tears gradually stopped flowing as silence replaced them.

They did not know what awaited them in the future, perhaps the Feng Zhen Tribe would be their only hope..... only none of them could be certain if they could even make it there to the Feng Zhen Tribe in the first place.....

During this journey, how many more of them would perish, how many more of them will lose their loved ones, they just didn't know.....

In the crowd were many young tribesman who were not qualified to become Man-Cultivators, and had rarely contributed to the tribe previously, spending their time in the tribe playing around. Because the Man-Cultivators in their families perished in battle their actions were never really minded.

But now, these dozen or so youths were filled with fear and terror, as they constantly checked their surroundings, wishing that they could arrive at their destination quicker.

Among the people leading the tribe was the Wu Shan Tribe Man-Cultivators, who silently protected the tribe with a haggard expression, frequently going out of his way to help the elderly. At the forefront was the Wu Shan Tribe patriarch who walked on with a resolute expression as he and the Man-Cultivator's following him vigilantly looked out for danger.

Similarly at the back, Grandpa walked at the end, his hand holding onto a white bone staff as he walked on, constantly on the lookout. Bei Ling held onto Chen Xin's hand by the right of the party, silently walking with a pale face, the bloodstains on his chest seemingly even more plentiful yet he did not care.

Lei Chen, Wu La and the other Man-Cultivators walked along the sidelines, constantly vigilant.

The left and right flanks were protected by the marksmen and Shan Hen who silently walked onward. The Marksman's right hand tightly clenched his bow, ready to instantly fire an arrow the instant something moves! In the crowd behind him was an old man calmly walking as he gazed at the marksman.

This old man was someone Su Ming recognised, the old man from the medicine hut, Nan Song!

Shan Hen's expression was cold as before, no one knew what he was thinking, a complicated expression filled his eyes which escaped everyone's notice.

Su Ming followed along with the migrating crowd, as he listened to their cries turn into silence, his heart ached as he saw every single familiar face in fear.

“To protect the tribe, to fight for the tribe!” Su Ming thought to himself as he walked near the right, not far behind Shan Hen.

This position was not of his choice, but rather Grandpa's instruction. In his embrace was a five or six year old girl called, Tong Tong, she had currently fallen asleep, but her eyes were still lined with tears.

Her father had died in combat, and her mother too died in the night, leaving her alone in this world.

“Mama..... Papa..... pipi.....” The little girl's body trembled slightly as she slept, as if having a nightmare, tears once more flowed down her face as she clutched onto Su Ming's clothes.

Su Ming knew that Pi Pi was the name of this young girl's pet, who was really cute and always in her embrace.

“Tong Tong is a good girl..... ” Su Ming lightly patted her back, his eyes filled with sorrow, feeling that in such a short time, he had aged much much more.....

Chapter 86 – Hei Shan Tribe's Pursuit

The northern winds bellowed as the snow was blown off the trees, aimlessly floating, similar to the people beneath it, leaving their homes as the silently advanced in this forest.

Eventually, no one spoke, even the children's cries gradually stopped, as they grit their teeth, converting their sadness into determination and hatred.

Of the hundreds of people present, the vast majority of them were normal tribesman, and there were even old and sick people who could not keep up the pace, in addition to the crippling cold, their advance gradually slowed.

Surrounded by the Wu Shan tribe Mán-Cultivators, although they were sad, they still maintained their vigilance as they did not dare lower their guard. After all who knows when a battle to the death could erupt, and once they fall, there would no longer be anyone who could protect the tribe.

Su Ming hugged the little girl in his arms who was tightly holding onto Su Ming's clothes, the weather was cold, but her dreams were even more cold..... However, perhaps from the warmth from his embrace, this little child gradually calmed down as she slowly calmed down in her dreams. However, tears still seemed to occasionally roll down her face.

Slowly walking as he carried this child, his gaze constantly watched the surroundings, but as he saw the familiar faces walking

by him filled with sorrow, filled with unwillingness, and seeing those feelings transform into determination.

Gritting his teeth, Su Ming's eyes filled with hatred as he silently advanced step-by-step, frequently stepping up to help support the frail old people, helping them move just a little faster.

“If the tribe moves continuously, we should take about three days to reach the Feng Zhen Tribe, three days later..... I wonder how far can we go..... How many people will be left.....” Su Ming was worried, not for himself, but for the familiar faces around him, three days later, just how many more would he never be able to see.

Su Ming knew that if there were other alternatives, Grandpa would have already used them to help travel more quickly to the Feng Zhen Tribe. For example, the Wu Python could quickly reach the Feng Zhen Tribe, but it could just carry far too few people at the time, and normal tribesmen were just unable to withstand the aerial travel, only the stronger ones like the Marksman can withstand it.

But for the current Wu Shan Tribe, once the strong ones leave, the remainder would definitely perish.

“Mama.....” As Su Ming was in deep thought, the little girl in his embrace suddenly mumbled in her sleep, clutching tightly onto his robes.

“I definitely should have come back!” Su Ming gently patted the

little girl's back as he mused.

Time slowly passed as evening quickly approached, the migrating Wu Shan Tribesmen had already come a long way from home, in this winter cold, deep in this forest, they grit their teeth as they bitterly moved ahead, as suddenly a frightening shout came from behind.

Following the shout, many excited cheers could be heard, as streaks of figures rushed out from inside the forest.

In an instant the entire Wu Shan Tribe was stunned, as killing intent poured out of Grandpa's eyes, similarly, the Mán-Cultivators and the Marksman too exploded with killing intent.

The tribesmen were suddenly overcome with fear and instantly, the sounds of crying could be heard once more as they descended into chaos.

"The other protectors stay put and continue guiding the tribe ahead, only the rear protectors follow me to kill the enemy!" Grandpa immediately shouted his orders.

Su Ming handed the little girl in his arms to a normal tribesmen as he prepared to make his move, but hearing Grandpa's shout, he halted and grit his teeth as he choose to continue guiding the tribesmen onward. At the back, grandpa and seven other Mán-Cultivators stood in a line, like a wall stopping all intruders!

Bursts of shouting erupted from the back as more than twenty Hei Shan Tribe Mán-Cultivators appeared, the sheer quantity of them startling Su Ming.

Their own Wu Shan Tribe barely had thirty or so Mán-Cultivators, but today, in the Hei Shan Tribe's raiding party, there were already over twenty Mán-Cultivators, which was just hard for Su Ming to accept.

Among those people, the majority of them were at the fourth and fifth level of blood condensation, but there were five at the sixth level of blood condensation and even three more at the seventh level of blood condensation.

There was none at the eighth level of blood condensation, but leading those people were two blacked robed men who were dressed differently from the Hei Shan Tribesmen who at the same time released an extremely powerful blood-qi.

This blood-qi greatly outclassed the Marksman and Shan Hen and even the patriarch, their cultivation and the countless blood veins represented that they were at about the later stages of the tenth level of blood condensation.

But Su Ming could tell that these blacked robed people eyes were listless unlike normal humans, yet their movements were still extremely agile. Under their lead, these twenty or so Hei Shan Tribe Mán-Cultivators rushed towards Grandpa and company with a powerful blood-lust.

From their mouths came a strange chant that seemed to cause all the normal tribesmen to tremble in fear.

“Quickly leave!” Grandpa turned and shouted before once more turning and rushing towards the Hei Shan Tribe Mán-Cultivators. With a flick of his robe, a black gale blew towards them dragging a large amount of snow towards the Hei Shan Tribe Mán-Cultivators.

The two black robed men at the late stage of blood condensation had a clear objective, without paying any heed to anyone else, they exploded with power as they ran straight towards the black gale towards Grandpa.

As for the remaining Mán-Cultivators, when the black gale struck them, about seven of them instantly coughed out blood as their bodies trembled before exploding into a bloody mess, covering the area with blood.

The killing has begun!

Other than Grandpa, there were only seven people protecting the Wu Shan Tribe at the back, their eyes filled with determination, behind them were their tribesmen, their families, they just could not retreat, they could never retreat.

Filled with sorrow and determination, the seven of them roared as they rushed the remaining ten plus Mán-Cultivators without care, they had to buy time for the rest of their tribe.

Their cultivation were not exceptionally powerful, the strongest was only at the seventh level of blood condensation, the remaining ones were mostly at the fifth level of blood condensation. But currently, from their bodies came an inexplicable strength, this strength came from their will to protect their home, their determination to protect their tribesmen, even if they were to die and ground to dust, they were not going to let anyone past them.

This was the wall formed by their human bodies, this was the barrier formed by their lives, this was a frenzied strength born from within their souls, this was their choice!

Su Ming's eyes turned red, but it was not only him, the surrounding Mán-Cultivators all grew frenzied, even some of the normal tribesmen shouted frantically as they too wanted to rush into combat!

“Don't look, our responsibilities lie in protecting the tribe as we migrate, we have to..... just keep on moving on!!” Just as Su Ming and the rest were about to turn and rush in, from in front, the Patriarch resolutely shouted.

His duty as the Wu Shan Tribe Patriarch was to let as many Wu Shan Tribesmen as possible live, to allow the Wu Shan Tribe live on.....

Su Ming tightly clenched his fists, his eyes red as he forcefully suppressed his urge to kill, as the seven tribesmen stood guard barely ten Zhang from Su Ming, being attacked from over ten other Hei Shan Tribesmen. Along with the combat shouts, Su Ming could clearly see one of them cough out blood as his right arm

exploded, taking several steps back before forcefully halting with his legs on the verge of collapse. But he still continued to resolutely shout and rush in head first, biting off chunks of flesh of a Hei Shan Tribe's Mán-Cultivator's neck.

The Hei Shan Tribeman's expression suddenly turned frightful as his neck bled out, as he struck the Wu Shan Tribesman's chest with his fist who coughed out blood from his mouth but quickly swallowed it back down along with the flesh of the Hei Shan Tribesmen, showing a brutal, crazy behaviour which only further shocked the Hei Shan warriors.

At the same time, the Wu Shan Tribesman who swallowed the flesh of his enemy turned to look at the escaping tribe, gazing at them, gazing at Su Ming with a warm and gentle smile, he was a thirty or so year old person and in his eyes, Su Ming was still but a child.

That smile was filled with a seniors affection, completely different from his frenzied rage from before, in an instant he once more turned to face his enemies, the fierce blood-lust once more appearing in his eyes as his blood veins exploded with power surging through his entire body. In an instant, a loud explosion erupted from him as his body violently exploded. The Hei Shan Tribesman who was previously bitten wanted to retreat, but he was just too late.

This was..... Blood Vein Self-Detonation!! This was the last roar of one's blood and flesh, this sound told the pursuing Hei Shan Tribesman that if you wanted to exterminate the Wu Shan Tribe, you better be prepared to pay an unimaginably heavy price.

Caught in the explosion, the Hei Shan Tribesman coughed out blood as both his arms were destroyed, quickly falling back further as he lost his fighting spirit, his spirit was shaken, he was afraid.

Chapter 87 – Who Is The Traitor!!

Similarly afraid were the Hei Shan Tribesmen, this kind of self-destruction happened thrice in such a short time frame, the price of hearing these explosion was the loss of seven people from the Hei Shan Tribe!

The fight cruelly continued!

Tears rolled down Su Ming's face as he bitterly grit his teeth, withdrawing his gaze as he ran forward with his tribe. He knew then the tribesmen at the back were buying time with their lives, forming a wall of flesh and blood. All he could do now was to not waste their efforts, not waste their blood. He had to protect the normal tribesmen left, he had to let them escape.

Where Grandpa was, the fight was equally intense, the two brutes at the late stages of blood condensation seemed to be immune to pain, their expressions unchanging even as injuries covered their bodies, continue to tangle with Grandpa. However, Grandpa was just too strong, this was something that no one expected.

With a cold harrumph, numerous ripples appeared, these ripples upon collision with the two brutes, immediately caused their bodies to tremble. With a single instantaneous step, grandpa arrived in front of one of the two, with a finger pointing at his head, his head shattered as his body collapsed. In the same instant, Grandpa shot a fist towards the other, creating a heaven shaking bang as the other brute's body exploded.

But as these two people died, from their corpses a large amount of black smoke appeared, this black smoke slowly gathering together, forming a vague figure who rushed towards the escaping Grandpa.

“Bi Tu!” Grandpa’s expression was grave, he knew that this black smoke was not Bi Tu’s real body, rather one formed from some evil Mán-Technique, but the fact that this technique was activated meant that Bi Tu was somewhere near, or perhaps rushing towards them right this instant.

But at the same time, in the direction the tribe was escaping in came loud screams, the instant these sounds appeared, the Tribe’s Patriarch and various Mán-Cultivators’ expression all changed.

Shortly after, from the two sides, similar cried could be heard as a large number of Hei Shan Tribe enemies appeared!

If it was as before, they could have just once more sacrificed some Mán-Cultivators to stall them, to advance further, but they had actually appeared from three different directions at the same time with bloodcurdling roars. About ten or so Zhang in front of the patriarch, the ground suddenly shook as the ground split, before a giant wooden gate over a hundred zhang long and several Zhang thick appeared, instantly stopping any possible advance by the tribe!

On top of the wooden barricade were three Hei Shan Tribe brutes, one of them nearly one Zhang tall, in his hand a large bow as he stared at the people with a cruel smile.

At the same time, by the left and right sides of the tribe, along with the earth shaking, two more such gates appeared, each over a hundred Zhang long, trapping the Wu Shan Tribe within!

On the gates by the side, there were similarly enemies standing on them staring down at the Wu Shan Tribe with ridicule.

This was clearly a trap planned long in advance!

The Wu Shan Tribesmen's expression greatly changed as the patriarch's expression further paled, yet at the same time his eyes filled with killing intent. All their Mán-Cultivators similarly preparing for battle.

“They had actually managed to find out out escape route and set a trap here!” A sense of doubt grew within each and every one of their hearts.

“Who is it!! Who is the traitor!!!” Su Ming's body trembled as he recalled what Grandpa told him previously, that a traitor existed in the tribe!

At the same time, the black smoke formed by Bi Tu's Mán-Technique continued to fight Grandpa, whose expression turned sorrowful and angry, the matter regarding the traitor was only a suspicion on his part, he had tried all he could to figure out who the traitor was, only the traitor had hid himself too well, leaving not the slightest clue about himself, as if there was no traitor in the first place. But seeing today's events, Grandpa was certain that

there was a traitor, only he still just could not imagine who this traitor was..... and what was his objective.....

During this crisis, the Wu Shan Tribesmen were filled with horrified expressions, powerless to resist the enemies as they were walled off on three sides. Suddenly even more Hei Shan Mán-Cultivators appeared, seeing these fifty plus people appearing, Grandpa pointed a finger towards the tribe in the distance.

With this finger, on the skies above the Wu Shan Tribe, the winds suddenly stirred as the skies shook, a black light shone as it fused into a then plus Zhang wide Wu Shan Tribe Totem!

It was a half man half beast image, filled with the aura of an ancient Mán, its eyes filled with frenzy and blood lust, in one of its hand was a long dragon, in the other was a long spear.

Its appearance was accompanied by the dimming of the skies, as if its presence bore down on the heavens itself. Only this totem did not seem to be fully complete, as it appeared somewhat translucent, forming from nothingness itself, a black light shone from its body, enveloping the Wu Shan Tribesmen, protecting them within.

“The Mán-cultivators outside, the normal tribesmen stay inside, we fight till the end!!” Instantly, the Wu Shan Tribe patriarch let out a loud shout, his body shot towards the wooden gate in front of him, he knew that in order for the tribe to leave, he had to break through this barricade, retreat was impossible!

“Kill!!” The Wu Shan Tribe’s Mán-Cultivators all rushed out towards the Hei Shan enemies nearest to them, madly advancing, the Wu Shan Tribe’s Marksman jumped into the skies with his bow in hand as he shot a single arrow, shooting towards the barricade by the right.

The tribe patriarch was followed by two other Mán-Cultivators, rushed out determinedly to kill!

Bei Ling, Wu La, Lei Chen and the other Mán-Cultivators all madly started a battle to the death! Shan Hen silently thought for a while before too rushing into battle.

Su Ming’s heart was filled with killing intent as he got ready to move, but he suddenly heard crying coming from behind him, the little girl who he was hugging earlier suddenly got scared awake and was staring at him while crying.

Su Ming did not turn back as he suddenly jumped towards the gate in front of them, on the gate were ten plus Hei Shan Tribe brutes who pounced down with a strange battle cry, as he and the surrounding Mán-Cultivators started the fight.

As it was evening, the sunlight was fairly dim, as the moon too started to appear in the skies, apparently it would be nighttime soon. Su Ming’s blood boiled as he roared in rage, his eyes bloodshot, the reason he had broke the barrier and rushed back was precisely for this reason, right now was his reason for living!

“I was born to the Wu Shan Tribe, and will die as a Wu Shan

spirit!” Su Ming had no reservations as all two hundred and forty three blood veins surfaced, revealing his cultivation at the seventh level of blood condensation, but in today’s fight, barely anyone paid attention to this youth.

In the group of ten plus Hei Shan Tribesmen ahead of him, there was only one person at the seventh level of blood condensation, the rest were only at the fifth or sixth level. This person had looked down on the seven Wu Shan Tribesmen who rushed forth, as a member of the Hei Shan Tribe’s hunting party, he had felt that killing these people personally was like stealing candy from a baby.

But as he approached, his eyes suddenly widened with surprise, he could clearly feel that in the group approaching him was a weak looking youth who somehow exploded with a powerful blood qi.

“Just who is he!! For such a youth to have such powerful blood qi!!” Before he finished his train of thought, Su Ming had already arrived, and his target was precisely himself.

All this happened in an instant, as both parties collided, the sounds of battle resounded, along with the mournful cries of tribesmen. Su Ming shot out his fist, all two hundred and forty three blood veins combined into one, as it collided into the Hei Shan Tribesman at the seventh level of blood condensation.

A bang resounded out, but in this messy battlefield, it was barely of any significance. Standing on the edge of life and death, the tribesmen hiding in the barrier trembled as their faces paled, but firmly determined and seemingly fearless, yet in reality they were definitely afraid, only they knew, what point was there in being

afraid.

In their eyes, a bone chilling hatred emerged, one that seemed to be able to consume the world.

Silence, everyone was silent, even the little girl who was shocked awake no longer shed tears, she only gazed at Su Ming's back, gazed at him fighting for the tribe!

A single fist shot out as it met with the other man's fist, with a bang, that brute instantly coughed out a large amount of blood, his wrist on the verge of breaking, with the recoil from that exchanged, he fell back several steps, but as he retreated, Su Ming roared as he continued to rush forth and punch with an inhuman speed, fist after fist after fist!

In the blink of an eye, Su Ming shot out eight punches which all landed on the brute's body who constantly retreated as blood poured out of his mouth. That man had never expected that he would run into such an elite here, such a crazy powerful fellow.

“Die for me!!” Su Ming once more approached, this time not using his fists, rather he used his head to headbutt his opponent's skull, sending him backwards onto the wooden gate, crashing against it with a bang as blood spurted out from his mouth, he was completely suppressed by Su Ming's speed without the chance for even striking back, in his eyes, Su Ming was just..... too fast!

Chapter 88 – Coronach

“Who is that!! The Wu Shan Tribe should not have such a young and powerful cultivator!!” The brute spat out blood as his expression turned grim and his mind screamed.

But Su Ming’s speed was just too great, practically the instant that brute collided with the wooden gate, Su Ming had already arrived, filled with a frenzy killing intent, his fists shot forward, at the same time he bit his tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood which instantly became a bloody mist, he had activated the Wu Dust Blood.

Once the technique was used, it instantly flew towards the brute who was in disbelief. Su Ming’s fist pierced through the bloody mist and landed on the man’s chest.

With a bang, the entire wooden gate trembled as the brute’s eyes widened and lost its light, blood flowing out of his mouth, with a hole punched straight through his chest.

“Kill!!” Su Ming’s eyes were red, showing no intention of stopping after killing one of them as he turned towards the rest of the Hei Shan Tribe’s Mán-cultivators. His battle with the previous Mán-Cultivator was extremely quick, but was seen by all the nearby Hei Shan Mán-Cultivators who found it hard to believe that their Hunting Party’s Deputy Leader had fallen just like that, what’s more, they could not even see Su Ming’s figure, but only a blur.

Not only them, even the Mán-Cultivators on Su Ming's side were stunned, they all knew who Su Ming was, and in their memory, he was but a simple tribesman, they had wondered why Su Ming was put together with the Mán-Cultivator party, but now when Su Ming moved, it had greatly surprised them yet also gave them joy.

Following Su Ming's shout, these seven other Mán-Cultivators cried out together.

“Kill!!”

“Kill those who attack our homes!!” Su Ming's eyes were red, as he punched with his vast blood qi!

“Kill those who hurt my family!!” As he once more punched.

“Kill those who hurt my tribesmen!!” As he punched again.

Su Ming's body flashed, to the horror of the Hei Shan Tribesmen, he was filled with a never before seen madness and killing intent, a hatred poured out of him that should not exist in a seventeen year old but rather a crazy murderer.

Fresh blood filled the surroundings, as a loud explosion reached Su Ming's ears, his heart ached as one more of his own tribesman was forced to self-destruct.

This was a battlefield where one was the intruder and the other the defender, this battle contained the madness of both sides, the

hundreds of years of resentment between the Wu Shan Tribe and the Hei Shan Tribe!

On the Hei Shan Tribe's side suddenly more Mán-Cultivators appeared, making the battle even more intense. Whereas the number of Wu Shan Tribe Cultivators paled in comparison, but in each of the minds of the Wu Shan Tribe Cultivators was a desperate thought, one to protect their home, their tribesmen, their tribe, and as such were willing to give up everything they had!

Death was nothing! To be able to fight for your home, to fight for your tribe, to fight for your children, to fight for your parents, this was the most glorious moment of their lives!

The people protected under the Mán-Totem were all in silence, except for the occasional cries coming from within. They were shedding tears for their children who were fighting for them, their parents who were outside protecting them, their tears fell for all those Mán-Cultivators fighting outside to protect them.....

“Mummy why is the sky blue..... is it because daddy is watching us from up there.....”

“Daddy, why do the stars at night always blink at us..... is it because mummy is up there watching us.....” unsure where these words were first spoken among st them, but slowly more and more people shed tears in the cover of the Mán-Totem's light.

Their voices merged together, forming a gentle yet sorrowful

sound wave, containing all their emotions, their love and sadness.

These words were exclusive to the Wu Shan Tribe, in the tribe, whenever someone passed away, the other tribesmen would all gather around the fire, singing hymns of lamentation.

“La Su, you are never alone, don’t be sad and don’t cry anymore, mummy and daddy will be watching you..... every year, every day..... they will be with you.....”

“I won’t cry, I won’t be sad, I won’t feel alone, because I know are there, there watching me..... and so I am happy.....”

“Those voices grew louder in the sea of tears, the Wu Shan Mán-Cultivators who did not fear death, heard the voices of their tribesmen, their familiar voices, and were filled with greater determination, they would fight till the end, till they could fight no more!!

Su Ming’s body trembled, as tears fell from his eyes, his body was covered in blood, some of which were his, but much more of his enemies’.

He did not know fatigue, he did not know fear, all he knew was to fight, and once he could move no longer, once he was fatally wounded, he knew that all he could do was to self-destruct!!

“Mummy..... daddy..... pipi.....” Behind his back, he could still faintly hear the little crying girl.

Su Ming's heart filled with sadness as if there were many thorns piercing straight through his heart. He moved faster and faster, his fists punching louder and louder, the sounds of murder and the mournful singing melded together into a melody.

This sorrowful melody revealed a certain sense of desolation, a certain sorrow, a certain sense of departure..... nearby, under a large tree the Wu Shan Tribe flutist leaned, as his legs were a mess, this body covered in blood, his expression pale and downcast.

With his trembling hands, he held his ocarina to his mouth, as he played a sad tune, the sad melody like a mother's cry, covered the battlefield, joining in the tribe's sorrowful medley.

The sorrowful whine, spread along the winds, burying itself into the snow, into the blood of their tribesmen, causing each and every one of the Wu Shan Tribesmen to shed tears constantly.

Su Ming's body shook, this was not the first time he heard this instrument, but he had never heard such a tune, his tears constantly falling as his heart was lost, all that remained was a body covered in endless scars and sorrow.

By his ears, other than the sorrowful melody he could hear the explosions of the people's self-destruction, each and every single sound represented one more of his tribesman immolating their blood veins and destroying themselves.

"Don't forget me in the river of reincarnation!" Su Ming bitterly

smiled as his fists flew out once more, ending the life of one of his enemies in a violent explosion, as he coughed out more blood. Turning around, he saw the person playing the ocarina under the large tree.

His eyes appeared dim, yet a glimmer of light remained, he continued to play the ocarina with his blood stained hands, unable to conceal the sorrow in his heart, and his final farewell.

This would be the last time he would play the ocarina in his life, this last song will be played with his own life force.....

Su Ming closed his eyes for an instant before turning to look at Bei Ling in the distance, three Hei Shan Tribe brutes fiercely forced Bei Ling back time and time again, his bow long since broken, his body covered with numerous injuries, large amounts of blood pouring out his chest, his face was pale as he clutched onto his bone knife, filled with a tragic determination and madness.

He could not retreat, behind him were his tribesmen, even if they were protected by the Mán-Totem, he could not back off, nearest to him as a girl, crying as she stared at Bei Ling, watching his figure like she was staring at an unmoving mountain.

This girl was Chen Xin, whatever she was saying, whatever she was telling Bei Ling, could not be heard by Su Ming in the distance, but he could see the warmth in her eyes as she spoke to Bei Ling.

She loved Bei Ling, and at this moment, all she could confirm was that she loved him.

Tears fell down her eyes as she saw Bei Ling's body trembled, the three Hei Shan Tribesmen smilingly approached him, the bone knife in his hands shooting towards Bei Ling's head, and at that instant, Chen Xin let out a sorrowful cry..... as she rushed forward.

Bei Ling could only bitterly smile as he could withstand no longer, since yesterday, he had been locked in combat, he knew that he could no longer dodge, just as he was going to self-destruct, he felt Chen Xin's embrace.

“This is fine too, since you have come, let us go together.....” Just as Bei Ling shut his eyes and prepared to self-destruct, an earth shaking roar resounded, everyone including the Hei Shan Tribesmen were suddenly shocked by the sound.

They all saw a long red spear flying at a terrifying speed towards Bei Ling carrying along with it a crazy killing intent, which manifested in the form of a giant red eagle. In an instant it had shot past Bei Ling and landed in the chest of the Hei Shan Tribesman with the bone knife. With a bang, he collapsed dead on the snowy floor at the same time an explosion of qi erupted, turning the man's body into a pile of flesh and blood.

The other two Hei Shan brutes involuntarily took a few steps back as their bodies trembled, coughing out mouthfuls of blood, at the same time a figure appeared like a flash of lightning in front of Bei Ling, completely blocking his view.

This scene, this back, all appeared in an instant and caused many different waves of emotions to appear in his mind, he was very familiar with this scene, in the Feng Zhen Tribe, he too had experienced this sight, he had seen this person before, standing in front of him, although these two people had different appearances and physique, but in his eyes the two overlapped.

“Su..... Ming.....” Bei Ling’s eyes let out disbelief as he was dumbfounded, he finally understood.....

Chapter 89 – Let Bygones Be Bygones

He had understood, just like back in the Feng Zhen Tribe, in the same manner, it had been Su Ming who stood in front of him and faced Wu Sen,

He understood why back in the chlorite city, at the Wu Shan Tribe's residence, the night he returned all lethargic, yet found a vial of his own Life Blood, the person he was searching for was also Su Ming.

And right now, seeing Su Ming's back in front of him, it gave him the same feeling as the time he saw the figure returning from the first test under everyone's gazes. The familiarity from that time had also been born from Su Ming.

All these memories flashed like lightning in Bei Ling's mind causing his body to tremble as he did not dare believe what he was thinking, it was just too hard for him to believe. How on earth did Su Ming achieve this level of cultivation so sneakily, all of a sudden he was already someone superior to himself.

In his memories, this was a person he had looked down on but yet always remained indifferent towards, but today, he had become somebody who thrown his heart into such a mess.

It was so complex that he seemed to have forgotten that he was still in the middle of a battlefield, forget that he was about to die as his mind turned blank.

“How could this be.....” Bei Ling mumbled, Chen Xin tightly hugging him, her eyes filled with tears. Su Ming did not appear in his eyes at all, only Bei Ling’s pale face and figure remained, as she was unwilling to part even in death.

Although this took a long time to describe, in reality it had happened in an instant. The moment the spear flew towards the knife wielding man, Su Ming had already arrived with his immense speed, a single silhouette rushing towards the remaining people who only had the cultivation of the fifth level of blood condensation.

They quickly retreated, their eyes instant contracting as a powerful sense of crisis came over them, however Su Ming was just too fast, before they could retreat, he arrived with the whistling winds and instead of striking with his fists, he smashed his entire body against one of the Hei Shan Tribesman.

A crisp crumbling sound rang as the Hei Shan Tribesman spat out fresh blood, his back suddenly rupturing, seemingly unable to withstand the force coming from Su Ming’s body, as his bones shattered as well. Before his body touched the ground, he had already died.

The hatred blazing in Su Ming’s eyes not only did not diminish, it grew deeper, he hated all these Hei Shan Tribesmen. Angrily turning around, he glared at the last Hei Shan Tribesman who struck against Bei Ling nearby.

This person was well built, but rather short, his initially excited and ferocious smile had transformed into a meek and grim one, his

eyes were filled with horror as he stared at Su Ming's fierce killing methods. A spear through one and smashing his body through another.

The clean kills gave this person a sense of Su Ming's mad cruelty as his heart raced, as Su Ming turned to look at him, he almost cried out in fear as he retreated with all he had, he was afraid, in his mind, Su Ming was definitely one of the Wu Shan Tribe's elites and was not someone he could defeat.

But before this man could take even three steps, a shrill whistling sound flew over towards the person, in an instant an arrow drew blood from that escaping man, piercing through his neck and into a tree.

The man held onto his neck as blood poured out his wound, his corpse landing on the ground and trampled upon by the various fighting tribesmen.

The Marksman in the distance withdrew his lethargic gaze, as he continued to fight an opponent of the eighth level of blood condensation.

Su Ming walked towards Bei Ling, stopping directly in front him and picking up the spear firmly impaled in the snowy ground. Fiercely pulling it out from the ground as he continued to search for more enemies to kill, until a complicated voice came from the nearby Bei Ling.

“Thank you.....” This voice was very weak, almost hidden

behind the sounds of fighting, as if having heard nothing Su Ming walked forward after pulling out the spear, but after a few steps he momentarily paused.

“Just let bygones be bygones..... for Chen Xin, you still have to properly live on.....” Su Ming spoke before quickly rushing back forward into the fray.

Practically at the same time Su Ming rushed forth, a cold gaze landed onto Su Ming, it came from a tall man in linen clothes, his body well built like a pagoda, completely covered in blood, the blood of the Wu Shan Tribesmen.

His blood qi was powerful and from the looks of it was at least at the eighth level of blood condensation, practically the same as Ye Wang who Su Ming previously fought.

After taking a glance at Su Ming, he raised his right hand while holding a bone knife, instantly cutting the heads of a Wu Shan Tribesman.

Before he had the opportunity to detonate his own blood veins, his head had already fell into his hands and was thrown directly at Su Ming.

Blood flowed out the head as it stained the ground beneath Su Ming red, quickly melting the snow into a bloody mess.

Su Ming's feet stopped as he glared at the man with his bloodshot

eyes, while mixed in the man, the man had sufficiently displayed his brutality, while he too saw Su Ming's mad frenzy.

Their gazes locked for an instant, before the man rushed towards Su Ming, Su Ming too ran towards the other person at top speed!

What the person wore was not simple hide clothing, which also represented that his status in the Hei Shan Tribe was not simple, to kill someone like him would definitely adversely affect the Hei Shan Tribe's morale.

The instant he moved, given his status, the nearby Hei Shan Tribesmen all took notice and were refilled with vigor as they let out a battle-cry.

The two got closer and closer, in an instant they collided and started another battle to the death.

But at this instant, from the front of the Wu Shan Tribe, the tribe patriarch spat out fresh blood as his face turned pale and he backed away, however, of the Hei Shan Tribesmen facing him, more than half had perished, but, there were two black robed men facing him with a frightening level of cultivation, instantly severely injuring the Wu Shan patriarch.

The black robed man's eyes were dull yet filled with killing intent, taking large strides he advanced towards the retreating patriarch with two other Hei Shan Tribe cultivators, seemingly intending to finish him off once and for all. By the patriarch's side, the tribesmen accompanying him had detonated their blood veins

already, and the only person left in the front lines was himself.

In this crisis, the Wu Shan Tribe patriarch was no longer able to avoid death, but from mourning crowd behind him, suddenly a person rushed out from the crowd, it was actually an old man, the Wu Shan Tribe's Nan Song!

The moment he moved, he let out a sigh as his right foot propelled him forward releasing a gentle sound. But in that instant, the black clothed man chasing the Wu Shan Tribe patriarch suddenly seemed startled as Nan Song appeared in front of him stopping their chase by engaging them in combat.

Of the two Hei Shan Tribesmen accompanying him, one of them was an archer with a large bow, as Nan Song arrived, he choose to continue pursuing the Wu Shan Tribe patriarch with eyes filled with a brutal excitement, thinking that if he manages to obtain the head of this patriarch, he will definitely be greatly rewarded in his tribe.

The Wu Shan Tribe patriarch bitterly smiled, he was only a few more Zhang away from the barrier, but he understood that he could no longer make it there.

But there was not a shred of regret in his eyes, only reluctance, he did not regret fighting to the end, as the patriarch, it was a honour to die for his tribe, only he was filled with reluctance..... he did not want to so quickly have to leave this tribe, he had not brought his tribesmen to a safe place yet.

The Patriarch's predicament was captured in Su Ming's eyes, and many others. But, under the Hei Shan Tribe's assault, there was no one who could go. Even the Hei Shan tribesmen got excited as they even more fiercely blocked the Wu Shan Tribesmen.

Su Ming wanted to rush over, but the Hei Shan Tribesman in the linen clothes coldly smiled as he stopped Su Ming, preventing him from even having the chance at throwing his spear towards the patriarch.

At this critical moment, just as the Wu Shan Tribe patriarch was about to face his demise, there were about a dozen youths in the front within the barrier.

And amongst these youths, a single youth shuddered, he was one of the idlers in the tribe, he could not cultivate, neither did he have a sturdy body to do the daily manual labour, and only because his family had a few Mán-Cultivators who perished in battle, he could live leisurely. As long as he did not betray his tribe, he could have lived his life like this.

He did not forget the glory of his family, but choose not to inherit it, he had rather chosen to live under the protection of that fame and live his lazy life away.

Chapter 90 – Death And War

He truly feared death, this feeling of fear seemingly tearing him apart from inside, so much so that he did not even dare stay near the front, rather he hid in the middle of the tribe. But in the tribe, all the La Su were people who had lost their families and had all huddled together in the center, they could only rely on the patriarch for survival, for safety, they believed that the patriarch could protect them all.

But currently, they could all see the patriarch in danger, which they could avoid by simply hiding within the barrier.

At this critical moment, among the youths in the front, there was a pale faced kid, trembling in fear, yet for the first time his eyes filled with frenzy, and blood veins had appeared.

“I know that I have been wasting my life away, just eating my fill without ever contributing to the tribe, I know that that food had been wasted on me, I know that many tribesmen look down on me, even the La Su think I am trash.....

..... I know I am trash, I don't have a Mán-body, I know I am lazy, I don't have a powerful body, I have been useless..... The only thing I have is the glory my father brought back by hunting wild beasts.....

Today, I will let everyone know, although I may be trash, I am still a member of this tribe!!!” That youth's eyes were crimson as he ran towards the patriarch, roaring as he used his own body to

extend a rope of life for the patriarch!

In an instant, this youth's body shot past the retreating patriarch, the instant he reached the front, an arrow instantly blasted his body apart, instantly killing him.

“Dad..... your La Su, is not trash...” Before he died, he managed a single bitter smile.

Practically the same time the youth ran to his demise, his companions, ten or so other youths too rushed out madly, they choose to use their lives to repay the tribe's care, to use their lives to regain their family's glory.

“We may be trash, but we are still the tribe's trash!!” Those ten or so youths ran out, using their weak bodies, using their blood, they choose to sacrifice themselves for the patriarch, for the tribe, to form a wall of flesh. The two Hei Shan Tribesmen had not expected that the normal people of the Wu Shan Tribe would actually run out at this moment, however, they still viewed them with contempt and disdain, in their eyes these people were simply too weak.

As they roared, these ten or so people were smashed into a bloody mess, yet they were somehow still alive, clinging to life purely with their wills, they pounced onto the Hei Shan Tribesmen, even as their bodies were destroyed, their teeth bit firmly into their enemies.

Today's conflict will be a great tragedy, numerous lives would be

lost, yet even so, these ten or so youths manage to shake the hearts of the Hei Shan Tribe pursuers. They had never expected that these normal tribesmen would be so crazy and persistent, and even able to stall their advance for a while.

The two instants that they bought with their lives were very short, but those two instants had been enough for the patriarch to return from his dangerous predicament, and retreat into the Mán-Totem's light. His heart ached, although he knew that for his tribe's future, he must not die so early.

But, looking at the bodies in front of him, looking at the bodies of those youths whom he was helpless against, some of whom he himself disliked, as he looked at these familiar faces now turned into a pile of flesh and blood, this forty or so year old powerful Wu Shan Tribe Patriarch let his tears flow out.

Behind him, there were even more tribesmen crying, those youths had used their lives to send everyone a message, even if they were trash, they were still members of the tribe, even they were willing to die for the tribe!

Su Ming bit his lips as he continue to exchange blows with the brute in front of him, his entire cultivation condensed into a single blood vein, constantly striking out against that man.

He specialised in speed, while the brute specialised in strength similar to Ye Wang. Their battle extremely conspicuous, Lei Chen saw it, Wu La saw it, even many other tribesmen saw it.

Among the tribesmen was the little girl, her frightened eyes filled with tears as she looked at Su Ming.

At this moment a loud roar came from the distance, the black figures conjured by the Hei Shan Tribe patriarch dissipating into black smoke, as Grandpa walked back with large strides carrying an imposing aura with him.

Grandpa was back!!

He moved quickly, taking three steps in the skies. With a single step, he reached Su Ming's side, with a single finger to the forehead he caused the brute's body to tremble as he flew backwards while coughing blood, a bloody hole appearing in his forehead, his expression grim as he eventually succumbed to his demise.

Grandpa did not stop, taking a second step, he appeared by the front of the tribe, appearing beside the black robed man Nan Song was fighting. With a wave of his right hand, that man's body instantly trembled and collapsed.

A frightening qi emanated from Grandpa's body, killing with each step he took, causing all the Hei Shan Tribesmen to be filled with fear as they all backed off.

Su Ming's eyes were filled with emotion, not only him, everyone of the Wu Shan Tribesmen all cried out with emotion only to see Grandpa make a third step, this third step ended with him landing on the wall in front. With a stamp of his feet, the wall shook and

broke into several large pieces, with another wave of his sleeves, these fragments flew towards the Hei Shan Tribe Mán-Cultivators.

In an instant, their tragic screams could be heard.

After these three steps, Grandpa's face turned sickly red but very quickly recovered, raising his head, he calmly shouted.

“Don't stop, let's move!!”

As he spoke those words, the severely injured Hei Shan Tribesmen did not dare stall them any further, following the patriarch's lead, the Wu Shan Tribesmen quickly hurried into the distance, the dying Liu Di by the large tree also being propped away.

Very quickly, silence filled the battlefield, only the bloody remains remained.

The group where Su Ming was, were covered in blood as they slowly advanced. The girl being carried by another tribesmen no longer cried, a certain determination growing in her eyes.

Although she was still young and did not understand many things, she had grown up in this single night.

Moonlight enveloped the lands as these homeless Wu Shan Tribesmen continued to walk onwards, no longer confused and helpless as the moonlight lead their way.

“Patriarch, Mán-Elder..... let the few of us old people stay here, don't let having to take care of us affect the tribe's travelling speed.....”

As they were migrating, at practically the same time, the normal old people of the tribe seemingly all blurted out. They were all really old, and could no longer keep up, rather than affecting the entire Tribe's travelling speed, why not just stay behind instead.

“Let the young ones go, we can stay here..... originally we really should have just stayed back at the tribe..... sigh.” Another old man stopped moving.

Very quickly, after some consideration almost all the old people in the tribe walked out, forming a group of forty or so people, they were determined to stay behind, although their remaining lives were unable to really help the tribe advance further, at the very least, they did not want to burden the tribe.

“You all..... “ The Wu Shan Tribe Patriarch was stunned as he shut his eyes, before once more opening them and deeply bowing towards this group of old people.

“Jest go..... we are already tired.....” These old men gently smiled as they waved towards the remaining tribesmen, their loved ones remaining in the crowd, tears falling out uncontrollably, some youths too wanted to stay and take care of them but were denied.

“Mán-Elder, is there any methods that us old men can use to detonate our bodies like those men earlier? If there is, please do tell us.” Among the old men, one of them gently smiled at the Grandpa as he asked.

Grandpa silently thought for a moment before walking up towards that old man and handed him an object, while lightly patting his shoulder. He knew that this was not the time to be soft-hearted, in order for the rest of the tribe to migrate quickly, he hurriedly turned back.

“The remaining tribesmen, let’s quickly move!”

As tribesmen tearfully turned their eyes towards them, these old men all smiled lovingly towards them before sitting down and talking about their youths.

For the main party, without these old men, their speeds increased fairly significantly.

After a long time the skies in the distance gradually brightened, and their backs got further and further from the Wu Shan Tribe which will eventually transform into ruins.

Without any life, in the coming years it will slowly crumble, eventually perhaps vegetation would take over that space, merging it together with the jungle, becoming but a memory.

As the wind blew, as if lamenting, the snow tumbled across the

lands, sweeping through the tribesmen homes, their belongings rustling across the grounds with a desolate chime.

Among these things were the La Su's toys, the various bits of hide left behind, various extinguished fire pits, random bits of scattered herbs, as well as broken bits of pots and plates.

Other than the sounds of wind, the tribe was entirely silent, but as one of the leather huts collapsed, a certain small and round fluffy little animal's head burrowed its way out. This little beast was very cute, although it was originally entirely white it was not a dusty grey. It's eyes were frightened as it shivered in the snow.

A loud cry came from its little mouth as it was seemingly calling for its owner. It's name was PiPi, and was the little girl's pet.

But this cry could not be heard by its owner..... it was left alone in this tribe's ruins, unwilling to stray too far from the collapsed hut, because it was after all its home.

As it cried out, this little beast slowly retreated, it could not bear the cold, just as it was about to retreat into the hut, footsteps could be heard as ten plus people walked over from the main gates of the tribe.

The one leading them was a powerful looking man, only his expression was extremely gloomy, if Su Ming were here, he would have recognised this person as the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch.

Following behind him was a similarly gloomy looking youth who licked his lips, smiling at the surroundings cruelly. He was Bi Su!

“They really ran quickly! Hurry up and chase, Grandpa is about to arrive. This time, other than the girls, not one of the Wu Shan Tribesmen would remain!” The Hei Shan Patriarch slowly spoke as he walked into the tribe.

Bi Su looked at the surroundings as he prepared to leave, but all of a sudden he saw the shivering little beast, with a smile he waved his hand towards the animal.

The little animal trembled before its eyes dimmed, a green qi emerging from its corpse which Bi Su grabbed and placed into his forehead before revealing a cruel gaze.

“Ah so you are called PiPi..... since you miss your owner so much, let me reunite the two of you.”

Chapter 91 – Hei Shan's Bi Tu!

It is already late night, the snowy ground lightly glowing under the faint moonlight as the Wu Shan Tribe's footsteps lightly crushing the snow beneath them.

The surroundings were quiet other than the sounds of snow being trampled, the Wu Shan Tribesmen were all quiet, regardless of their age or gender, they were all silent.

It has already been a few hours after the large battle, but the brutality of it had still been carved deeply into their memories, it had become something they would never forget.

Before they left, the Wu Shan Tribe had over thirty Mán-Cultivators, but currently they had only fourteen left. These fourteen people were all covered in dried blood, and sorrowful expressions, and a silent killing intent as they watched over the tribe.

They had lost ten over people, but the Hei Shan Tribe had lost even more, although this had to do with their lower cultivation, it was also because the Hei Shan Tribe did not attack with the same determination, they did not have the same things to protect. Time after time, the people's self destruction struck into the minds of the Hei Shan Tribesmen..... striking fear into their hearts.

Although the Wu Shan Tribe was weak, hidden within this weakness was a great strength!

Su Ming silently advanced, since the earlier fight, they all had not spoken at all, this normally cheerful youth had become silent.

Su Ming knew that from this day forth, his innocence left his body, from this day forth, his cheerful character had been lost from his blood, his tears have become replaced by a cold silence.

Time flowed on and a new day quickly approached, these worn out tribesmen had walked the whole night without stop, bearing their fatigue, the encouraged each other as they hurriedly migrated.

When day broke, they could no longer continuously travel, only after taking a hour long break could they carry on.

All the way till the night of the second day and the moonlight once more illuminated the lands, the Wu Shan Tribesmen had continued to hurriedly advance in silence.

“Big brother Su Ming.....” A fragile voice reached Su Ming’s ears, turning his head, he looked towards the little girl carried by another tribesman.

Seeing her clear eyes, Su Ming forced out a smile, but his expression coupled with his bloodied face made him look scary nonetheless.

But the little girl was not afraid, her eyes wide open as she stared at Su Ming, after hesitating slightly, she raised her little hands and

wiped some of the dry blood on Su Ming's face.

Feeling the little girl's soft hands rubbing on his face, from Su Ming's aching heart, a certain warmth was born from within.

"Big Brother Su Ming is not afraid..... so Tong Tong is not afraid as well....." The little girl withdrew her hands which were slightly stained with blood as she continued to gaze at Su Ming her eyes shining brightly with a determination a child should not have.

Su Ming rubbed this little girl's head without replying, only looking back ahead towards the path obscured within the forest.

Lei Chen was in the group on the other side, walking with clenched fists, the blood on his back already dry, already numb to the pain, his eyes tinted with bloodlust, but even more so by sorrow. He will never forget that night's battle, if not for another elder cultivator detonating his blood veins just before he died and saving his life, his corpse would probably have been left behind back there as well.

In front of him was Wu La, her face was pale as she carried an exhausted expression, her right arm stained with dry blood and seemed as if it could no longer be used. Her face covered in blood and flesh, her original good looks no longer visible.

But in her eyes, you can see that she had not given up, she still carried the staunch determine of the Wu Shan Tribesmen.

At the back, while guarding the tribe, Bei Ling and Chen Xin held hands, as if unwilling to ever let go.

Grandpa too remained at the back as before, his white hair and wrinkly face made Su Ming's heart ache, he could see that Grandpa too was exhausted.

On the second night, the moon was not curved, and slowly becoming more complete, although it was still not a full moon night, perhaps tomorrow or the day after would be.

As the tribe advanced, occasionally a Mán-Cultivator would return from the distance. There were not many of them, only four in fact, these people were acting as scouts for the tribe, risking their lives to watch for any changes in the surrounding areas, only occasionally returning to make periodic reports.

And if they do not come back, it would mean that they have run into the enemy.

Time flowed on and another two hours passed, the skies remained dark as if it was watching over the Wu Shan Tribe with a terrifying gaze.

At this time, of the four forward scouts, only three returned. The one who was responsible for scouting the rear did not appear. Su Ming felt goosebumps as his eyes let out a ferocious glint, his footsteps stopped as he turned around, some others who noticed similarly did the same thing. Grandpa's eyes flashed as he tightened the grip on his bone staff.

All of a sudden, a weak cry came from behind, when this voice entered their ears, it made them feel a tinge of sorrow.

He knew that that was the sound of self detonation.

He knew that the Hei Shan Tribe's attacks have once more arrived!

“Don't stop and move more quickly, all the remaining Mán-Cultivators focus on defense, continue to retreat as we fight!” Grandpa smashed his bone staff onto the ground, as he waved his right hand towards the tribe, the skies above the tribesmen once more distorting, the Wu Shan Tribe Totem once more appearing, enveloping the tribesmen in its protective light.

It floated along as the Tribesmen advanced, with its protection, as long as it was not broken, the tribesmen would be safe.

Practically as the Mán-totem appeared, Grandpa raised his head revealing a never before seen serious expression, as he stared at the black skies.

The skies suddenly transformed as a red glow shot out, melding with the darkness and like a blood spurt, it had quickly covered the skies.

A husky voice came from the skies, spreading out in all directions.

“Mo Sang.....” As the voice approached, a immense pressure crashed down from the skies, immediately pressing down on the vast lands, all the tribesmen could feel it as even the Wu Shan Tribe Mán-Totem trembled.

Su Ming’s heart raced, this kind of pressure was something he only felt from the Feng Zhen Tribe’s Mán-Elder Jing Nan, this pressure originated of an awakened cultivator!!

This was an absolute force coming from the awakened realm towards one at the blood condensation stage, under this pressure, the blood condensation cultivator would feel as if their entire blood qi was out of control.

But, as this pressure appeared with the crimson streak in the skies and the moon in the sky too seemingly transformed into the blood moon, Su Ming could feel an indescribable feeling growing inside only him.

This feeling was as if his blood was kindling as he gazed at the blood moon, he felt as if there was a giant NightWing hiding behind the skies.

This was a hard to believe sensation which made Su Ming’s expression falter. Closely following this, a figure slowly walked out from the crimson skies.

This person was skinny and wore a black robe, his appearance was very gloomy as he walked with his hands behind his back.

Before standing in the skies as if he was looking over the vast earth.

On his forehead was a tattoo of a NightWing, the tattoo seemed to have a life of its own and was extremely lifelike occasionally flashing with a red glow..

Bi Tu!

The Hei Shan Tribe's Mán-Elder, Bi Tu!!

“Mo Sang, you don't have to wait for Jing Nan and Wen Yuan anymore, they..... can barely protect themselves now, let alone care about your Wu Shan Tribe's survival!” Bi Tu deeply smiled as he looked at Grandpa who stood behind the tribe.

Grandpa silently thought, he truly was waiting for Jing Nan to show up, yet he had not. In his heart he too started to realise, perhaps something had truly happened in the Feng Zhen Tribe.

“Nan Song, that year, you and Mo Sang escaped to the Wu Shan Tribe, but you still remained the trash you are, so many years later, I once more start to recall your dad's expression when he died, i remember him begging me to leave you a way out. Originally I did not want to agree to him, but you still somehow managed to escape, the former Hei Shan Tribe Mán-Child, we finally meet once more.” Bi Tu smile slowly grew into a strange laughter.

The white-haired Nan Song gazed at Bi Tu who stood in the skies, and was not overcome with an indescribable rage, rather he lightly sighed as if he had seen through everything.

“Compared to poisoning the Hei Shan Tribe Mán-Elder, and then hunting down the Mán-Child, then sacrificing over half the lives of the tribe to trade for that evil Mán-Technique, I truly am inferior to you.....” Nan Song calmly spoke, as the number of wrinkles on his face seemed to have increased.

“The resentment from back then shall be resolved today, Mo Sang, Nan Song, I will give the two of you a chance fight me one-on-one!” Bi Tu laughed as he waved his hand. The skies instantly trembling as a bloody mist condensed from behind the skies, transforming into a gigantic NightWing.

The NightWing spread its wings which covered the skies and obscured the moon.

“Nan Song, leave Bi Tu to me..... I will hold him back, as for the tribe..... I will leave it in your hands!” Grandpa Mo Sang took a deep breath, his gaze swept past his tribesmen as if trying to find the traitor one last time. But eventually he just let out a sigh, every one of them were exhausted and covered in blood, how could he bring himself to suspect these people, seeing the sorrow in the Marksman’s eyes, seeing the numerous injuries on Shan Hen.

“Perhaps, there truly isn’t a traitor.....” Grandpa withdrew his gaze as he threw one last look towards Su Ming before flying into the skies, the image of a giant black python shot upwards like a shooting star with him.

A rumble shook the earth as Grandpa approached, as Bi Tu widely smiled a crimson mist enveloped the two of them, hiding whatever was going on inside. However the sounds which escaped from within were just too terrifying.

Chapter 92 – Blood Moon!!

Su Ming's heart raced as he looked at Grandpa leave, as he saw Grandpa's parting gaze, he became afraid of the meaning within.

“Nightwings..... NightWings..... a Fire-Mán Technique” Su Ming stared at the Nightwing formed by the crimson mist, a vague thought surfacing amidst his fear. Although the idea had not fully surfaced, he had the feeling that once it did, it would definitely be greatly beneficial.

The moment a rumble came from the skies, from the cover of the forest, over ten figures shot out with battle cries, these were the third wave of Hei Shan Tribe pursuers, and leading them was the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch and the gloomy Bi Su!

Practically at the same time as these people appeared, Su Ming unhesitatingly rushed towards them along with the other various cultivators of the Wu Shan Tribe.

All the remaining cultivators except for the Wu Shan Tribe Patriarch and three other people, all rushed forth to fight, to buy time for their tribe's escape.

Tears could be seen in the Wu Shan Tribe Patriarch's eyes as he turned to look onwards, leading the tribe forward while under the protection of the Mán-Totem. As the tribesmen escaped, they continued to support each other, unwilling to leave anymore behind. Other than the patriarch, Wu La too remained to protect the people as her cultivation was not very high.

Another who remained behind was Shan Hen, he choose not to go out and do battle and silently protect the tribe, carrying several children who could no longer walk as he followed the tribe.

Su Ming did not look back, he was filled with killing intent as he silently charged to do battle with the ten or so Hei Shan attackers.

He held onto the crimson red spear with his hand which constantly got dyed with even more fresh blood as the sounds of combat resounded around him.

The strongest of the Hei Shan Tribe attackers was the Hei Shan Tribe patriarch who was battling Nan Song. Although his face looked aged, the current powerful blood qi emerging from his body was extremely shocking.

Su Ming's own blood qi stirred as his two hundred and forty three blood veins condensed into one, filled with killing intent and his frightening speed, Su Ming's spear shot forth and smashed a Hei Shan Tribesman into bits before meeting a bone knife flying towards his back.

His entire body shook and his right hand became numb from the impact as he was forced a step back, the Hei Shan Tribesmen whose knife met his spear was in no better condition, as blood fell from his lips and he took three steps back.

Without waiting for his opponent to stabilise himself, Su Ming had already rushed towards him without caring for his own

injuries, his left hand shooting powerfully towards him.

The Hei Shan Tribesman did not have time to dodge and could only use his knife to try and parry the strike, but Su Ming's fist did not stop and blood erupted from his fist as he directly smashed through the knife and shattering it with a bang as it could not withstand Su Ming's overwhelming strength. Seeing this, the Hei Shan Tribesman's face turned aghast as he retreated with his maximum speed.

Unfortunately, Su Ming was even faster, instantly closing the gap, he prepared to strike against the man. However, at the moment before he struck, he felt a sense of danger closing in on him resulting in him finally choosing to dodge a step away instead. Immediately, he felt a sharp pain from behind as an arrow penetrated his back and exited straight out his right chest.

But as it was escaping his body, Su Ming's hand grabbed hold of the shaft sticking out his chest and forcefully left the arrow within his body.

Knowing that most of the damage would have been done when the arrow leaves the body, he choose to leave the arrow inside instead to prevent a massive amount of blood loss from the arrow hole, using the arrow as a stopper for the blood.

Furiously turning around, Su Ming saw that in the distance the Hei Shan Tribe Marksmen who was retreated after failing his kill and prepared to nock another arrow only to meet the Wu Shan Tribe Marksmen in combat.

Su Ming retracted his gaze, although the blood moon in the sky was obscured by the bloody mist, the moonlight was still able to pass through. Without anyone's notice, this moonlight entered Su Ming's body, the night was after all Su Ming's domain, it was just too bad that the moon was being obstructed by the bloody mist.

His body flashed forward, with his right hand waving before him, a formless stand of moonlight moved towards the Hei Shan Tribesman who had previously narrowly escaped death. Without even knowing how, his body shook and his head rolled off his neck, and before it even reached the ground Su Ming had stamped it onto the floor, smashing it into a bloody pulp before running to the other Hei Shan Tribesmen.

The current Lei Chen was in a critical situation, he was previously injured and in addition to his ordinary cultivation levels, he was already a spent force at this moment. Whats more, the person he was fighting was an opponent at the sixth level of blood condensation, with a cruel smile he landed another fist on Lei Chen's chest, causing fresh blood to fly out his mouth.

Excitedly, he prepared to smash Lei Chen's head, but at this moment, a whistling noise reached his ears as Su Ming's foot reached his head. The attack was filled with Su Ming's entire cultivation and instantly sent the man rolling backwards as he coughed out blood.

Lei Chen raised his head as he fell forwards, the moment the Hei Shan Tribesmen fell, he knew that his blood qi was a mess and his life hung by a thread. As such, he choose to bit his own tongue and

release one last blood arrow towards Lei Chen. Lei Chen knew he could not dodge, and if he missed this one last chance, and he allowed his opponent to reorganise his blood qi, he would be dead for sure.

As the black bloody arrow approached him, he used his left hand to block it causing the blood to splatter everywhere, an unimaginable pain spreading from his arm as black blood pierced it and some of it also landed onto his right eye. However, his body had sufficiently neared the Hei Shan Tribesmen who cried out in fear as Lei Chen's right fist landed on the person's head, fist after fist, the person's entire body was smashed.

While bitterly smiling, Lei Chen's right eye could no longer see, however he held no regrets, all he did was bitterly smile with determination.

With his left eye, he saw that two more Hei Shan Tribesmen were approaching him, Lei Chen smiled as he thought to himself.

"A little closer, just a little closer, and I will use my own flesh and blood to drag you along with me so I won't be lonely on the way to the yellow springs!" Just as Lei Chen prepared to detonate his own blood veins, a figure shot past him, that figure was Su Ming!

Su Ming's eyes were red, he wanted to rescue Lei Chen, but in doing so he aggravated his own injury causing more blood flowed from it. Su Ming's hand shot towards the enemies and a strand of moonlight flew towards one of the Hei Shan Tribesmen by Lei Chen's side who was about to cut off Lei Chen's head. But seeing Lei Chen's expression, he hurriedly wanted to back off, only to feel his

body wracked with pain as his eyes blurred. He had actually been sliced into several pieces.

The moment he died, Su Ming arrived, without caring about the Hei Shan Tribesman who ran away after seeing Lei Chen's expression, he stomped on Lei Chen's expanding blood veins which were about to explode.

Given that his cultivation was sufficiently above Lei Chen, this strike managed to suppress Lei Chen's expanding blood qi, preventing it from detonating. Without pause, he then hurriedly threw Lei Chen onto his back, fastening him there using a strand of moonlight as rope.

“Su.....”

“Don't speak, if you want to die, at least wait for me to die together!” Su Ming spoke as he turned around with killing intent.

Lei Chen's tears rolled down his cheeks as he gazed at Su Ming's face without speaking, tightly holding the bone axe Su Ming gave him, he prepared to fight alongside Su Ming.

Compared to where Su Ming was, the battlefield Nan Song was at was even more frightening, Nan Song was not only single handedly fighting the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch, he was also fighting the group of five Bi Su was in at the same time.

However, the most tragic battle was still where the Wu Shan

Tribe and Hei Shan Tribe Marksmen were battling it out!

Arrows whistled as they flew with terrifying speed as the two shot numerous arrows at each other. Bei Ling's father fought desperately as he knew he definitely had to kill this other Marksmen, for if he lived, the damage he could cause was just too great.

At the end, the Wu Shan Tribe Marksmen lost his legs in exchange for a single arrow through the Hei Shan Tribe Marksmen's chest! As his opponent finally fell, the Wu Shan Tribe Marksmen finally let out a weak smile.

Though the battle had barely started, it had already claimed several casualties, of the nine Wu Shan Tribe cultivators, only six remained, these six lead by Nan Song constantly fought as they slowly retreated.

Bei Ling was gravely injured, and seeing his father lose his legs, he too carried his father as he staggered to keep up, however he himself was too not far from his end.

The Hei Shan Tribe too had several corpses, they were currently left with nine people, and even the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch himself was injured with blood flowing down his lips as he stared at Nan Song, he had never expected Nan Song to actually be that strong.

But he had to be decisive right now, under his lead they had already chased all the way here. In Bi Su's eyes, he had too noticed

Su Ming's existence and his terrifying cultivation, he knew that in the Wu Shan Tribe, amongst the juniors of the tribe, there was no such person.

He looked at Su Ming retreating as he carried Lei Chen, and as he looked at those eyes, a certain sense of familiarity slowly emerged, seeing that fighting spirit, he wondered, how on earth did the Hei Shan Tribe fail to discover such a fellow!

“Mo Su!! You are Mo Su!!” Bi Su's eyes widened as he suddenly shouted while pointing at Su Ming.

His words did not have much of an effect on the majority of the people, but the Hei Shan Patriarch and Nan Song suddenly paused for a moment as they glanced at Su Ming with a fierce glint in their eyes.

“Whoever slays him will be granted ten women from the Wu Shan Tribe!” The Hei Shan Tribe patriarch immediately shouted. The moment those words were spoken, the other pursuing tribesmen gazes all focused onto Su Ming.

At this moment, the battle in the skies waged on as terrifying tremors emerged from within the rumbling blood mist. This movement of the bloody mist had actually ended up revealing a large majority of the moon.

And at this moment, the moon was at its peak!

The moment the mist moved, a large amount of moonlight fell from the heavens and surrounded Su Ming, causing his body to quickly recover and at the same time, the reflection of a blood moon could be seen in his eyes! It was not blurry in the slightest and extremely clear as it seemed to replace his pupils.

At the same time, the five mountain peaks of the Wu Mountain Range trembled! From within the peaks an innumerable number of NightWings were crying out, and almost about to rush out in a frenzy.

Although tonight was not a full moon night, it was not far from it! The moonlight condensed and in an instant, an indescribable force emerged from within Su Ming's body.

The first one to feel it was Lei Chen, shortly after the Wu Shan Tribesmen nearby all felt it along with the Hei Shan Tribesmen staring at Su Ming in shock as they saw the Blood Moon in his eyes.

“What the hell is that..... what's that thing in his eyes!”

“Moon..... it's the Blood Moon!!”

“The Blood Moon actually appeared in his eyes!!”

Chapter 93 – The Fourth Arrow!

The shocking image of a blood moon appeared in Su Ming's eyes, its demonic presence shook the hearts of everyone around, the sudden turmoil in the red mist in the skies created a strange feeling in his body, yet he could clearly remember this same feeling coming from his body a few months back.

It was as if his blood qi was no longer in his control and was trying to escape, rushing in worship of the mysterious phenomenon.

Mo Sang who was fighting with Bi Tu was in trouble, but his eyes suddenly flashed as he felt Bi Tu's blood qi transform. Taking a sidestep, he took this chance to launch his mighty

Mán-Technique.

In an instant, the large bloody mist in the skies rolled backwards, as if Bi Tu was forced back inside.

This sight utterly shocked the people on the ground, even more so than the Blood Moon in Su Ming's eyes.

“Retreat!” Nan Song's eyes flashed as he waved his sleeves, bringing with him the Wu Shan Mán-Cultivators speedily back. After witnessing their retreat, the nine Hei Shan Tribesmen suppressed their shock as they no longer glanced at the skies and once more focused on their pursuit.

After retreating about a hundred Zhang, Nan Song bit his tongue and spat out some fresh blood. The fresh blood transformed into a large bloody palm as it flew towards the nine Hei Shan Tribesmen.

With a loud bang, the bloody palm sent the Hei Shan Tribe pursuers flying fifty zhang away.

“I can feel that there are still a few more Hei Shan Mán-Cultivators further away rushing towards us..... I want to channel a Mán-Technique, but I need you all to help me buy some time!” Nan Song instructed as he immediately sat down cross-legged. His eyes closed as his entire presence seemed to disappear, the blood veins on his body twisting and moving about until it formed an image.

Bei Ling who no longer had any combat strength carried his father as who had difficulty even trying to escape, the Marksman who lost his legs forcefully maintained consciousness with pure willpower, but from the looks of it, he would fall soon.

Lei Chen struggled off Su Ming's back, compared to Bei Ling, although he too was exhausted, he could at least still put up a fight to stand guard by Nan Song.

Currently at the front, other than Su Ming, there was a thirty or so year old man whose face was pale and his left hand destroyed yet tightly gripping onto a spear with his right hand, standing by Su Ming's side.

“Su Ming!” From Su Ming's back, the weak Marksman's voice

came.

“This bow, i’ll give to you!” As Su Ming turned to look, the Marksman handed Bei Ling the bow and his three remaining arrows to toss to Su Ming. “From now on, you will become the Wu Shan Tribe’s Marksman! Your skill with the bow, I have seen it before, it’s very good...” The Marksman smiled as his eyes slowly shut, he had not passed away yet, but he could no longer hang on as he fainted.

Su Ming caught the bow and arrows, the bow was surprisingly heavy, carrying along with it an oppressive aura as it was stained with blood. After tightly holding onto it for abit, he silently slung the arrows on his back as he nodded towards Bei Ling before once more turning to face the Hei Shan Tribesmen who were being delayed by Nan Song’s bloody palm.

Time trickled away, and from Nan Song’s body a horrifying aura was slowly emerging, it could be felt that once he completed his technique, it would definitely be terrifying.

But at this moment, the bloody palm started to fracture and the Nine Hei Shan people rushed out towards Su Ming and company.

Su Ming’s eyes flashed with killing intent as he tightly clutched the bow in his right hand. Quickly drawing his bow into a complete arc, an indescribably aura burst forth from Su Ming’s body, his blood qi condensing onto this single arrow which let out a shocking sound when released from his hands.

That single arrow carried an exceptional madness as it whistled through the air, shooting straight ahead, landing practically instantly on one of the nine Hei Shan Tribesman.

Su Ming knew that he could not waste a single arrow, although that shot was not aimed at the Hei Shan Patriarch or Bi Tu, it was instead shot towards one of the Hei Shan Tribesman at the fifth level of Blood Condensation.

A single arrow, a single black streak in an instant crashed into the Hei Shan Tribesman's chest, immediately tearing it apart as it pierced through his body, causing him to be shot a few steps back before collapsing dead.

At this instant, Su Ming drew his second arrow and nocked his bow, the remaining eight Hei Shan Tribesman had already reached within thirty Zhang, seemingly able to arrive before this arrow even shot out.

At this moment, the man about thirty years old beside Su Ming, walked forward in large strides as he smiled. Without hesitation, his entire body flashed with a bright red light and his blood veins expanded, he was actually going to self-detonate!

Using his own body's explosion to tangle with the Hei Shan Tribesmen, to buy the most time for Su Ming's arrows. Su Ming silently pondered, as he used his actions to express his sorrow and frustration towards his tribesmen's sacrifice. The moment his arrow was released, there was a loud bang, not from his arrow, but from the passing of one more of his tribesman.

The thirty year old man did not die without regrets, but at this point in time, he choose to sacrifice his own life to trade for the chance at his fellow tribemen's safety. With his self-detonation, the remaining Hei Shan Tribesmen were stalled for another three breaths of time!

This three breaths of time allowed Su Ming's second arrow to fly forth, one more piercing through the heart of another Hei Shan Tribesman, instantly killing him as blood spurted out his body.

As his comrade's explosion settled down, Su Ming shot his third arrow!

Without waiting to see the result, he immediately strung his bow on his back as he unhesitatingly rushed forward, a bloody light appeared in his right hand as he firmly gripped onto his Scaled Blood Spear.

The new Su Ming no longer roared as he ran ahead unhesitatingly, behind him was a powerful Mán-Technique was being channeled by Nan Song, a Lei Chen who could barely fight, the severely injured Bei Ling and unconscious Marksman, at this point in time, the only one who could still fight was Su Ming alone.

He could no longer choose to retreat, he could only forge ahead! His eyes already starting to blur, the arrow which he did not dare remove was still lodged in his chest, the moment it is removed, his injuries would worsen. The repercussions of hastily raising his cultivation was also starting to show.

Ahead of him, the Hei Shan Tribesmen rushing towards him included the patriarch and consisted of six people! Although these six people were injured as well, they still madly approached.

Lei Chen clenched his fists, but he knew that he was the last line of defence, even if he were to have to perish, he would die standing. Taking a few steps forward, he stood in front of Nan Song, tears rolling down his face as he looked at Su Ming.

“Su Ming, you said it before, I cannot leave before you, even if I were to die it would be together.....” I will definitely join you!... Like a mute, without speaking, Su Ming attacked even more fiercely than before, with the black spear in hand he started to fight the Hei Shan Tribe’s patriarch!

Hei Shan Tribe’s Patriarch was a powerhouse at the eighth level of blood condensation, even slightly stronger than Ye Wang. Although he was slightly injured, he was not someone Su Ming could suppress. In the instant they exchanged blows, blood flowed out Su Ming’s lips as he used his body to forcefully withstand a blow from his fists, the spear in his right hand actually swinging at another Hei Shan Tribesman instead.

It was actually targeted at a person at the sixth level of blood condensation who was originally smiling by his patriarch’s side. Thinking that Su Ming was doomed by the fist, he did not expect to see a spear hurtling towards him. With a bang, the spear sliced through his head from his right eye killing him immediately. Blood shot out of Su Ming’s body as he was sent rolling away. The Hei Shan Tribesmen were intending to skip past Su Ming, but he had

actually once more stood up, grimly smiling as he spread his arms, moonlight descending and surrounded his body, slowly transforming into threads which he sent flying towards those five people.

The Hei Shan Patriarch's eyes flashed as he immediately used his hand to send Bi Su flying away, as he borrowed the momentum to leap towards Lei Chen with killing intent.

This Hei Shan Patriarch let out a low growl as his body exploded with a red glow, the image of a bloody bear appearing behind him, it was his Mán-Tattoo which had not fully formed yet. Letting out a roar, it attempted to block the silvery threads released by Su Ming.

But he had looked down on Su Ming's technique a little too much, adding on the fact that the moon was nearly full, the moment this silvery thread came into contact with the blood bear, it immediately pierced it causing the bear to let out a pained shriek. The Hei Shan Patriarch eyes flashed as he borrowed the power of the exploding bear to shatter the silver strands, and dispersed the force towards the surroundings, part of the impact shot back towards Su Ming which sent him flying as blood spurted from his body.

In the air, Su Ming could barely remain conscious, looking into the forest, there were about ten or so more figures of the Hei Shan Tribesmen currently rushing towards Lei Chen, among them was the cruel Bi Su.

“Is this the end.....” but I..... “can still fight.....” I still have one

last arrow! Everything in his sight seemed to have slowed down as sound no longer reached his ears, his eyes tightly locked onto Bi Su who was approaching Lei Chen. His body was shrouded by moonlight as he held onto the bow once more, pulling out the arrow in his chest, he converted his pain into one last burst of strength. As his blood left his body, he aimed his blood stained arrow towards Bi Su before letting it go!

Chapter 94 – Who Killed My Su'er!

This arrow flew forth covered in Su Ming's blood, whistling in the air as moonlight enveloped it, seemingly transforming into a bolt of crimson moonlight.

Bi Su also just happened to reach Lei Chen's side, with a wicked smile still on his face, just as he was going to strike, he felt a sense of danger from behind. This dangerous feeling just came too quickly, without having anytime to think, the arrow had arrived.

But at this moment, a large amount of bloody mist was released from Bi Su's body, transforming into a small NightWing, protecting Bi Su within it. This NightWing is capable of blocking any attack from below an awakened realm cultivator, and was something Bi Su could be certain of, since Bi Tu personally declared it.

But currently, from the arrow's impact, the NightWing formed by the bloody mist actually let out a sharp scream, as if afraid of the blood on the arrow. Furthermore, the arrow had actually managed to pierce into it a visible rate, and then into Bi Su.

As a sharp pain erupted from his chest along with large amounts of blood, the body penetrated by the arrow fell by Lei Chen's feet.

Bi Su's body spasmed slightly as it fell onto the floor, his eyes were wide like a fish out of water struggling to breathe as he clutched his chest attempting to stop the bloodflow. But the arrow filled with Su Ming's sorrow and frustration contained all of his

cultivation as well, causing Bi Su to feel such pain.

“Im..... impossible..... Grandpa already said..... I don’t...” Bi Su’s face was filled with an indescribable horror, he just could not believe it, he could not believe that he was going to die just like this, his body grew colder as his eyes filled with despair.

He did not want to die, he was afraid of death, he was still young, he was not even twenty years old yet. He was the future of the Hei Shan Tribe, he should not have died like this, he was supposed to grow more powerful than even the Feng Zhen Tribe..... he still hadn’t managed to make Bai Ling his woman..... he had yet to dominate that Bai Ling beneath him...

“I still have many things that I need to...” Without finishing his train of thought, he had died, his death was so sudden, so unexpected, and just something he was not prepared for at all.

His eyes were wide open as he lied on the ground, his eyes staring at the blood moon in the skies, the blood red moon as well as the blood red mist Grandpa Bi Tu was in.

At the end of his short life, this was all he saw.

Bi Su had died!

The moment he died, the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch panicked, his expression was filled with disbelief and fear. He was not afraid of the Wu Shan Tribe, rather he was worried about the Hei Shan

Tribe Mán-Elder, he knew that Mán-Elder Bi Tu was a cold and cruel person, in his eyes all the other tribesmen were not his equal and not worth notice, except for this one person Bi Su!

This Bi Su was practically Bi Tu's everything, and now that this Bi Su..... died..... the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch instantly paled, but he was not the only one wrecked with fear, the two other tribesmen beside him were all instantly filled with horror, so much so that they even forgot to attack.

Su Ming's body collapsed on the ground with a bang, blood flowed out his chest as pain filled his entire being. However, not a trace of this pain could be seen on his face, there was only a smile, a smile like a girl in love.

Killing Bi Su was Su Ming's final wish, killing him was not only for him attacking Lei Chen and Nan Song, but also to get him back for his lustful gaze towards Bai Ling back at the Feng Zhen Tribe plaza.

Immediately, from the forest several hundred Zhang behind the Hei Shan Patriarch, another wave of Hei Shan Tribesmen came bursting out.

But at this moment, from the bloody mist came a tragic and angry roar, that voice belonged to Bi Tu!

"Su'er!" This earth-shaking voice roared from the bloody mist. The ground continued trembling endlessly as the voice rumbled from the bloody mist. A sorrowful figure frantically rushing out

from within the mist as he stared at the unmoving Bi Su!

“Who killed my Su’er!!! All of you go kill the entire Wu Shan Tribe, all of them must die!!” Bi Tu rushed over with an immense killing intent, but before he arrived by Bi Su’s side, a cold harrumph came from the mist as Grandpa Mo Sang raised his hand as blood dripped from his mouth. The skies seemed to transform as the black python rushed Bi Tu, firmly trapping Bi Tu, preventing him from descending.

Hearing Bi Tu’s roar, the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch shuddered as he regained clarity. With fear in his heart, he knew that he had to perform more, otherwise he would have to bear the brunt of the Mán-Elder’s fury.

Rather than focusing on Nan Song, he had actually turned around and glare at Su Ming, and immediately dashed to him. He wanted to kill Su Ming, if he could get some credit from Bi Tu, he could hopefully still keep his life.

The two people by his side responded similarly, as they too dashed towards Su Ming.

Su Ming’s face was all smiles as he looked at the three people approaching him, he knew that he had done his part, all that he needed to do now was self-destruct and buy the last bit of time Nan Song needed.

But at this instant, Nan Song’s eyes shot apart as his body shook, a crack appeared in his forehead, and a green light flew out from

within as Nan Song's expression dimmed as if his vitality had greatly decreased.

The light moved in a blur as it rushed towards Su Ming and seemingly waved at the three Hei Shan Tribesmen.

With a bang, blood spurted out from the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch as his body was sent backwards, while the other two people were smashed into a meaty pulp as they instantly died.

The moment the Hei Shan Tribe's patriarch was sent flying, the ten or so Hei Shan Tribesmen had arrived, leading them were two blurry-eyed Hei Shan Tribesmen.

"You guys finally arrived....." Nan Song's voice came out of the glowing figure which floated in front of Su Ming, its hands smacking the ground as it spoke.

With this smack, the ground seemed to transform into turbulent waves, rumbling as two mud hands appeared out of the ground, entangling the ten or so people who appeared. Their cries could be heard as they remained trapped within.

The figure of light looked at Su Ming, its right hand raised as bits of itself slowly entered Su Ming's body, causing Su Ming's unconscious mind to slowly awaken, causing the pain in his body to slowly fade away and slowly recover.

The glowing figure eventually slowly floated back to Nan Song's

side, looking much dimmer than before as it slowly re-entered his forehead. After which, Nan Song's lethargically opened his eyes, looking completely spent.

“These Hei Shan Tribesmen are not the main threat, it is the battle between the Mán-Elders which will determine the outcome? Bi Tu has not used his powerful Evil-Mán-Technique..... Quickly escape before he uses it!” Nan Song stood up and roared his instructions. Bringing Lei Chen and company, he quickly retreated. Su Ming too had recovered significantly, without having time to thank Nan Song, he could already feel a powerful aura of death coming from the skies, transforming even the snow black and withering the nearby forest.

Su Ming's expression turned grim as he speedily escaped towards Nan Song and company, helping to carry Lei Chen, Bei Ling and the other survivors as they escaped towards the rest of their tribe.

Behind them, the forest decayed as wisps of black qi floated out from them, transforming the snowy ground black as well as it pursued Su Ming and company.

Time flowed on quickly and soon the black snow no longer spread behind Su Ming, however an intense roar came from the skies which seemed to shake even the skies as a deathly aura enveloped the lands.

Su Ming was worried for Grandpa, yet he did not turn back. While running alongside Nan Song, Lei Chen and company, they finally caught up with the tribe. Su Ming let out a sigh of relief as he saw the tribe free from additional injuries since the time they

parted.

The Wu Shan Tribesmen who saw Su Ming and company return were filled with sadness yet also excitement. This sorrow came from the fact that nine people left, but only five returned.

The Marksman had lost consciousness and lost his legs, Bei Ling was severely injured as blood continued to escape his mouth, Lei Chen lost his right eye and his expression was terrible, Nan Song looked mostly normal but was deathly pale and seemed on the verge of death.

Su Ming was completely covered in blood, and the flesh near his chest was a mess, if not for Nan Song's treatment, he would have probably passed away as well.

As they returned, a few of the tribe's doctor took the Marksman over and administered some emergency treatment. After Bei Ling brought his father back to the tribe, he too could bear it no longer as he collapsed in Chen Xin's arms.

"The Hei Shan Tribe had external assistance..... They are definitely still pursuing us, even if I use my entire life force, I am unable to kill all of them, but I can at least hold them back and buy time for the tribe..... so quickly leave!" Nan Song panted as he spoke to the patriarch in the lead.

The Patriarch did not reply, but determination filled his eyes as he brought the tribe forward with even greater speed in their migration. But before walking for too long, the skies suddenly

rumbled once more as ripples spread throughout the skies. A large black python fell from the skies, landing not far from the tribe with a bang as fractures filled its entire being. Meanwhile a pale old man slowly descended from the skies, this old man was precisely Grandpa!

Grandpa coughed out blood as his body slowly descended, behind him, was a large NightWing in pursuit, and behind it was Bi Tu! He angrily approached with great killing intent and a pale face and some blood could even be seen by his lips.

At this critical juncture, there was no one left who could save Grandpa!

Chapter 95 – Awakening!

Bi Tu's strength and the Man-Technique in the shape of the NightWing struck fear into the hearts of all observers, especially as the people here were exceptionally familiar with NightWings.

The current Bi Tu was filled with killing intent, and given his cultivation at the awakened realm, he could even force Grandpa back let alone anyone else.

The NightWing in pursuit of Grandpa got closer and closer, and would likely catch up with him before he could retreat into the barrier of the Man-Totem.

At this moment, the Wu Shan Tribesmen were all filled with sorrow and frenzy, but they could do nothing, at this point, even the Wu Shan Tribe Patriarch would be unable to help.....

Nan Song smacked his forehead and the crack once more appeared, shooting out the green figure to attempt to assist Grandpa. However, the distance between them was just too vast, even with its great speed it would not make it in time, after all the NightWing was but three Zhang away!

Su Ming's mind was blank as he stared at his only family face death yet completely unable to do anything. The NightWing constantly got closer as it opened its mouth, preparing to swallow everything whole. However, Su Ming who had been quiet all this while suddenly let out a loud shout.

This intense shout contained Su Ming's entire strength and caused his wounds to once more open and allowed blood to flow out once more, but Su Ming did not notice it at all, all that he could see was Grandpa being about to be swallowed by the NightWing.

His body seemed out of his control as he rushed forward, his shout echoing in the skies as it reached Grandpa's ears and also the ears of the NightWings.

The image of the blood moon in Su Ming's eyes once more burned with the intensity of when he was kindling his blood, in fact his entire body seemed to immolate as he shouted, his mind filled with a single thought, this NightWing shall not hurt Grandpa!

Su Ming's vision blurred as blood leaked out from his seven orifices as he felt as if he was flying, flying across the lands at an unbelievable speed towards Grandpa, towards the approaching NightWing and then straight into the NightWing's [body] !

TLN: IDK why there are those strange brackets in the text, but i will just include them.

Such a strange scene suddenly occurred.

The NightWing's body shook as its expression changed, however this struggle only lasted an instant as it was quickly repelled by a beam of moonlight. Hurriedly it turned back towards the stunned Bi Tu.

Grandpa's body trembled as he saw the NightWings eyes which seemed to emanate a familiar feeling.....

Su Ming also did not know what was going on, he only felt that he himself was the NightWing, turning around he rushed towards Bi Tu, who was momentarily stunned.

Bi Tu did not understand why the NightWing formed by his own Man-Technique and qi had actually went out of his control, quickly backing off, his eyes flashed as he tried to dispel his technique, but for some reason, his technique seemed to have no effect on it whatsoever.

The NightWing approached and collided with Bi Tu, resulting in a large amount of the bloody mist being burst apart, however, Bi Tu too coughed out blood as he was sent backwards several tens of zhang.

The moment the BloodWing burst apart, Su Ming felt his own body fly out as he regained his sanity.

Currently, Grandpa had already reached the safety of the tribe under the Man-Totem. Sitting cross-legged, he pulled out seven bone needles and pierced them into his body one-by-one.

Currently, the flying Bi Tu's hair was a mess as he wiped away the blood by his lips and he stared at Grandpa in under the Man-Tattoo. Although the previous event caused him to feel some shock, it did not bother him too much as he was determined to kill Mo Sang, to kill all the Wu Shan Tribesmen.

His body flashed as he whistled towards the ground, he approached at an insane pace, while Grandpa had only three bone [needles] in his [body] .

“Mo Sang, even if you burn your entire life force, you will not be my match!” The moment Bi Tu approached, he raised his right hand to strike at the barrier of the Man-Totem. However, at this moment, the green light from Nan Song’s forehead approached Bi Tu.

“Nan Song, the Qing Suo Technique you use is not bad, but it is still lacking the essence!” Bi Tu spoke while smiling. With a wave of his sleeves, a vague light figure was formed which rushed towards Nan Song’s green apparition. With a bang, the two figures collided and Nan Song’s image instantly shattered and was returned to Nan Song’s body. Nan Song coughed out black blood as he seemed to wither and transform into a bag of bones.

TLN: Qing Suo (青索) is the name of some character in some other chinese story 《蜀山剑侠传》, but idk if there is another meaning for it in this novel at this point in time.

A roar came from the crowd as the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch jumped into the air towards Bi Tu. He had to prevent Bi Tu from breaking the barrier and disrupting Grandpa’s ritual.

Currently, Grandpa already had five bone needles in his body his body trembling, a powerful qi was being released from his [body] which shocked even Bi Tu.

“Get lost!” Bi Tu ignored him as he rushed towards the Man-totem, towards the incoming Wu Shan Tribe Patriarch, he had simply threw a fist and sent him flying, his body trembling and writhing like Nan Song.

But beneath him, rather than retreating, the Man-Cultivators who did not previously fight all rushed out to attempt to stop Bi Tu’s advance. But with another wave of his sleeves, Bi Tu disappeared like a wisp of smoke.

Shan Hen who was in the crowd revealed some hesitation before he too rushed out, but then he stopped halfway, his fists tightly clenched.

Su Ming too rushed forth with Lei Chen following behind, Bei Ling who was nearer to Bi Tu was heavily injured and was receiving treatment, yet he too pushed Chen Xin away as he jumped upwards. But before he could approach, he was stopped by a single finger from Bi Tu, transforming his entire right arm into a pool of blood as he fell onto the ground.

Currently, Grandpa’s entire body shook as the sixth needle pierced him, the seventh needle was in his hands as Su Ming and Lei Chen rushed towards him.

But Bi Tu had already arrived, his right hand smacking the Wu Shan Tribe Totem. This single fist caused the totem to explode with a bright light as cracks appeared all over it just before it shattered into pieces.

The Wu Shan Tribe Totem, represented the Wu Shan Tribe, shattering in front of the Wu Shan Tribe, similarly represented the breaking of the Wu Shan Tribe's will.....

The moment the Totem burst apart, Bi Tu hurriedly rushed towards the Grandpa who was about to pierce the seventh [needle] into his spirit. But suddenly, a girl whose face was stained with blood and scars carried an unwilling and sorrowful expression as she rushed towards Grandpa. She so happened to be the nearest to Grandpa, prepared to use her life to buy some more time, she stood determinedly in front of Grandpa, this girl was Wu La.

Bi Tu coldly snorted as he shoved his hand forward, powerfully bombarding Wu La's body, sending her flying towards Su Ming as blood spurted out her body.

But at the same time, Grandpa's seventh needle was completely pierced into his spirit, only thanks to the time bought by his tribesmen lives was he able to complete this ritual.

His eyes opened as he tragically roared, his own killing intent filling the airs as he rushed towards Bi Tu to once more battle in the skies.

This all happened in an instant and was just hard to imagine, the right side of Su Ming's face was hurting as a shard of the totem flew into his face. Without regard for the pain, he saw Wu La's body shrivelling and had almost completely withered away before

even touching the ground.

Su Ming's head was blank as he help up the collapsed Wu La, Wu La's expression was grim and she was not much more than a bag of bones. Blood pouring out non-stop from her mouth as she smilingly gazed at Su Ming.

“Are you Mo Su?” She struggled to reach for Su Ming's face, but she just did not have any strength left in her.

“Yes I am.” Su Ming's expression was sorrowful as he slowly spoke.

“You are not.....” Wu La mumbled as her eyes lost their light and her arms fell towards the ground, trembling slightly before moving no more. At this moment, a large boom came from the skies as Bi Tu battled Grandpa.

“Su Ming, bring the tribesmen away, run now!!” Coming along with the shout was a brilliant light. This beam of light shot towards the front of the tribe, shattering the grounds ahead, forming a large gully tens of Zhang wide.

Spanning a distance greater than the eye can see, it separated the pursuing Hei Shan Tribesmen with a curtain of light.

There was not a single tear in Su Ming's eyes as Lei Chen spoke to him, but as he looked at Su Ming's eyes, it horrified him as his words could no longer leave his lips.

His eyes were hollow, like a dead person, but in that void was the image of a shining moon.

Lightly placing Wu La's corpse on the ground, Su Ming removed the shard of the Man-Totem in his face and stashed it away.

On his face, the injury left by the totem shard was terrifying to look at but he did not bother to wipe his blood as his gaze turned to the rest of the tribe.

"Move!" Su Ming uttered a single word as he walked to the front after getting the other tribesmen to support Nan Song and the patriarch.

Bei Ling did not die, but he had lost an entire arm, struggling to stand up, he gazed at Su Ming's figure which only gave him a sense of unfamiliarity.

This sort of change scared him, as if the kind of aura emanated by Su Ming was something that should not have appeared, yet somehow ended up appearing today.

Su Ming's expression was calm, his gaze cold, bearing his pain and grief, as he quickly walked ahead, replacing the previous patriarch in leading the tribe forward.

Chapter 96 – Feng Zhen Plains!

Wielding his spear, Su Ming stood at the foremost of the group. Behind him were the tribesmen who are not protected by the Mán-statue... There is not a single elderly amongst them. They were less than halfway through their journey, but Su Ming's stride only grew steadier. Too much blood of the WuShan tribesmen had been shed in this patch of forest, where the souls of the dead lingered.

Besides Su Ming, the only Mán-cultivators who can still fight are Lei Chen and Shan Heng. Under the help of their tribesmen, the Patriarch and Nan Song were being treated as all of them hurried on their journey. Anxiety grasped at their heart.

As for Bei Ling, he was no longer fit for battle. Fresh blood flowed from his missing arm. If it weren't for Chen Xin's help, he would have fallen.

Shan Heng's body was also covered in blood. In silence, he followed at the rear of the group. His wore a dazed expression of his face that seemed as if.....

A mysterious force was keeping him afloat, as he continued to walk onward.

Above in the air, Grandpa Mo Sang and HeiShan's Bi Tu battled. The blows from their exchange resounded throughout the night and persisted even as dawn approached. They would not stop until one of them is dead!

The wide valley of earth, the dazzling lights bursting in the sky, Nan Song's life consuming Mán-Technique, all these were used just to buy more time for the tribe.

By the time dawn arrived, the tribesmen of WuShan were dead tired. They had been on the move for the past two nights. They could not hold on much longer in this cold, but gritting their teeth, persisted nonetheless.

The sky was already bright as sunlight enveloped the land. It offered the tribesmen in the forest a little warmth, but the chill of winter still pierced their bones.

“At the speed we are going, we can arrive at FengZhen tribe at around this hour tomorrow!” Lei Chen spoke softly beside Su Ming.

“Just one more day!” Lei Chen clenched his fists.

“Not one day, but half!” Su Ming croaked after a moment of silence.

When Su Ming broke his silence, Lei Chen inwardly heaved a sigh of relief. He was deeply concerned with Su Ming keeping to himself.

“Tonight, we should be able to reach the boundary of FengZhen tribe's influence. Once we are out of the forest, it will be much safer” Su Ming spoke calmly.

“Please let this be a safe day...” Lei Chen turned back to look at the tribesmen. Seeing them on the brink of exhaustion, he sighed inwardly. When he looked forward at Su Ming, the latter’s thin frame seemed to carry the burden of the entire tribe.

Two hours later, a faint but resolute voice sounded out from the group. “Su Ming, let me stay behind”.

The one who spoke was Liu Di who previously played the tune of lament. Although rescued, he was severely wounded and could no longer press forward. He does not want to implicate his tribesmen.

Liu Di gave a faint smile at Su Ming who paused and turned back to look at home. Struggling as he stood, he walked towards a tree on one side. His wound, aggravated, bled once again.

“Just..... Go...” Liu Di retrieved his ocarina and held it by his lips, as if wanting to play a tune. But he no longer had the energy and merely gazed at the sky, awaiting his death.

Su Ming did not speak. He shut his eyes for a moment, before giving one last look at Liu Di. Without a word, he turned around and resumed the journey with his tribesmen.

Along the way, a few other tribesmen chose to stay behind to avoid slowing down the group. They wore smiles on their faces as they did so. Bei Ling thought of doing the same, but could not bring himself to say so in front of the tear-stricken Chen Xin who carried him.

The Marksman regained consciousness too mid-journey. Although he had lost both legs, he could still offer some battle power. On the back of a tribesman, he could at least still provide the power of a self-detonating Mán-Cultivator at the eighth level of blood condensation to hold the enemy back.

Su Ming kept his silence. He did not stop those tribesmen who insisted on being left behind, but his clenched fist grew ever tighter. He had to bring the tribe to safety at all cost, for that is the reason Grandpa entrusted the WuShan Tribe to him.

Only when the day at last turned to dusk did Su Ming's vigilance begin to ease. He had left behind the expanse of the forest and entered the vast plains belonging to the FengZhen tribe. They are much safer now that as FengZhen Tribe will not allow HeiShan cultivators to enter its territory without prior permission.

When all of WuShan's tribesmen arrived on the plain, the Patriarch and Nan Song had restored some of their cultivation base. It seemed that the disaster was finally coming to an end.

But suddenly, the earth shook. The origin seemed to be faraway, but its magnitude made its presence clearly felt even here.

"The Mán-patriarch's seal... broke..." Nan Song closed his eyes and opened them, speaking slowly.

Following the spoken words, tension gripped the tribesmen of WuShan once again.

“The cultivators of HeiShan will take some time to follow our trail... But they can definitely reach us before we arrive at FengZhen.”

“If we are betting that HeiShan dare not enter the plains of FengZhen, we might as well throw away our lives...” Nan Song spoke softly.

“We cannot afford to do so.” Su Ming paused in his step. Turning around towards the dark forest, he saw the Patriarch who recovered some of his cultivation, and then ...

The Patriarch of WuShan, a man in his forties, looked at Su Ming. This La Su that he never paid attention to in the past, left a deep impact on him. With a soft sigh, he nodded his head.

“I will stay too.” Lei Chen spoke without hesitation and stepped forth to stand beside Su Ming.

Su Ming watched him, and he too watched Su Ming, his mouth opened to a honest smile.

“You once said I cannot leave before you. If we are to die, then we shall shut our eyes together.”

“I will stay behind too” Nan Song heaved a deep breathed. His age-worn face seemed even more ragged right now, but a feverish flush of pink surfaced on that dispirited countenance.

“And me too!” The Marksman who lost both his legs spoke.

“I will stay as well!” Bei Ling said resolutely, turning around to face Su Ming, so as not to see. Chen Xin’s tears.

“Marksman, you cannot stay behind, you have to assist the Patriarch in protecting the tribesmen... And when all of you reach FengZhen safely, you can teach archery to our La Sus...” The one who spoke was Shan Heng.

This man whom had maintained his silence all the while walked out from the group. He rarely spoke, but now that he did, his words were undeniable.

“As for you Bei Ling...” Shan Heng walked to Bei Ling’s side, his expression conflicted.

“Uncle Shan Heng, I...” Bei Ling protested, but suddenly, Shan Heng’s right hand rose and struck the back of Bei Ling’s neck, who collapsed immediately, unconscious.

“You are the tribe’s hope in the future, you cannot stay.. I will.” Shan Heng said calmly, and walked towards Nan Song. Standing there, he stood and looked at the familiar faces of his tribesmen for a long time. Then, he lowered his head.

The WuShan Patriarch remained in silence. Stepping forth, he retrieved a piece of beast bone the size of an infant’s fist and passed

the ordinary-looking piece of bone to Su Ming.

“Take this, it comes in a pair. When its colour turn red, it means that we have reached FengZhen, and that we are safe.”

Su Ming received it without a word, and placed it cautiously in his arms.

The WuShan tribe Patriarch took a last deep look at those who chose to stay behind. With a soft sigh, he turned around with resolution and lead the tribesmen towards the direction of FengZhen. Most of their ordinary tribesmen were safe, but their experiences along the way made them turn around to look at the four who chose to stay behind, tears in their eyes.

Then, someone raised his arm to wave at the four. Quickly, in the midst their cries, all of the tribesmen waved farewell to Su Ming’s group. They understood that the four mean to sacrifice, like other tribesmen before them, that they will use their flesh as shields to act as the last line of defense for the tribesmen.

“Brother Su Ming.” A childlike voice came from among the group. It belonged to Tong Tong, who ran out from the crowd. Su Ming stepped forth and squatted down, patting the young girl’s dry hair.

“Brother Su Ming, once all this is over and when Grandpa returns, can you help Tong Tong look for Pi Pi?”

A faint smile crept on Su Ming's face. He kissed the girl's forehead and nodded.

The little girl broke into a sweet smile. Gazing at Su Ming, she suddenly spoke soft beside his ear.

“Brother Su Ming, I have a secret that even my parents and Pi Pi do not know. You have to come back, and then I will tell you the secret.” The girl bit her lips and ran back to the group. Tears flowed uncontrollably from her eyes.

Su Ming watched her join the crowd and wave back at him. As his tribesmen disappear into the distance, the faint smile on his face gradually fade.

The surrounding was all quiet, and the moon grew clearer in the night sky. It was a full moon that hung high in the heavens, and it seemed to amalgamate with the vast lands, arousing a killing intent.

The moonlight that bathed the land seemed to be much brighter than usual, painting defined shadows of the four on the plain. In silence, they held their resolution. Su Ming sat crossed-legged, beside him was Lei Chen. Opposite them was Nan Song, his eyes closed. Shan Heng was not far away, sitting alone. He gazed at the night sky, seemingly in contemplation.

“Lei Chen, sit behind me. Your cultivation base is lacking and will not be effective in battle. I will share my blood qi with you and watch your back.” Nan Song spoke slowly.

Without hesitation, Lei Chen rose to sit beside Nan Song. Using some unknown means, Nan Song caused the both of them to be enveloped in blood red aura.

No one spoke anymore. They waited for the arrival of HeiShan's pursuers. Sitting in silence, Su Ming scooped some snow in his uninjured left palm and washed it clean. Then, he retrieved a small vial and poured out a single blood-red pill. Clenching it in his fist, he shut his eyes.

Time passed slowly, Four hours later, when the moon in the sky reached its climax. Su Ming, his eyes shut, felt that the blood inside him was riling.

“They are here!” Nan Song spoke.

Su Ming's eyes opened.

Chapter 97 – He Is The Traitor!

Eleven!

From the pitch-black forest, eleven silhouettes sprung forth. Leading them was the Patriarch of HeiShan Tribe, who rushed over at great speed. A black cloaked man is also among the eleven, and he wore a befuddled expression on his face. It is evident that the barrier and terrain, as well as Nan Song's Mán-technique had a great effect.

All of them seemed fatigued, without the excitement and shouting of before. In this battle between the two tribes, the deaths not only came from WuShan, but even more from HeiShan.

The Marksman of HeiShan had died, the hunting captain had died, the tribal chief had died. More importantly, their prodigy Bi Su had died too!

The deaths of many Mán-cultivators is a huge loss to HeiShan Tribe. If it weren't for that few black-cloaked individuals and tribesmen who had their cultivation forcefully raised by Bi Tu using evil Mán-techniques, it will be hard-pressed for them to succeed in their mission.

HeiShan Tribe did not expect WuShan to be so difficult to eliminate, and they paid a heavy price for this mistake. This is something not even the Mán-patriarch Bi Tu could foresee.

He was completely restraint by Grandpa Mo Sang, unable to put

his Awakened cultivation base into great effect in this battle between the two tribes.

If time could rewind, if HeiShan Tribe had foreseen this outcome... Perhaps they would have not initiated the battle immediately, but opted for more preparation instead.

Even if HeiShan Tribe win this battle, it will be a pyrrhic victory. Moreover, once the tribesmen of WuShan reaches FengZhen, then the death of the Black Mountain tribe would have been in vain, without any gains from the battle.

Besides the black-cloaked man, regret gripped the hearts of the individuals from HeiShan. Now that the battle has come to this, they have no other choice but to continue fighting. The death of Bi Su is all the more reason why the HeiShan Patriarch has to kill Su Ming.

Watching the eleven individuals, a cold glint rose in Su Ming's calm eyes. With the blood scale spear tight in his right hand, he stood.

In silence, Nan Song and Shan Heng revealed their killing intent.

Only Lei Chen did not move, but his eyes revealed the same insanity and desire for massacre.

At the instant the eleven came within 300 meters of them, Nan Song took a forceful step forward. His body shone with a blood red

aura, but a wisp of it remains in connection with Lei Chen. On Lei Chen, the red aura is even more intense, seemingly forming a blood-red barrier.

Giving a low growl, the clothes on Nan Song's upper torso burst open, and his age-worn complexion suddenly became youthful, especially his arms muscles which visibly swelled. With a roar, he shot his hand towards the ground.

Following this action, a huge vortex appeared underneath the feet of the eleven who were approaching. A swamp filled the vortex and hands of mud stretched out from it, grabbing at the eleven people's feet.

Nan Song's body rushed forth powerfully. Behind him, Su Ming charged at full speed towards the front. Shan Heng's eyes revealed his killing intent and conflicted feelings. Raising his right hand, a crescent-shaped bone sword materialized in his grip immediately, and he drifted hastily towards the enemy like a spirit.

As for Lei Chen, at that moment his body trembled and his complexion suddenly aged, as though his vitality has been sucked away

The huge swathes of swamp restrained more than half of the HeiShan tribesmen, but was of no effect to the black-cloaked man. With a stomp of his right leg, the swamp under his feet exploded immediately, and he flew at Nan Song.

The fight to the death has begun.

All the while, Su Ming maintained his silence and ignored the black-cloaked man, nor did he target the HeiShan Patriarch. Instead, he went towards the remaining nine with a leap. Of this nine, the strongest among them was of the seventh layer of blood condensation, most were around the sixth layer. With Su Ming's speed, as long as the HeiShan Patriarch is restrained, it will buy enough time for Su Ming to kill all of them.

Shan Hen stealthily moved towards his target who was also the HeiShan Patriarch, the two of them collided with a roar as they started their fight.

Su Ming moved quickly, ignoring the pain coming from his body, shrouded by moonlight from the full moon, his eyes revealed a clear image of the blood moon. As he approached a person, the spear in his hand whistled as blows were exchanged between them, an additional deep wound found its way onto his body while the other party's head flew into the skies while pouring out fresh blood.

Su Ming's body landed on the ground, his breathing stable as he continued his charge, moonlight surrounding his wounds, allowing him to slowly recover as he charged towards the remaining eight HeiShan Tribesmen, five of them choosing to try and engage Su Ming while the other three attempted to dashed towards the plains.

Seeing the three people darting away and although he was being approached by five other Mán-Cultivators, Su Ming did not hesitate as he threw the spear in his hand not towards the three

people, as he knew that would at most kill one of them. Rather he smashed the spear towards the ground he was standing on.

In that instant, the spear shone with a crimson light, transforming into a giant eagle by Su Ming's feet, a fierce qi burst forth shaking the bodies of the five people approaching him.

(TLN: Something like a rocket-jump)

Borrowing the recoil of this impact, he let go of the spear, allowing himself to be thrown towards the three people in the distance.

With this intense speed, and his two hundred and forty-three glowing blood veins, he shot towards the three of them like a crimson shooting star. One of them immediately stopped to fight while the other two glowed as brightly as a person of the sixth level of blood-condensation as they continued to run.

The person who stopped to fight used some unknown method to hide his cultivation, but as he approached, Su Ming could tell that he was at the seventh level of blood condensation as he exploded with power, prepared to stop Su Ming's advance.

On his body, his blood veins quickly expanded as he seemed to be preparing to self-destruct!

If Su Ming continued to approach, his worn out and injured body would not be able to resist the explosion, whereas if he turned back

he would be unable to catch up to the other two people heading towards the migrating tribe.

Just as the person was about to self-destruct, the wounds on his body reopened as blood spurted from them.

“Your WuShan Tribesmen are not the only ones who can self-destruct, we HeiShan Tribesmen can too!” The man shouted as he laughed towards the approached Su Ming. Su Ming’s eyes shining with determination as he not only did not turn back, but continued his advance at a greater speed. Just as he was about to explode, Su Ming suddenly flung his clenched fist and opened them as he approached the man.

A red ball mist flying towards the man’s wounds, causing his body to violently tremble, before his blood veins detonated, the blood in his body instantly vaporised, exploding into a much more harmless red fog.

This scene was caught in the eyes of the two further ahead, whose eyes widened as they felt goosebumps.

“Heretic-Mán!”

(TLN: was previously translated as Evil-Mán, but i felt heretic seemed to suit better, so it shall be replacing it from now on.)

“He is a heretic-Mán-cultivator!”

Surprised by the sudden outcry, Nan Song and Shan Hen's attention was diverted, and the HeiShan Patriarch was even more shocked as his expression suddenly changed.

The expressionless black clothed men too were surprised as they turned to look, and their eyes quickly shone as they seemed to realise something.

But as they were fighting Nan Song, this moment of surprise gave Nan Song an opportunity.

As the explosion resounded, Su Ming's body did not show any signs of stopping, rather he continued rushing towards the two people at a terrifying speed. The two of them grit their teeth as they choose to split up. Seeing this, Su Ming spat out a mouthful of blood which turned into a bloody mist as it flew towards the person on the right.

The bloody mist contained Su Ming's powerful blood qi, as well as the Wu Blood Dust Technique while Su Ming himself continued towards the person escaping to the left.

Immediately after, numerous more wounds appeared on Su Ming's body, his breathing suddenly becoming haggard as a bloody light enveloped him and then flew towards the person he was running after..

Behind him, in two separate directions were two unmoving bloody messes of a corpse.

On the battlefield remained only seven HeiShan Tribesmen.

Other than the Black Robed man and the Hei Shan Tribesmen, the other five were already deeply traumatised by Su Ming's method of killing as they clearly showed signs of backing off.

But suddenly, Shan Hen who was battling the HeiShan patriarch, coughed out blood and crumbled to the ground and flew towards Nan Song as the HeiShan Patriarch landed a hit on his body. After which the image of a bloody bear appearing behind the HeiShan Patriarch as he let out a roar, a large bloody paw flying towards Shan Hen to end his life.

Just as the large bloody paw flew towards Shan Hen, as Nan Song was nearby, his expression shook as he rushed forwards without hesitation, catching Shan Hen while sending out a claw towards the bloody fist. With a loud bang, Nan Song was pushed back.

“Retreat and treat your wounds, let me handle these people.....” Nan Song spoke before all of a sudden trembling and coughing out blood, his body quickly shriveling up as his expression turned sorrowful and he shot a fist towards Shan Hen.

Who after being rescued by Nan Song had actually somehow managed to stab his knife into Lei Chen's blood veins and also deeply into Nan Song's body at the same time.

Chapter 98 – Lei Chen's Decision

At the instant the blood vein was severed, Lei Chen trembled and sprayed a mouthful of blood.

Shan Heng was struck away by Nan Song's palm strike and flew several metres back, pale-faced with blood seeping from his mouth. His expression revealed the struggle and conflict inside him. Unable to face Nan Song straight in the face, he lowered his head.

It all happened too suddenly, in just the blink of the eye, the entire situation was reversed, staring at Shan Heng, Su Ming gave a bitter laugh.

Pale-faced, blood seeping from his mouth, Shan Heng suddenly gave a tremendous, tragic howl at the heavens. Turning around forcefully, he did not look at Nan Song and Su Ming, but headed towards the forest, running at full speed. In the blink of an eye, Shan Heng disappeared into the forest as his wretched call faded.

At the same time, the HeiShan Patriarch smiled sinisterly, as if he had foreseen all of this.

He, along with the wounded black-robed man, charged towards Nan Song, their fists flying towards him.

Nan Song's face was sorrowful and devoid of colour. His body had shriveled and on his back, the crescent-shaped sword embedded deeply in his flesh. Blood flowed unceasingly from the

wound.

As the HeiShan Patriarch and black-robed man approached, Nan Song suddenly gave a loud laugh that was filled with grief. His entire body shook, and a crack ruptured in between his eyebrows and a faint green spirit emerged from it, charging at the incoming enemies.

As the distance between both parties closed, the green spirit suddenly exploded into a shocking blast that swept away everything in its vicinity. Under this impact, the already injured black-robed man let out a yell as he retreated, his weak eyes crumbling.

Neither did the HeiShan Patriarch expect that heavily-wounded Nan Song could utilize such a technique, especially with the crescent blade stuck into his flesh that contained a poison that clotted a person's blood thus preventing them from self-destructing their blood veins, which was why the HeiShan Patriarch dared approach Nan Song.

That blade was supposedly meant for the WuShan Man-Elder. But a change of events caused it to end up in Nan Song's body.

Blood sprayed from the HeiShan Patriarch's mouth as he tumbled tens of metres away. Having been in pursuit all the while, he could no longer suppress the injuries on his body as his blood qi visibly weakened and fear crept upon his face.

As for Nan Song however, following the explosion of the green

spirit, his eyes lit up, and his injuries seemed to have recovered. With a lurch forward, he immediately came before the wounded black-robed man, and struck an unavoidable punch at his chest.

The black-robed man shuddered as his chest caved in, and his eyes grew dim. It was a fatal blow.

Nan Song did not pause with this, but rather he turned to face the HeiShan Patriarch who wasn't far off. With a calm expression, he leapt towards the terrified HeiShan Patriarch who was yelling in retreat towards the five remaining HeiShan tribesmen. Seeing Nan Song's imminent approach, he grabbed one of his tribesmen without hesitation and sent him flying towards Nan Song.

The HeiShan tribesmen let out a miserable yell, which was engulfed by the sound of his body exploding as a mist of blood spread. In his horror and panic, the HeiShan Patriarch gave a deep growl.

"Retreat!" In the ensuing chaos, the HeiShan Patriarch fled towards the forest under the protection of the remaining four HeiShan tribesmen.

They were utterly afraid, Nan Song's strength was just unbelievable.

The HeiShan Patriarch valued his life above anything else. He knew that he could not stay there any longer. Only after they rendezvous with the next wave of support from HeiShan, they will all be safe.

“Don’t even think of leaving!” Nan Song did not even flinch from the self-destruction of the HeiShan tribesmen, with a wave of his right hand, the mist of blood from the detonation disappeared. Upon landing on the ground, Nan Song thrust both his palm on the ground.

Instantly, the ground rumbled underneath the enemies’ feet, and a gigantic arm of mud reached towards the HeiShan Patriarch, who in his madness tossed another one of his tribesmen towards it to avoid certain death. He was overwhelmed by fear and did not even dare look back, but fled hastily towards the forest with the other three tribesmen.

“Scram, you disgrace of a HeiShan Tribe!” Nan Song did not pursue them but stood where he were, letting out a tragic howl.

The entire battle lasted just a span of a few breaths. When Su Ming approached Nan Song who stood unmoving, he saw that the latter’s body was deteriorating rapidly.

“The tribe..... should be safe for now..... The next wave of HeiShan tribesmen will not arrive so quickly. They have suffered a great deal of death and their morale has weakened. Nan Song remained unmoving as the crack in between his brows emanated a gray light.

“I have fulfilled my promise to you Grandpa..... and repaid my debt of gratitude.....” Nan Song looked at Su Ming, and a smile crept on his face.

“Grandpa Nan Song...” Su Ming muttered softly.

“I would not have lasted even if Shan Heng did not injure me. I initially planned to heal the few you with my green-seeking art, and also divert some of Lei Chen’s vitality back to him. Unfortunately, I cannot do that now.” Nan Song let out a soft sigh, raising his head to watch the skies. A great distance away, the sky was soaked in red, and faint clashing sound could be heard. He knew that Mo Sang was still fighting.

“If you see Shan Heng..... you must ask on my behalf the reason for this!” Nan Song kept his hands behind his back. Shutting his eyes, he stood where he was, unmoving, as if his body was rooted to the land. In front of him lies the dark forest, behind him; the path trodden by his fellow WuShan tribesmen.

Underneath the moonlight, Su Ming’s shadows was stretch out, and he gave off a somber ambiance. Watching Nan Song’s lifeless figure, Su Ming did not touch his body, but took a few steps back, before kneeling down to give Nan Song three kowtows.

“Su Ming...” Lei Chen struggled to get up. He came beside Su Ming and knelt too. His expression was one of grief. He no longer looked like an adolescent, but had the aged appearance in the forties.

For a moment, time stood still as a gentle wind caressed the snow-laden land. It shook not only the threads hanging loose on Nan Song’s valiant figure, but also Su Ming and Lei Chen’s heart.

“The tribe should be safe... Go back, Lei Chen.” Su Ming got onto his feet slowly, a cold glint flickered in his eyes as he stared into the dark forest ahead.

Lei Chen touched his right eye only to realise that it had been blinded. After some moments, he shook his head.

“I will not go back.”

“I want to seek out a greater strength... Only when I become strong can I be able to protect our home and tribesmen from humiliation.”

“I have heard that on the other side on the plain, beyond the mountains, lies a distant tribe that is stronger than FengZhen... I want to go there, no matter what the cost. I must become strong!”.

“Even if it means becoming a Heretic-Man, I am willing!” Lei Chen’s expression was one of resolve, perhaps even obsession. But he hid it well.

“Su Ming, you are different from me, after you return to the Feng Zhen tribe you will be able to develop well, but we will always still be brothers..... brothers forever..... you must wait for me, there will come a day where I become more powerful and then I will be back!” Lei Chen shut his eyes as he muttered, giving Su Ming a long silent hug before smilingly turning away, walking into the distance with the burden of his dreams on his back, he continued to walk, further and further until he disappeared from Su Ming’s

eyes.

Su Ming gazed towards Lei Chen, without speaking, watching him leave into the distance, not knowing when or whether he would even see Lei Chen again. His own future was already filled with uncertainty.

After some time, he shook his head under the moonlight, a cold killing intent replaced the confusion in his eyes as he gazed at the dark forest, taking a deep breath he told himself.

“Now it’s my turn to hunt you down!”

“And there is still Shan Hen.....” Su Ming gazed towards the Feng Zhen Tribe where his own tribesmen were escaping towards, wondering if Bai Ling was still in the Feng Zhen Tribe as well.

“Pro.....” Su Ming bitterly shut his eyes before opening them to the silence around him, his body bounding ahead while shrouded by moonlight, like a shadow of death under the moonlight he vanished into the forest.

Without anyone pursuing them, he could be certain the the tribe would be safe all the way till FengZhen Tribe’s city. He understood that there was no longer much else he needed to do for his tribe’s successful migration now.

What he needed to do was already done, but to him there was something even more important, from the time the HeiShan Tribe

Man-Elder appeared, there was a strange familiarity that surfaced in the back of his mind.

When he saw the giant NightWing pursue Grandpa that feeling had exploded, and when his body suddenly flew and transformed into the NightWing and attacked the HeiShan Man-Elder, the vague sensation finally became clear.

“Fire-Man-Technique..... since I practice the way of the Fire-Man, and the NightWings were transformed from the Fire-Man, I will at the very least be able to suppress his techniques! And after the third blood-kindling, my blood has some of the flame origin, so..... I definitely would be of help to Grandpa!” In Su Ming’s calm eyes, a crimson moon flared to life, like a demon under the night sky.

Like a wisp of smoke, he dashed through the forest.

“Before that, I will make the HeiShan Tribe suffer! I will let them experience the pain of seeing your own people die..... currently the HeiShan Patriarch is heavily injured and the remaining three people aren’t even worth mentioning..... and then there is also Shan Hen!” Su Ming clenched his fists, his head hung low as he vanished in the forest.

From being chased to giving chase, from being the hunted to the hunter, Su Ming had unknowingly changed a lot.

Chapter 99 – Pursuit!!

The youthful impulse in him had been dulled. In making this trip, besides thinking that his Blood Moon Fire-Mán-Technique might be able of aid to Grandpa in battle, Su Ming had also took in account other considerations.

From his judgement, even though the HeiShan Patriarch was severely injured and too afraid to fight, his was still no ordinary cultivator. Having attained the position of Patriarch, besides his cultivation base and Bi Tu's favour, he must also be a scheming individual.

Nan Song was able to shock him temporarily, yet he was able to react quickly. When the HeiShan Patriarch comes to his sense, he will either wait for reinforcements and stage a counterattack, or do so on his own once he adjusted himself.

“From his reaction after Bi Su's death, he will likely choose the second strategy!” Su Ming's eyes flashed with understanding. As he advanced, Su Ming kept a lookout for all traces of disturbances such as incongruent footprints and broken twigs. Others might be oblivious to these signs, but Su Ming knew well that these points to where the HeiShan Patriarch and his underlings are heading.

While the footprints on the snow were messy, most were headed in Su Ming's direction. Only a few pointed to the forest ahead. Su Ming could deduce much from the varying depths of the prints.

“And Shan Heng too... He was the one who leaked the tribe's

movement which enabled HeiShan to lay a trap for us. But he was also engaged in killings along the way, his injuries did not look fake... For the sake of realism, the wounds from his battle with the HeiShan Patriarch were real too.”

“Only this way was he able to convince Grandpa Nan Song, but in the end he suffered Grandpa Nan Song’s wrath. He should be at his limits by now...”

“Why, Shan Heng... Why did you betray WuShan...”

Su Ming have always remembered the contributions Shan Heng had made for his tribesmen. He shared with own food with the elderly in the tribe. For the sake of a young Ra Su, he collected many beast tooth from the forest. Amidst the cheering of the children, even though his face seemed expressionless, it could not hide the kindness in his eyes.

Su Ming could not think of a reason why such a person would betray WuShan and his tribesmen.

“Perhaps he was struggling within his heart too. He had killed numerous HeiShan tribesmen, and earlier did not allow Bei Ling and the Marksman to stay behind. What exactly was he thinking...” Su Ming’s fists were clenched tightly.

“But all these cannot redeem the fact of his betrayal. He... must pay the price for being a traitor!” A cold glint flashed in Su Ming’s eyes. His hatred for HeiShan was strong, but at this moment, his hatred for the traitor HeiShan was even stronger!

Following the traces left behind in the forest, Su Ming moved like a fleeting shadow, getting ever faster. Observing his surrounding, he could be sure that he was getting closer to the HeiShan Patriarch and his tribesmen.

Along the way, the footprints sunk deeper into ground. This means that the four could no longer suppress their injuries.

“They will have to find a safe spot to adjust themselves....” Su Ming halted in his steps and bent his body down to look at the footprint. A drop of blood had melted the snow around it. Giving it a touch, Su Ming’s mouth broke into a cold smile.

“The blood has yet to freeze... They are just ahead!” Su Ming rose immediately and was about to give chase, but then his body halted suddenly, and his expression became mournful.

Not far ahead, he saw a fellow tribesmen who had chosen to stay behind earlier so as not to delay the tribe that was on the move. That tribesmen had already died, his fallen body on the snow and nothing more than a stiff corpse now.

Treading forward lightly, Su Ming watched that familiar face whose eyes were still opened in death, as though to look at the path where his tribesmen had went, praying to the heavens to protect his tribesmen so that they can arrive at FengZhen safely.

This was the first fallen tribesmen Su Ming saw upon returning into the forest, and he knew that it would not be the last. Along

this path, during that one day of journey, many tribesmen had chosen to stay behind so as not to hinder the tribe's progression with their crippled body.

“The tribe will be safe...” Su Ming softly spoke. Looking at the tribesman's opened eyes, he raised his right hand to gently close them. Concealing the grief deep inside him, Su Ming stood up. A murderous intent surfaced in him as he began his pursuit.

His speed was such that an untrained eye could barely follow, only a blood-coloured streak could be seen that drew an arc trailing forward.

The blood-coloured streak was the light of the blood moon in Su Ming's eyes, enhanced by the full moon that hung in the night sky now! As he advanced, wisps of moonlight descended and swirled around his body, forming fine rings of moonlight. His furious speed stretched the wisps of moonlight behind him, seemingly forming a cloak of moonlight on Su Ming's body.

Half an incense stick of time had passed before Su Ming came within three hundred metres of the HeiShan Patriarch, who was mediating, surrounded by his three followers. They were resting on a piece of land filled with fallen woody debris, their eyes close as they treated themselves.

They had only just stopped after the HeiShan Patriarch gave the command in uncertainty. He stared resentfully at the direction of FengZhen, his expression fuming.

He had only just realized that Nan Song was merely putting on a pretense, his final retaliation before death. In truth, they only had to fend him off for a moment and need not have fled in such a wretched state. They could even turn the tide and capture WuShan Tribe in one swoop.

In his frustration, he resented himself for being overwhelmed by fear. But as a meticulous individual, he chose to heal himself in meditation despite realizing he was tricked. He had considered the fact that the earliest WuShan Tribe can arrive at FengZhen will be in morning. If the four of them go at full speed, they can catch up with WuShan in two hours.

He was very assured that the four of them will not meet with any danger in here, after all, a prey will only know to flee for its life. This was his experience throughout his life.

He never considered that under such a situation, someone will stage a counterattack, since what matters most to WuShan now was to move!

Barely half an incense stick of time into their rest, a sudden gust of cold wind swept the fallen snow on the ground, which landed on their bodies. At the same time, not far in the forest, a red glow could be seen that was heading towards them at unimaginable speeds. It was so quick that the few of them could not awake in time from their meditation, only the HeiShan Patriarch opened his eyes.

All he saw was a streak of red light flashing by, accompanied by a tragic scream that sounded in his hear. The body of a tribesman

beside him remained seated, but a spray of blood shot high into the air from where its missing head would be.

The HeiShan Patriarch felt his scalp go numb as the hair all over his body stood on their ends. His face fell as he quickly got on his feet, revealing a look of shock and incredulity. The other two also got up in fear, scanning their surrounding at once.

“Who is it!!”

“Who is it, I know you are there, show yourself!”

Both of them roared in hysteria, their bodies trembling. It all happened too fast, they heard the scream even before they opened their eyes, and when they did, all they saw was blood spurting forth from the headless neck of their tribesman.

Waves of impalpable fear seized their bodies. Not only were they terror-stricken by the death of their tribesman, an innate, primal fear stirred inside them.

The surrounding was dead-quiet. They could not see a trace of their enemy.

Blood drained from the face of the HeiShan Patriarch, who frantically looked all around the dark forest. With each passing moment, the fear inside him grew, as if somewhere inside the dark forest, a terrifying beast was lying in wait, staring deathly at them.

“Retreat!” The HeiShan Patriarch made up his mind. He did not dare advance in the unknown. The streak of red light from before did not seem human, but rather like some sort of red-coloured snake.

With his command, the other two tribesmen hurriedly rushed towards him. After making a few slow steps backwards, they immediately turned on their feet and ran without hesitation.

What they couldn't see was Su Ming, crouched somewhere in the dark forest. The blood moon in his eyes gleamed. On his hand was an eyes-shut, bloodied head.

“Death itself is not scary. The worst thing is the fear and anguish that comes before death. My tribesmen experienced this first hand during their journey. Now, I will return the favour.” Su Ming's expression was calm. Besides this thought, he had another plan to secure the safety of his tribesmen. As those three retreated, with a turn of his body, Su Ming vanished from sight.

The HeiShan Patriarch's heart throbbed rapidly inside him. He was severely injured, and can only utilize half the power of his eighth layer of blood condensation. The two tribesmen following him are only of the sixth layer of blood condensation and won't be able to protect him.

Especially the instant when he saw the red streak, a sense of dread overcame him that was truly terrifying. He no longer harbored the thought of pursuing the WuShan Tribe, but retreated in desperation to rendezvous with the HeiShan reinforcements.

The two tribesmen following him were truly frightened by the mysterious enemy. The fear of the unknown made them lose their will to fight. Fleeing for their lives, their faces revealed their terror.

It was at this moment when a piercing, sharp shriek sounded somewhere behind them. The shrillness of the shriek caused the minds of those who hear it to blank out.

At the instant the sound reverberated in the surrounding, a blood-coloured streak suddenly approached at alarming speeds such that all the three could see was a flash of red and the wisps of moonlight trailing behind it. The next moment, a tragic yell came from one of them, whose head became separated from his body as blood sprayed forth, collapsing on the ground.

Chapter 100 – Head-On Encounter!

The red streak flashed past the person before vanishing without a trace.

The HeiShan Tribe Patriarch trembled as he exchanged a gaze with his tribesmen who shook with fear, they still have yet to truly identify whether the culprit was a beast or man, as the numerous red streaks following it resembled flowing crimson hair.

Following the HeiShan tribesmen's cries, the HeiShan Patriarch face paled as he choose to strike his own chest, releasing a dazzling crimson glow. But due to his injuries, the amount of Blood Qi he could manipulate was limited, so this move of his was actually not to ready for battle, rather it was to prepare to flee from the site. In an instant, he had disappeared into the darkness of the forest.

The remaining HeiShan Tribesmen were desperately crying out as they tried to escape, but their bodies only shook as a ball red light appeared behind them, the light then slowly proceeded as Su Ming's figure appeared.

This HeiShan Tribesman coughed out blood as his body suddenly was wrecked with pain as strands of moonlight dug itself into his flesh, bringing him closer and closer death, as he could faintly hear breathing down his back, his last thought consisted only of wanting to turn and find out just who this mysterious predator was.

But he would never have that chance, as his body shook and

separated into several sections.

Su Ming had been panting all along, since the start of the Tribe's migration he had been fighting, his body already filled with numerous hidden injuries from previously and under this constant strain, if not for the moonlight constantly nourishing his body, he would have long since fallen.

Tonight was a full moon night, and it was also when the moonlight's mysterious power was at its peak, allowing Su Ming's blood to boil with vigor, allowing him to endure for so long, allowing him to complete his goal even amidst his numerous internal injuries.

While holding onto three decapitated heads, he gazed at the deep forest and calmly walked on step by step.

“Only you are left, HeiShan Tribe Patriarch, since you are of a higher status, I will give you a more glamorous death, but this would have to rely on you running away quicker and first meeting up with your reinforcements.” Su Ming licked his lips before he once more rushed forwards, transforming into the red streaks as he headed onward.

The HeiShan Patriarch was not only a tall man, his reputation was equally high, all the tribesmen other than the Man-Elder and Bi Su should have belonged to him, he should have brought more tribesmen to hunt down the WuShan Tribe, while savoring the WuShan women in the face of the WuShan prisoners, and enjoy wine while bathing in their cries and struggle, then tearing off the heads of all the men in frenzy pleasure.

This was his goal, and under the Man-Elder's orders he launched his invasion of the WuShan Tribe, and he had even shared this dream with all the participating tribesmen, as they launched their attacks with a sick excitement.

But currently, he was exhausted beyond measure, filled with injuries and covered in blood, losing his will to continue battle. He was originally already shocked by the WuShan Tribe's resistance, then being injured by Nan Son and the mysterious attacker while he was retreating. He who was intending to recover before restarting his pursuit, after seeing his tribesmen die in front of his eyes like that, he was just terrified by the person's combat powers as all he could see was nothing more than a long red streak.

He was tired and no longer had the courage to fight to the death, neither did he dare detonate his own blood veins, because he was no normal Man-Cultivator, he was the Hei Shan Tribe's Patriarch. Also because he knew that the HeiShan Tribe reinforcements were not much further away, as long as he was fast enough, he would be able to meet up with them.

Currently, blood was constantly spilling out from his mouth, his body's weariness was constantly increasing, his previous burst had resulted in his current strength decline. He did not dare stop, but his speed was inevitably declining.

At this moment, as his pace slowed down, a terrifying sound came from behind him, the same sound that his tribesmen made as they rushed the WuShan Tribesmen, but only many times more terrifying.

Hearing this noise reverberate in his ears, his mind faltered as a whistling sound shot towards him. Turning around, and quickly throwing a fist towards the sound, he saw that what flew towards him was actually a flying head.

His fist landed on the head, other than the explosion of blood and flesh, he saw a red streak flash in the distance, numerous more red streaks dragging behind him.

A terrifying cry could be heard, bloody spraying out as the HeiShan Tribe Patriarch's right arm was separated from his body. And while it was bathed in the red light, the HeiShan Tribe Patriarch saw his own arm become torn into bits.

The terrified Hei Shan Patriarch bit his tongue as blood flowed out his mouth, a faint image of a bear appearing behind him and grabbed his body, throwing him away into the distance in an attempt to escape with this throw.

After throwing the Hei Shan Tribe Patriarch, its entire body was ensnared by the red light and disappeared after a few moments. Su Ming's figure too slowly appeared, his face pale, his eyes seeming as calm as before, but his lips curled upwards in a cruel smile.

"It should be about time." Su Ming took a deep breath as the moonlight surrounding him seeped into all his wounds slowly nourishing his body, supplying him with the required strength.

Seeing the HeiShan Tribe Patriarch escape, Su Ming once more

raced forwards in pursuit.

His speed was greater than the HeiShan Tribe Patriarch but Su Ming did not dawdle. He knew the danger to his tribe was not entirely over, from the HeiShan Tribe's Patriarch's actions, it was not hard to tell that the HeiShan Tribe Still had reinforcements.

As such he was in no rush to kill this HeiShan Patriarch, rather he closely followed behind him, after being together for a long time, tribesmen tend to share a bond where they can faintly feel each other's presence, although Su Ming did not know where the HeiShan reinforcements were, he was certain this HeiShan Patriarch did.

While chasing, he could at the same time find this group of reinforcements and after killing them, his own tribe's migration would be much safer.

And having the HeiShan Patriarch die in front of them would also help strike fear into the reinforcement's heart, crippling their fighting spirit making the exhausted Su Ming's fight easier.

Time flowed on and after about two incense sticks worth of time, as the HeiShan Tribe Patriarch escaped without his arm, a sense of despair appeared on his face, he did not want to die, he had this gut feeling that his tribe's reinforcements were not far from him in the distance.

He could practically even smell his own tribesmen ahead of him, in these forty over years, he had never been so tired, never been so

frightened, even more so when he was facing Nan Song.

Because at least he could see Nan Song, but from the start he could not see the mysterious pursuer behind him, all he could see was a mysterious red glow and the numerous long red strands behind him.

But at this moment, he heard the same palpitating cry come from behind him, this sound was like a death god's sign, each time it appeared, it would bring this HeiShan Patriarch unbearable pain and horror.

When he heard the sound, blood immediately poured out his mouth as his body could not bear it any longer, like a shot bird, each time it hears the twang of the bowstring, it would collapse in fear.

“Who are you! Just who on earth are you!!” The HeiShan Patriarch loudly shouted, his face paled as he once more spotted the source of his fears, the red ball with the numerous red streaks surrounding it, the same red streak circled his own body before separating his left arm as well then turning it into pulp.

This HeiShan Patriarch cried out in despair, which also transformed into a powerful will to live, because by his ears he once more heard a cruel cry, only this one did not bring him despair but ecstasy.

This was the cry of his HeiShan Tribesmen!

Their cries motivated his retreat as he used all his power to escape towards his tribesmen's voices, running in a frenzy, his consciousness a blur as all that remained in his mind was to reunite with his own tribesmen.

Quickly, in the large patch of unforested area laden with snow ahead, he saw five figures sprung forth hastily, that looked ever so familiar.

At the instant he saw these tribesmen, whom were the reinforcements from HeiShan, the latter also looked towards the Patriarch who they revered back in the tribe.

Just that now however, their Patriarch looked so miserable. His eyes were full of fear and his body was covered in the blood, missing both arms. Witnessing this, their expressions dropped as fear began to take hold of them, as though a great enemy is approaching. They could not believe that their Patriarch, who led so many tribesmen in the pursuit, is the sole survivor. The horror on his face speaks of the frightening encounter he has had.

“Save me!!” Seeing his tribesmen, an intense excitement broke the HeiShan's Patriarch's despair. But in the midst of this delirium, as those tribesmen rushed forward, a streak of red light appeared not far behind the Patriarch so fast that in the blink of an eye, it arrived before him. The HeiShan tribesmen could only watch wide-eyed as their Patriarch let out a tragic and hateful howl as the red light struck him.

The next instant, the HeiShan Patriarch was severed in half waist down. Blood splattered all around as his body collapsed from a

running gait, his legs still twitching. The eyes on his upper torso were filled with surprise, despair and demise that mixed into a dreadful gaze.

The few HeiShan reinforcements were stunned as blood drained from their faces, seized by panic. They had never witness the death of their Patriarch in front of their eyes. Their hearts palpitated as fear soaked their body. They saw the red light take shape into a thin figure after killing their Patriarch. The figure carried a huge bow on its back, with a long spear in its grasp. From his back, threads of moonlight cascaded like a cape that spread over thirty metres. Such a presence!

That guy was just a young man, no matter how you looked at it he was just a youth. His expression was calm and he had a small stature, but his calm gaze seemed to be threatening to devouring whole. These HeiShan Tribesmen were utterly shocked by their patriarch's death, and all the origin of this fear fell on this person.

Even their patriarch died to this person, let alone themselves who were just filled with fear.

Their terrified eyes stared at this youth, not even glancing at their patriarch only several Zhang from them. They saw him slowly walk to their patriarch, using the spear in his hand to behead the patriarch before turning to look at the five of them.

In his eyes the mysterious blood moon shone, revealing a strange yet terrifying calm. The moment the HeiShan Tribesmen saw this, they all unknowingly took a few steps back, a siren ringing in their head, that simple gaze made their fear grow even greater.

Even the patriarch was afraid of this person and died right there, how could they not be afraid, especially as there were several strange strands of moonlight dancing around him glowing coldly.

Amongst the five of them, was a tall man who looked very similar to the HeiShan Patriarch, whose eyes were trembling red.

“Brother!” This man spoke out loud as he rushed towards Su Ming before the rest of the HeiShan Tribesmen got over their fear as they rushed ahead.

While standing beside the HeiShan Patriarch’s body, under Su Ming’s cold gaze, the moment the man approached, Su Ming’s left hand flashed and a red powder flew forth.

At the same time, as the man approached Su Ming, his body trembled as a formless strand of moonlight left a wound on his face, and just as blood appeared, his body suddenly exploded into a red mist.

“He.....heretic-Man!”

“He is a Heretic-Man!!” could be heard as the four who was rushing Su Ming suddenly stopped, the faces filled with fear, the memory of their patriarch’s death unwittingly surfacing in their minds as well as the sight they just witnessed which sent their horror to the max.

Just as these four people started retreating, Su Ming suddenly moved.

The strands of moonlight behind him rushed towards the four terrified people under the moonlight.